

HOLMES'  
POEMS





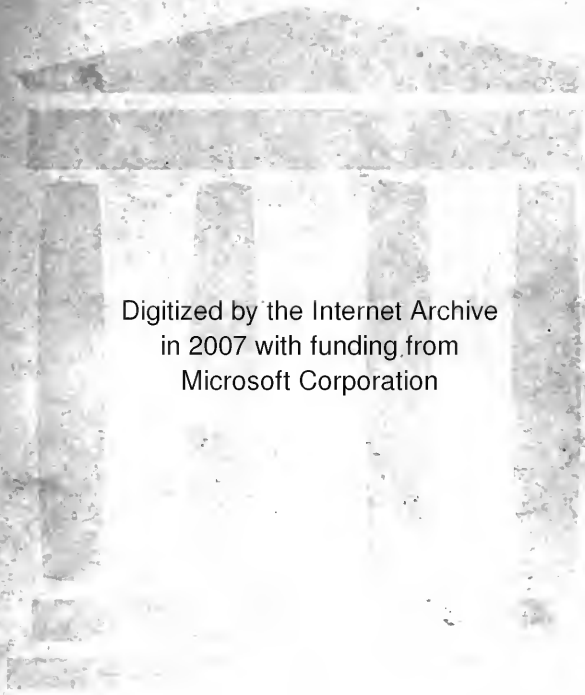


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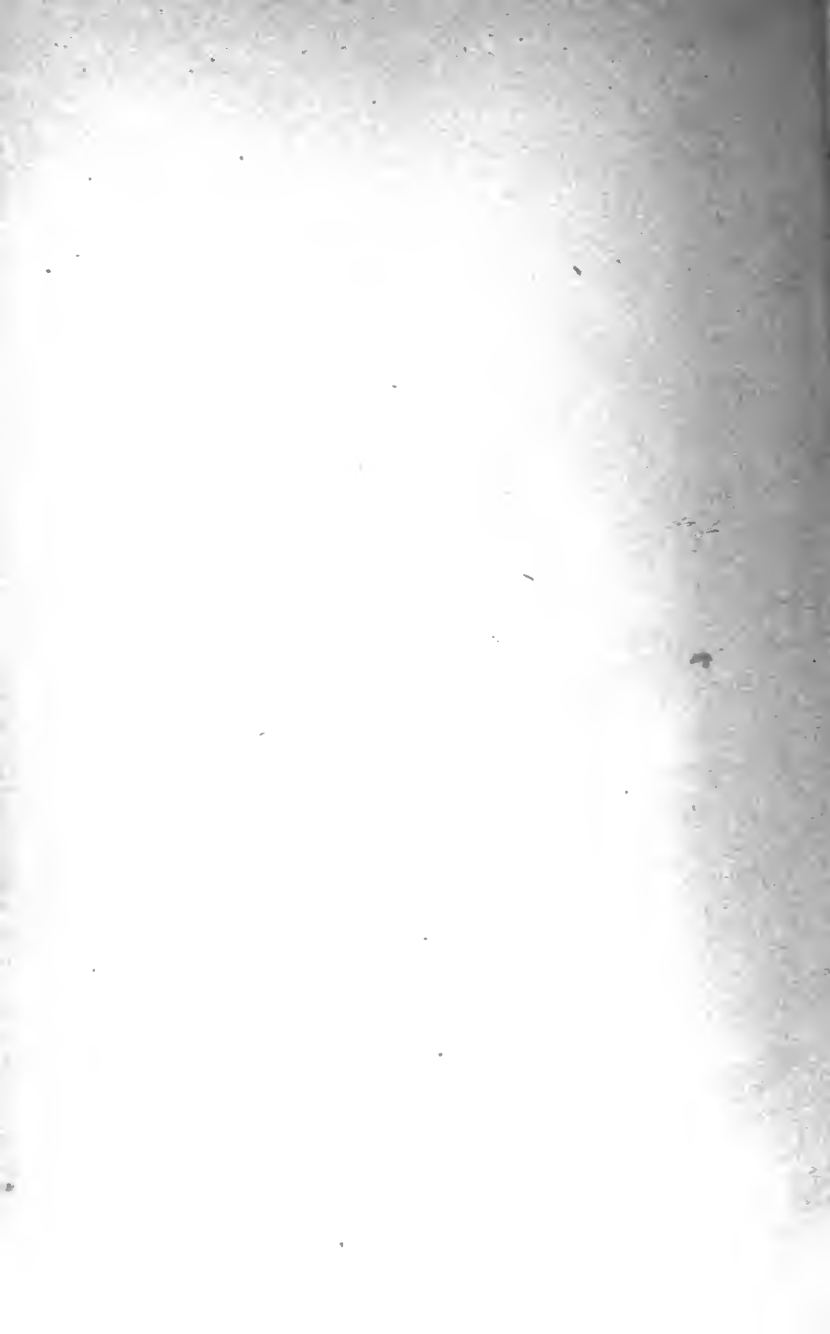
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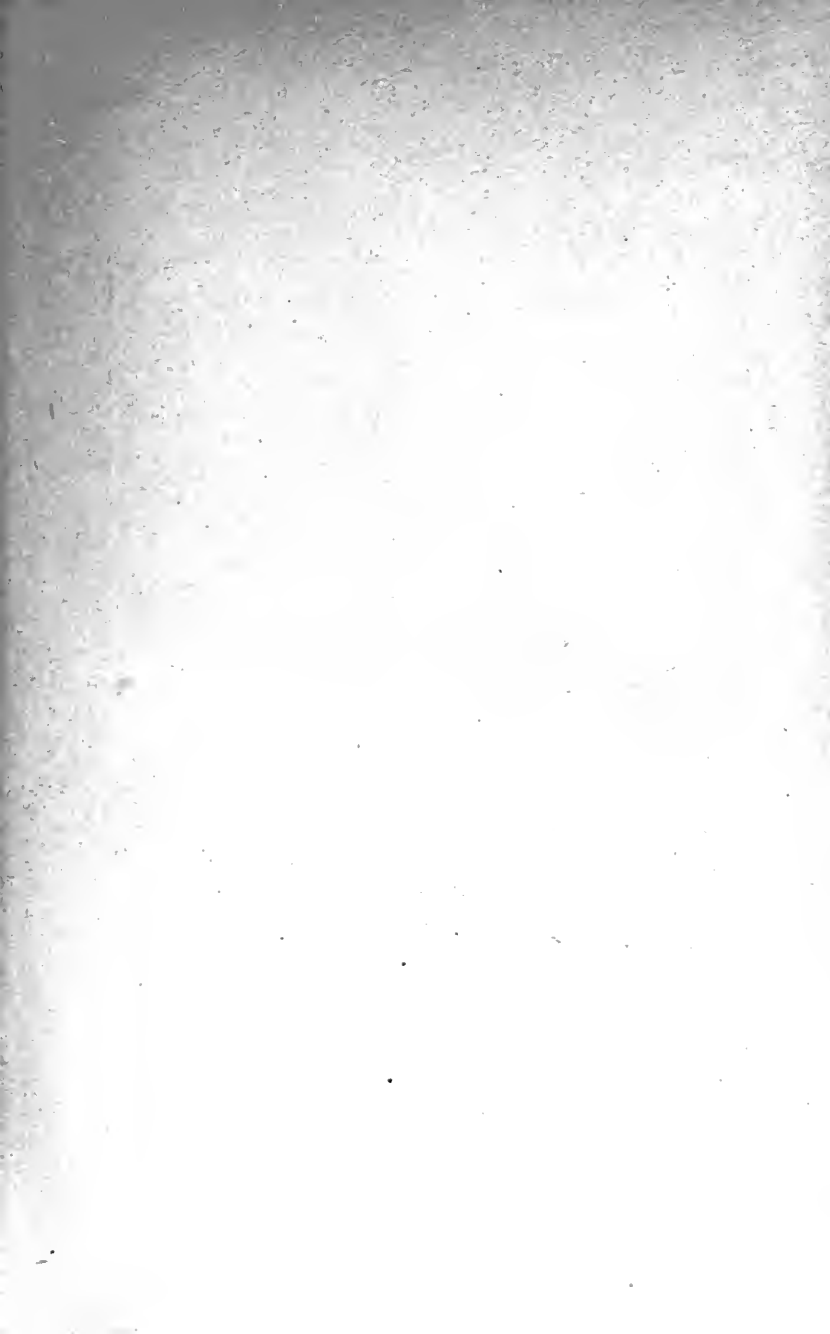
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THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

*HOUSEHOLD EDITION.*



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## TO MY READERS.

NAY, blame me not ; I might have spared  
Your patience many a trivial verse,  
Yet these my earlier welcome shared,  
So, let the better shield the worse.

And some might say, "Those ruder  
songs  
Had freshness which the new have  
lost ;

To spring the opening leaf belongs,  
The chestnut-burs await the frost."

When those I wrote, my locks were  
brown,

When these I write—ah, well-a-day !  
The autumn thistle's silvery down  
Is not the purple bloom of May !

Go, little book, whose pages hold  
Those garnered years in loving trust ;  
How long before your blue and gold  
Shall fade and whiten in the dust ?

O sexton of the alcoved tomb,  
Where souls in leathern cerements lie,  
Tell me each living poet's doom !  
How long before his book shall die ?

It matters little, soon or late,  
A day, a month, a year, an age, —  
I read oblivion in its date,  
And Finis on its title-page.

Before we sighed, our griefs were told ;  
Before we smiled, our joys were sung ;  
And all our passions shaped of old  
In accents lost to mortal tongue.

In vain a fresher mould we seek, —  
Can all the varied phrases tell  
That Babel's wandering children speak  
How thrushes sing or lilacs smell ?

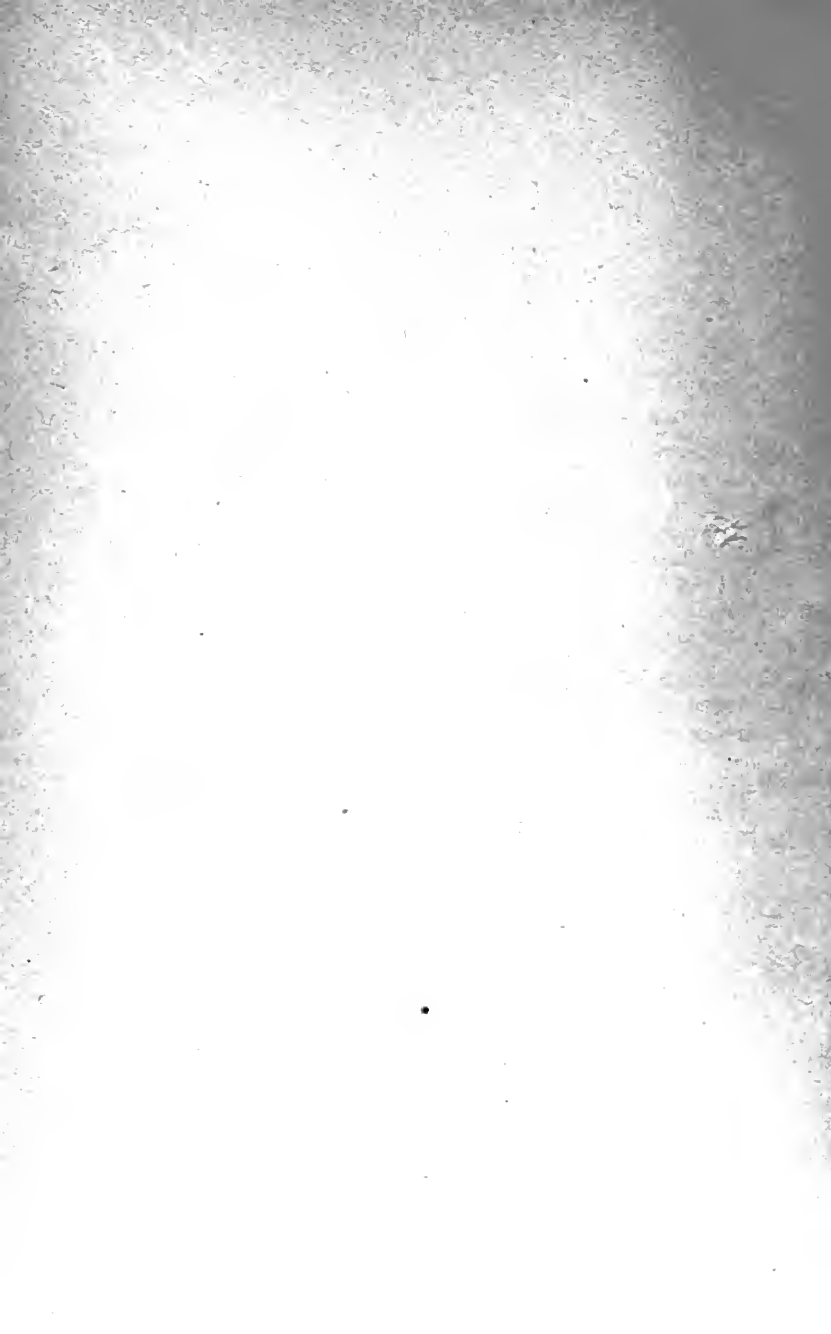
Caged in the poet's lonely heart,  
Love wastes unheard its tenderest tone ;  
The soul that sings must dwell apart,  
Its inward melodies unknown.

Deal gently with us, ye who read !  
Our largest hope is unfulfilled, —  
The promise still outruns the deed, —  
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find ;  
Our ripest fruit we never reach ;  
The flowering moments of the mind  
Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms ; if they wear  
One streak of morn or evening's glow,  
Accept them ; but to me more fair  
The buds of song that never blow.

APRIL 8, 1862.





# EARLIER POEMS.

1830-1836.

## OLD IRONSIDES.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee;—  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!

## THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again

The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff,

And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here ;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

#### THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD.

OUR ancient church ! its lowly tower,  
Beneath the loftier spire,  
Is shadowed when the sunset hour  
Clothes the tall shaft in fire ;  
It sinks beyond the distant eye,  
Long ere the glittering vane,  
High wheeling in the western sky,  
Has faded o'er the plain.

Like Sentinel and Nun, they keep  
Their vigil on the green ;  
One seems to guard, and one to weep,  
The dead that lie between ;  
And both roll out, so full and near,  
Their music's mingling waves,  
They shake the grass, whose pennoned  
spear  
Leans on the narrow graves.

The stranger parts the flaunting weeds,  
Whose seeds the winds have strown  
So thick beneath the line he reads,  
They shade the sculptured stone ;  
The child unveils his clustered brow,  
And ponders for a while

The graven willow's pendent bough,  
Or rudest cherub's smile.

But what to them the dirge, the knell ?  
These were the mourner's share ;  
The sullen clang, whose heavy swell  
Throbb'd through the beating air ;  
The rattling cord, — the rolling stone, —  
The shelving sand that slid,  
And, far beneath, with hollow tone,  
Rung on the coffin's lid.

The slumberer's mound grows fresh and  
green,  
Then slowly disappears ;  
The mosses creep, the gray stones lean,  
Earth hides his date and years ;  
But, long before the once-loved name  
Is sunk or worn away,  
No lip the silent dust may claim,  
That pressed the breathing clay.

Go where the ancient pathway guides,  
See where our sires laid down  
Their smiling babes, their cherished  
brides,  
The patriarchs of the town ;  
Hast thou a tear for buried love ?  
A sigh for transient power ?  
All that a century left above,  
Go, read it in an hour !

The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,  
The sabre's thirsting edge,  
The hot shell, shattering in its fall,  
The bayonet's rending wedge, —  
Here scattered death ; yet, seek the spot,  
No trace thine eye can see,  
No altar, — and they need it not  
Who leave their children free !

Look where the turbid rain-drops stand  
In many a chiselled square ;  
The knightly crest, the shield, the brand  
Of honored names were there ; —

Alas ! for every tear is dried  
 Those blazoned tablets knew,  
 Save when the icy marble's side  
 Drips with the evening dew.

Or gaze upon yon pillared stone,  
 The empty urn of pride ;  
 There stand the Goblet and the Sun, —  
 What need of more beside ?  
 Where lives the memory of the dead,  
 Who made their tomb a toy ?  
 Whose ashes press that nameless bed ?  
 Go, ask the village boy !

Lean o'er the slender western wall,  
 Ye ever-roaming girls ;  
 The breath that bids the blossom fall  
 May lift your floating curls,  
 To sweep the simple lines that tell  
 An exile's date and doom ;  
 And sigh, for where his daughters dwell,  
 They wreath the stranger's tomb.

And one amid these shades was born,  
 Beneath this turf who lies,  
 Once beaming as the summer's morn,  
 That closed her gentle eyes ;  
 If sinless angels love as we,  
 Who stood thy grave beside,  
 Three seraph welcomes waited thee,  
 The daughter, sister, bride !

I wandered to thy buried mound  
 When earth was hid below  
 The level of the glaring ground,  
 Choked to its gates with snow,  
 And when with summer's flowery waves  
 The lake of verdure rolled,  
 As if a Sultan's white-robed slaves  
 Had scattered pearls and gold.

Nay, the soft pinions of the air,  
 That lift this trembling tone,  
 Its-breath of love may almost bear,  
 To kiss thy funeral stone ;

And, now thy smiles have passed away,  
 For all the joy they gave,  
 May sweetest dews and warmest ray  
 Lie on thine early grave !

When damps beneath, and storms above,  
 Have bowed these fragile towers,  
 Still o'er the graves you locust-grove  
 Shall swing its Orient flowers ;  
 And I would ask no mouldering bust,  
 If e'er this humble line,  
 Which breathed a sigh o'er other's dust,  
 Might call a tear on mine.

## TO AN INSECT.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,  
 Wherever thou art hid,  
 Thou testy little dogmatist,  
 Thou pretty Katydid !  
 Thou mindest me of gentlefolks, —  
 Old gentlefolks are they, —  
 Thou say'st an undisputed thing  
 In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid !  
 I know it by the trill  
 That quivers through thy piercing notes,  
 So petulant and shrill ;  
 I think there is a knot of you  
 Beneath the hollow tree, —  
 A knot of spinster Katydids, —  
 Do Katydids drink tea ?

O tell me where did Katy live,  
 And what did Katy do ?  
 And was she very fair and young,  
 And yet so wicked, too ?  
 Did Katy love a naughty man,  
 Or kiss more cheeks than one ?  
 I warrant Katy did no more  
 Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me ! I 'll tell you all about  
 My fuss with little Jane,

And Ann, with whom I used to walk  
 So often down the lane,  
 And all that tore their locks of black,  
 Or wet their eyes of blue, —  
 Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,  
 What did poor Katy do ?

Ah no ! the living oak shall crash,  
 That stood for ages still,  
 The rock shall rend its mossy base  
 And thunder down the hill,  
 Before the little Katydid  
 Shall add one word, to tell  
 The mystic story of the maid  
 Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race !  
 And when the latest one  
 Shall fold in death her feeble wings  
 Beneath the autumn sun,  
 Then shall she raise her fainting voice,  
 And lift her drooping lid,  
 And then the child of future years  
 Shall hear what Katy did.

#### THE DILEMMA.

Now, by the blessed Paphian queen,  
 Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen ;  
 By every name I cut on bark  
 Before my morning star grew dark  
 By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,  
 By all that thrills the beating heart ;  
 The bright black eye, the melting blue, —  
 I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams ;—  
 I saw a row of twenty beams ;  
 From every beam a rope was hung,  
 In every rope a lover swung ;  
 I asked the hue of every eye,  
 That bade each luckless lover die ;  
 Ten shadowy lips said, heavenly blue,  
 And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked a matron which she deemed  
 With fairest light of beauty beamed ;  
 She answered, some thought both were  
 fair, —

Give her blue eyes and golden hair.  
 I might have liked her judgment well,  
 But, as she spoke, she rung the bell,  
 And all her girls, nor small nor few,  
 Came marching in, — their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden ; back she flung  
 The locks that round her forehead hung,  
 And turned her eye, a glorious one,  
 Bright as a diamond in the sun,  
 On me, until beneath its rays  
 I felt as if my hair would blaze ;  
 She liked all eyes but eyes of green ;  
 She looked at me ; what could she mean ?

Ah ! many lids Love lurks between,  
 Nor heeds the coloring of his screen ;  
 And when his random arrows fly,  
 The victim falls, but knows not why.  
 Gaze not upon his shield of jet,  
 The shaft upon the string is set ;  
 Look not beneath his azure veil,  
 Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well, both might make a martyr break  
 The chain that bound him to the stake ;  
 And both, with but a single ray,  
 Can melt our very hearts away ;  
 And both, when balanced, hardly seem  
 To stir the scales, or rock the beam ;  
 But that is dearest, all the while,  
 That wears for us the sweetest smile.

#### MY AUNT.

My aunt ! my dear unmarried aunt !  
 Long years have o'er her flown ;  
 Yet still she strains the aching clasp  
 That binds her virgin zone ;  
 I know it hurts her, — though she looks  
 As cheerful as she can ;

Her waist is ampler than her life,  
For life is but a span.

My aunt ! my poor deluded aunt !  
Her hair is almost gray ;  
Why will she train that winter curl  
In such a spring-like way ?  
How can she lay her glasses down,  
And say she reads as well,  
When, through a double convex lens,  
She just makes out to spell ?

Her father — grandpapa ! forgive  
This erring lip its smiles —  
Vowed she should make the finest girl  
Within a hundred miles ;  
He sent her to a stylish school ;  
'T was in her thirteenth June ;  
And with her, as the rules required,  
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,  
To make her straight and tall ;  
They laced her up, they starved her down,  
To make her light and small ;  
They pinched her feet, they singed her  
hair,  
They screwed it up with pins ;—  
O never mortal suffered more  
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,  
My grandsire brought her back ;  
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth  
Might follow on the track ;)  
"Ah !" said my grandsire, as he shook  
Some powder in his pan,  
"What could this lovely creature do  
Against a desperate man !"

Alas ! nor chariot, nor barouche,  
Nor bandit cavalcade,  
Tore from the trembling father's arms  
His all-aceomplished maid.

For her how happy had it been !  
And Heaven had spared to me  
To see one sad, ungathered rose  
On my ancestral tree.

## REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN.

I SAW the curl of his waving lash,  
And the glance of his knowing eye,  
And I knew that he thought he was  
cutting a dash ;  
As his steed went thundering by.

And he may ride in the rattling gig,  
Or flourish the Stanhope gay,  
And dream that he looks exceeding big  
To the people that walk in the way ;

But he shall think, when the night is  
still,  
On the stable-boy's gathering num-  
bers,  
And the ghost of many a veteran bill  
Shall hover around his slumbers ;

The ghastly dun shall worry his sleep,  
And constables cluster around him,  
And he shall creep from the wood-hole  
deep  
Where their spectre eyes have found  
him !

Ay ! gather your reins, and crack your  
thong,  
And bid your steed go faster ;  
He does not know, as he serambles  
along,  
That he has a fool for his master ;

And hurry away on your lonely ride,  
Nor deign from the mire to save me ;  
I will paddle it stoutly at your side  
With the tandem that nature gave  
me !

## DAILY TRIALS.

BY A SENSITIVE MAN.

O, THERE are times  
 When all this fret and tumult that we  
 hear  
 Do seem more stale than to the sexton's  
 ear  
 His own dull chimes.

Ding dong ! ding dong !  
 The world is in a simmer like a sea  
 Over a pent volcano, — woe is me  
 All the day long !

From crib to shroud !  
 Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,  
 And friends in boots tramp round us as  
 we die,  
 Snuffling aloud.

At morning's call  
 The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in  
 the sun,  
 And flea-bit mongrels, wakening one by  
 one,  
 Give answer all.

When evening dim  
 Draws round us, then the lonely cater-  
 waul,  
 Tartsolo, sour duet, and general squall,—  
 These are our hymn.

Women, with tongues  
 Like polar needles, ever on the jar ;  
 Men, plugless word-spouts, whose deep  
 fountains are  
 Within their lungs.

Children, with drums  
 Strapped round them by the fond pater-  
 nal ass ;  
 Peripatetics with a blade of grass  
 Between their thumbs.

Vagrants, whose arts  
 Have caged some devil in their mad ma-  
 chine,  
 Which grinding, squeaks, with husky  
 groans between,  
 Come out by starts.

Cockneys that kill  
 Thin horses of a Sunday, — men, with  
 clams,  
 Hoarse as young bisons roaring for their  
 dams  
 From hill to hill.

Soldiers, with guns,  
 Making a nuisance of the blessed air,  
 Child-crying bellmen, children in de-  
 spair,  
 Screeching for buns.

Storms, thunders, waves !  
 Howl, crash, and bellow till ye get your  
 fill ;  
 Yesometimes rest ; men never can be still  
 But in their graves.

## EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around  
 His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.  
 Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,  
 That is like padding to earth's meagre  
 ribs,  
 And hold communion with the things  
 about me.  
 Ah me ! how lovely is the golden braid  
 That binds the skirt of night's descend-  
 ing robe !  
 The thin leaves, quivering on their silken  
 threads,  
 Do make a music like to rustling satin,  
 As the light breezes smooth their downy  
 nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,  
 So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?  
 It is, it is that deeply injured flower,  
 Which boys do flout us with; — but yet  
     I love thee,  
 Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green sur-  
     tout.  
 Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as  
     bright  
 As these, thy puny brethren; and thy  
     breath  
 Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;  
 But now thou seemest like a bankrupt  
     beau,  
 Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,  
 And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the  
     water?

O no, it is that other gentle bird,  
 Which is the patron of our noble calling.  
 I well remember, in my early years,  
 When these young hands first closed  
     upon a goose;  
 I have a scar upon my thimble finger,  
 Which chronicles the hour of young am-  
     bition.

My father was a tailor, and his father,  
 And my sire's grandsire, all of them  
     were tailors;  
 They had an ancient goose, — it was an  
     heirloom  
 From some remoter tailor of our race.  
 It happened I did see it on a time  
 When none was near, and I did deal  
     with it,  
 And it did burn me, — O, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,  
 And leap elastic from the level counter,  
 Leaving the petty grievances of earth,  
 The breaking thread, the din of clashing  
     shears,  
 And all the needles that do wound the  
     spirit,

For such a pensive hour of soothing si-  
     lence.  
 Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose un-  
     dress,  
 Lays bare her shady bosom; — I can feel  
 With all around me; — I can hail the  
     flowers  
 That sprig earth's mantle, — and you  
     quiet bird,  
 That rides the stream, is to me as a  
     brother.  
 The vulgar know not all the hidden  
     pockets,  
 Where Nature stows away her loveliness.  
 But this unnatural posture of the legs  
 Cramps my extended calves, and I must go  
 Where I can coil them in their wonted  
     fashion.

#### THE DORCHESTER GIANT.

THERE was a giant in time of old,  
 A mighty one was he;  
 He had a wife, but she was a scold,  
 So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold;  
 And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,  
 And the giants were choosing a king;  
 The people were not democrats then,  
 They did not talk of the rights of men,  
 And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three,  
 And fastened them in the pen;  
 The children roared; quoth the giant,  
     "Be still!"

And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill  
 Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed  
     with plums,  
 As big as the State-House dome;  
 Quoth he, "There's something for you  
     to eat;

So stop your mouths with your 'lection  
treat,  
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,  
And whittled the boughs away ;  
The boys and their mother set up a shout,  
Said he, " You 're in, and you can't get  
out,  
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune  
As he strode the fields along ;  
'T is said a buffalo fainted away,  
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,  
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story 's true or not,  
It is n't for me to show ;  
There 's many a thing that 's twice as  
queer  
In somebody's lectures that we hear,  
And those are true, you know.

\* \* \*  
What are those lone ones doing now,  
The wife and the children sad ?  
O, they are in a terrible rout,  
Screaming, and throwing their pudding  
about,  
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,  
They flung it over the plain,  
And all over Milton and Dorchester too  
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw ;  
They tumbled as thick as rain.

\* \* \*  
Giant and mammoth have passed away,  
For ages have floated by ;  
The suet is hard as a marrow-bone,  
And every plum is turned to a stone,  
But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,  
You 'll ask me out to ride,

The whole of the story I will tell,  
And you shall see where the puddings fell,  
And pay for the punch beside.

### TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A LADY."

IN THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY.

WELL, Miss, I wonder where you live,  
I wonder what 's your name,  
I wonder how you came to be  
In such a stylish frame ;  
Perhaps you were a favorite child,  
Perhaps an only one ;  
Perhaps your friends were not aware  
You had your portrait done !

Yet you must be a harmless soul ;  
I cannot think that Sin  
Would care to throw his loaded dice,  
With such a stake to win ;  
I cannot think you would provoke  
The poet's wicked pen,  
Or make young women bite their lips,  
Or ruin fine young men.

Pray, did you ever hear, my love,  
Of boys that go about,  
Who, for a very trifling sum,  
Will snip one's picture out ?  
I'm not averse to red and white,  
But all things have their place,  
I think a profile cut in black  
Would suit your style of face !

I love sweet features ; I will own  
That I should like myself  
To see my portrait on a wall,  
Or bust upon a shelf ;  
But nature sometimes makes one up  
Of such sad odds and ends,  
It really might be quite as well  
Hushed up among one's friends !



## THE COMET.

THE Comet ! He is on his way,  
 And singing as he flies ;  
 The whizzing planets shrink before  
 The spectre of the skies ;  
 Ah ! well may regal orbs burn blue,  
 And satellites turn pale,  
 Ten million cubic miles of head,  
 Ten billion leagues of tail !

On, on by whistling spheres of light  
 He flashes and he flames ;  
 He turns not to the left nor right,  
 He asks them not their names ;  
 One spurn from his demoniac heel, —  
 Away, away they fly,  
 Where darkness might be bottled up  
 And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,  
 And how would look the sea,  
 If in the bearded devil's path  
 Our earth should chance to be ?  
 Full hot and high the sea would boil,  
 Full red the forests gleam ;  
 Methought I saw and heard it all  
 In a dyspeptic dream !

I saw a tutor take his tube  
 - The Comet's course to spy ;  
 I heard a scream, — the gathered rays  
 Had stewed the tutor's eye ;  
 I saw a fort, — the soldiers all  
 Were armed with goggles green ;  
 Popcracked the guns ! whiz flew the balls !  
 Bang went the magazine !

I saw a poet dip a scroll  
 Each moment in a tub,  
 I read upon the warping back,  
 "The Dream of Beelzebub" ;  
 He could not see his verses burn,  
 Although his brain was fried,  
 And ever and anon he bent  
 To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down  
 The crackling, sweating pines,  
 And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,  
 Burst through the rumbling mines ;  
 I asked the firemen why they made  
 Such noise about the town ;  
 They answered not, — but all the while  
 The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit  
 Upon a baking egg ;  
 I saw a cripple scorch his hand  
 Extinguishing his leg ;  
 I saw nine geese upon the wing  
 Towards the frozen pole,  
 And every mother's gosling fell  
 Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass  
 Writhe in the blistering rays,  
 The herbage in his shrinking jaws  
 Was all a fiery blaze ;  
 I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,  
 Bob through the bubbling brine ;  
 And thoughts of supper crossed my soul ;  
 I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights ! strange sounds ! O fearful dream !  
 Its memory haunts me still,  
 The steaming sea, the crimson glare,  
 That wreathed each wooded hill ;  
 Stranger ! if through thy reeling brain  
 Such midnight visions sweep,  
 Spare, spare, O, spare thine evening meal,  
 And sweet shall be thy sleep !

## THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

THERE are three ways in which men take  
 One's money from his purse,  
 And very hard it is to tell  
 Which of the three is worse ;  
 But all of them are bad enough  
 To make a body curse.

You 're riding out some pleasant day,  
 And counting up your gains ;  
 A fellow jumps from out a bush,  
 And takes your horse's reins,  
 Another hints some words about  
 A bullet in your brains.

It 's hard to meet such pressing friends  
 In such a lonely spot ;  
 It 's very hard to lose your cash,  
 But harder to be shot ;  
 And so you take your wallet out,  
 Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you 're going out to dine, —  
 Some odious creature begs  
 You 'll hear about the cannon-ball  
 That carried off his pegs,  
 And says it is a dreadful thing  
 For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,  
 His children to be fed,  
 Poor little, lovely innocents,  
 All clamorous for bread, —  
 And so you kindly help to put  
 A bachelor to bed.

You 're sitting on your window-seat,  
 Beneath a cloudless moon ;  
 You hear a sound, that seems to wear  
 The semblance of a tune,  
 As if a broken fife should strive  
 To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide  
 Of music seems to come,  
 There 's something like a human voice,  
 And something like a drum ;  
 You sit in speechless agony,  
 Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home" should seem  
 to be  
 A very dismal place ;

Your "auld acquaintance" all at once  
 Is altered in the face ;  
 Their discords sting through Burns and  
 Moore,  
 Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent  
 From some infernal clime,  
 To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
 And dock the tail of Rhyme,  
 To crack the voice of Melody,  
 And break the legs of Time.

But hark ! the air again is still,  
 The music all is ground,  
 And silence, like a poultice, comes  
 To heal the blows of sound ;  
 It cannot be, — it is, — it is, —  
 A hat is going round !

No ! Pay the dentist when he leaves  
 A fracture in your jaw,  
 And pay the owner of the bear  
 That stunned you with his paw,  
 And buy the lobster that has had  
 Your knuckles in his claw ;

But if you are a portly man,  
 Put on your fiercest frown,  
 And talk about a constable  
 To turn them out of town ;  
 Then close your sentence with an oath,  
 And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,  
 Not big enough for that,  
 Or, if you cannot make a speech,  
 Because you are a flat,  
 Go very quietly and drop  
 A button in the hat !

#### THE TREADMILL SONG.

THE stars are rolling in the sky,  
 The earth rolls on below,  
 And we can feel the rattling wheel  
 Revolving as we go.

Then tread away, my gallant boys,  
 And make the axle fly ;  
 Why should not wheels go round about,  
 Like planets in the sky ?

Wake up, wake up, my duck-legged man,  
 And stir your solid pegs !

Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,  
 And shake your spider legs ;

What though you're awkward at the  
 trade,

There's time enough to learn, —

So lean upon the rail, my lad,  
 And take another turn.

They've built us up a noble wall,  
 To keep the vulgar out ;

We've nothing in the world to do  
 But just to walk about ;

So faster, now, you middle men,  
 And try to beat the ends, —

It's pleasant work to ramble round  
 Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,  
 He sha'n't be lazy here, —

And punch the little fellow's ribs,  
 And tweak that lubber's ear, —

He's lost them both, — don't pull his  
 hair,

Because he wears a scratch,

But poke him in the further eye,  
 That is n't in the patch.

Hark ! fellows, there's the supper-bell,  
 And so our work is done ;

It's pretty sport, — suppose we take  
 A round or two for fun !

If ever they should turn me out,  
 When I have better grown,

Now hang me, but I mean to have  
 A treadmill of my own !

#### THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

-I'M not a chicken ; I have seen  
 Full many a chill September,

And though I was a youngster then,  
 That gale I well remember ;  
 The day before, my kite-string snapped,  
 And I, my kite pursuing,  
 The wind whisked off my palm-leaf  
 hat ; —

For me two storms were brewing !

It came as quarrels sometimes do,  
 When married folks get clashing ;

There was a heavy sigh or two,  
 Before the fire was flashing, —

A little stir among the clouds,  
 Before they rent asunder, —

A little rocking of the trees,  
 And then came on the thunder.

Lord ! how the ponds and rivers boiled !

They seemed like bursting craters !

And oaks lay scattered on the ground

As if they were p'taters ;

And all above was in a howl,

And all below a clatter, —

The earth was like a frying-pan,

Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,

And all our things were drying ;

The storm came roaring through the  
 lines,

And set them all a flying ;

I saw the shirts and petticoats

Go riding off like witches ;

I lost, ah ! bitterly I wept, —

I lost my Sunday breeches !

I saw them straddling through the  
 air,

Alas ! too late to win them ;

I saw them chase the clouds, as if

The devil had been in them ;

They were my darlings and my pride,

My boyhood's only riches, —

"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried, —

"My breeches ! O my breeches !"

That night I saw them in my dreams,  
 How changed from what I knew them !  
 The dews had steeped their faded threads,  
 The winds had whistled through them !  
 I saw the wide and ghastly rents  
 Where demon claws had torn them ;  
 A hole was in their amplest part,  
 As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,  
 And tailors kind and clever,  
 But those young pantaloons have gone  
 Forever and forever !  
 And not till fate has cut the last  
 Of all my earthly stitches,  
 This aching heart shall cease to mourn  
 My loved, my long-lost breeches !

#### THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I WROTE some lines once on a time  
 In wondrous merry mood,  
 And thought, as usual, men would say  
 They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,  
 I laughed as I would die ;  
 Albeit, in the general way,  
 A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came ;  
 How kind it was of him  
 To mind a slender man like me,  
 He of the mighty limb !

“These to the printer,” I exclaimed,  
 And, in my humorous way,  
 I added, (as a trifling jest,)  
 “There ’ll be the devil to pay.”

He took the paper, and I watched,  
 And saw him peep within ;  
 At the first line he read, his face  
 Was all upon the grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,  
 And shot from ear to ear ;  
 He read the third ; a chuckling noise  
 I now began to hear.

The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;  
 The fifth ; his waistband split ;  
 The sixth ; he burst five buttons off,  
 And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,  
 I watched that wretched man,  
 And since, I never dare to write  
 As funny as I can.

#### THE LAST READER.

I SOMETIMES sit beneath a tree,  
 And read my own sweet songs ;  
 Though naught they may to others be,  
 Each humble line prolongs  
 A tone that might have passed away,  
 But for that scarce remembered lay.

I keep them like a lock or leaf  
 That some dear girl has given ;  
 Frail record of an hour, as brief  
 As sunset clouds in heaven,  
 But spreading purple twilight still  
 High over memory’s shadowed hill.

They lie upon my pathway bleak,  
 Those flowers that once ran wild,  
 As on a father’s careworn cheek  
 The ringlets of his child ;  
 The golden mingling with the gray,  
 And stealing half its snows away.

What care I though the dust is spread  
 Around these yellow leaves,  
 Or o’er them his sarcastic thread  
 Oblivion’s insect weaves,  
 Though weeds are tangled on the stream,  
 It still reflects my morning’s beam.

And therefore love I such as smile  
 On these neglected songs

No, deem that flattery's needless wile  
 My opening bosom wrongs ;  
 For who would trample, at my side,  
 A few pale buds, my garden's pride ?

It may be that my scanty ore  
 Long years have washed away,  
 And where were golden sands before,  
 Is naught but common clay ;  
 Still something sparkles in the sun  
 For memory to look back upon.

And when my name no more is heard,  
 My lyre no more is known,  
 Still let me, like a winter's bird,  
 In silence and alone,  
 Fold over them the weary wing  
 Once flashing through the dews of spring.

Yes, let my fancy fondly wrap  
 My youth in its decline,  
 And riot in the rosy lap  
 Of thoughts that once were mine,  
 And give the worm my little store  
 When the last reader reads no more !

### POETRY :

A METRICAL ESSAY, READ BEFORE THE  
 Φ B K SOCIETY, HARVARD UNIVER-  
 SITY, AUGUST, 1836.

TO CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM, THE FOLLOW-  
 ING METRICAL ESSAY IS AFFECTION-  
 ATELY INSCRIBED.

SCENES of my youth ! awake its slum-  
 bering fire !  
 Ye winds of Memory, sweep the silent  
 lyre !  
 Ray of the past, if yet thou canst appear,  
 Break through the clouds of Fancy's  
 waning year ;  
 Chase from her breast the thin autumnal  
 snow,  
 If leaf or blossom still is fresh below !

Long have I wandered ; the returning  
 tide

Brought back an exile to his cradle's side ;  
 And as my bark her time-worn flag un-  
 rolled,  
 To greet the land-breeze with its faded  
 fold,  
 So, in remembrance of my boyhood's  
 time,  
 I lift these ensigns of neglected rhyme ;  
 O more than blest, that, all my wander-  
 ings through,  
 My anchor falls where first my pennons  
 flew !

The morning light, which rains its  
 quivering beams  
 Wide o'er the plains, the summits, and  
 the streams,  
 In one broad blaze expands its golden  
 glow  
 On all that answers to its glance below ;  
 Yet, changed on earth, each far re-  
 flected ray  
 Braids with fresh hues the shining brow  
 of day ;  
 Now, clothed in blushes by the painted  
 flowers,  
 Tracks on their cheeks the rosy-fingered  
 hours ;  
 Now, lost in shades, whose dark en-  
 tangled leaves  
 Drip at the noontide from their pendent  
 eaves,  
 Fades into gloom, or gleams in light again  
 From every dew-drop on the jewelled  
 plain.

We, like the leaf, the summit, or the  
 wave,  
 Reflect the light our common nature gave,  
 But every sunbeam, falling from her  
 throne,  
 Wears on our hearts some coloring of our  
 own ;  
 Chilled in the slave, and burning in the  
 free,

Like the sealed cavern by the sparkling  
 sea ;  
 Lost, like the lightning in the sullen  
 clod,  
 Or shedding radiance, like the smiles of  
 God,  
 Pure, pale in Virtue, as the star above,  
 Or quivering roseate on the leaves of  
 Love ;  
 Glaring like noontide, where it glows  
 upon  
 Ambition's sands, — the desert in the  
 sun ;  
 Or soft suffusing o'er the varied scene  
 Life's common coloring, — intellectual  
 green.

Thus Heaven, repeating its material  
 plan,  
 Arched over all the rainbow mind of man ;  
 But he who, blind to universal laws,  
 Sees but effects, unconscious of their  
 cause, —  
 Believes each image in itself is bright,  
 Not robed in drapery of reflected light, —  
 Is like the rustic who, amidst his toil,  
 Has found some crystal in his meagre  
 soil,  
 And, lost in rapture, thinks for him alone  
 Earth worked her wonders on the spark-  
 ling stone,  
 Nor dreams that Nature, with as nice a  
 line,  
 Carved countless angles through the  
 boundless mine.

Thus err the many, who, entranced  
 to find  
 Unwonted lustre in some clearer mind,  
 Believe that Genius sets the laws at  
 naught  
 Which chain the pinions of our wildest  
 thought ;  
 Untaught to measure, with the eye of  
 art,

The wandering fancy or the wayward  
 heart ;  
 Who match the little only with the less,  
 And gaze in rapture at its slight excess,  
 Proud of a pebble, as the brightest gem  
 Whose light might crown an emperor's  
 diadem.

And, most of all, the pure ethereal  
 fire,  
 Which seems to radiate from the poet's  
 lyre,  
 Is to the world a mystery and a charm,  
 An Ægis wielded on a mortal's arm,  
 While Reason turns her dazzled eye  
 away,  
 And bows her sceptre to her subject's  
 sway ;  
 And thus the poet, clothed with godlike  
 state,  
 Usurped his Maker's title — to create ;  
 He, whose thoughts differing not in  
 shape, but dress,  
 What others feel, more fitly can express,  
 Sits like the maniac on his fancied  
 throne,  
 Peeps through the bars, and calls the  
 world his own.

There breathes no being but has some  
 pretence  
 To that fine instinct called poetic sense :  
 The rudest savage roaming through the  
 wild ;  
 The simplest rustic bending o'er his  
 child ;  
 The infant listening to the warbling bird ;  
 The mother smiling at its half-formed  
 word ;  
 The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields  
 at large ;  
 The girl, turned matron to her babe-like  
 charge ;  
 The freeman, casting with unpurchased  
 hand

The vote that shakes the turrets of the  
land ;  
The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted  
chain,  
Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning  
plain ;  
The hot-cheeked reveller, tossing down  
the wine,  
To join the chorus pealing "Auld lang  
syne" ;  
The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows  
dim,  
While Heaven is listening to her evening  
hymn ;  
The jewelled beauty, when her steps  
draw near  
The circling dance and dazzling chandel-  
lier ;  
E'en trembling age, when Spring's re-  
newing air  
Waves the thin ringlets of his silvered  
hair ;—  
All, all are glowing with the inward  
flame,  
Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's  
name,  
While, unembalmed, the silent dreamer  
dies,  
His memory passing with his smiles and  
sighs !

If glorious visions, born for all man-  
kind,  
The bright auroras of our twilight mind ;  
If fancies, varying as the shapes that  
lie  
Stained on the windows of the sunset  
sky ;  
If hopes, that beckon with delusive  
gleams,  
Till the eye dances in the void of dreams ;  
If passions, following with the winds  
that urge  
Earth's wildest wanderer to her farthest  
verge ;—

If these on all some transient hours  
bestow  
Of rapture tingling with its hectic glow,  
Then all are poets ; and, if earth had  
rolled  
Her myriad centuries, and her doom  
were told,  
Each moaning billow of her shoreless  
wave  
Would wail its requiem o'er a poet's  
grave !

If to embody in a breathing word  
Tones that the spirit trembled when it  
heard ;  
To fix the image all unveiled and warm,  
And carve in language its ethereal form,  
So pure, so perfect, that the lines express  
No meagre shrinking, no unlaced excess ;  
To feel that art, in living truth, has  
taught  
Ourselves, reflected in the sculptured  
thought ;—  
If this alone bestow the right to claim  
The deathless garland and the sacred  
name ;  
Then none are poets, save the saints on-  
high,  
Whose harps can murmur all that words  
deny !

But though to none is granted to  
reveal,  
In perfect semblance, all that each may  
feel,  
As withered flowers recall forgotten love,  
So, warmed to life, our faded passions  
move  
In every line, where kindling fancy  
throws  
The gleam of pleasures, or the shade of  
woes.

When, schooled by time, the stately  
queen of art

Had smoothed the pathways leading to  
 the heart,  
 Assumed her measured tread, her solemn  
 tone,  
 And round her courts the clouds of fable  
 thrown,  
 The wreaths of heaven descended on  
 her shrine,  
 And wondering earth proclaimed the  
 Muse divine.  
 Yet, if her votaries had but dared pro-  
 fane  
 The mystic symbols of her sacred reign,  
 How had they smiled beneath the veil  
 to find  
 What slender threads can chain the  
 mighty mind !

Poets, like painters, their machinery  
 claim,  
 And verse bestows the varnish and the  
 frame ;  
 Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar  
 Shakes the racked axle of Art's rattling  
 car,  
 Fits like mosaic in the lines that gird  
 Fast in its place each many-angled word ;  
 From Saxon lips Anacreon's numbers  
 glide,  
 As once they melted on the Teian tide,  
 And, fresh transfused, the Iliad thrills  
 again  
 From Albion's cliffs as o'er Achaia's  
 plain !  
 The proud heroic, with its pulse-like  
 beat,  
 Rings like the cymbals clashing as they  
 meet ;  
 The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it  
 flows,  
 Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,  
 Where waves on waves in long succes-  
 sion pour,  
 Till the ninth billow melts along the  
 shore ;

The lonely spirit of the mournful lay,  
 Which lives immortal as the verse of  
 Gray,  
 In sable plumage slowly drifts along,  
 On eagle pinion, through the air of  
 song ;  
 The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,  
 With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,  
 While every image, in her airy whirl,  
 Gleams like a diamond on a dancing  
 girl !

Born with mankind, with man's ex-  
 panded range  
 And varying fates the poet's numbers  
 change ;  
 Thus in his history may we hope to find  
 Some clearer epochs of the poet's mind,  
 As from the cradle of its birth we trace,  
 Slow wandering forth, the patriarchal  
 race.

## I.

WHEN the green earth, beneath the  
 zephyr's wing,  
 Wears on her breast the varnished buds  
 of Spring ;  
 When the loosed current, as its folds  
 uncoil,  
 Slides in the channels of the mellowed  
 soil ;  
 When the young hyacinth returns to  
 seek  
 The air and sunshine with her emerald  
 beak ;  
 When the light snowdrops, starting from  
 their cells,  
 Hang each pagoda with its silver bells ;  
 When the frail willow twines her trail-  
 ing bow  
 With pallid leaves that sweep the soil  
 below ;  
 When the broad elm, sole empress of  
 the plain,



Whose circling shadow speaks a cen-  
 tury's reign,  
 Wreathes in the clouds her regal dia-  
 dem, —  
 A forest waving on a single stem ; —  
 Then mark the poet ; though to him  
 unknown  
 The quaint-mouthed titles, such as  
 scholars own,  
 See how his eye in ecstasy pursues  
 The steps of Nature tracked in radiant  
 hues ;  
 Nay, in thyself, whate'er may be thy  
 fate,  
 Pallid with toil, or surfeited with state,  
 Mark how thy fancies, with the vernal  
 rose,  
 Awake, all sweetness, from their long  
 repose ;  
 Then turn to ponder o'er the classic  
 page,  
 Traced with the idyls of a greener  
 age,  
 And learn the instinct which arose to  
 warm  
 Art's earliest essay, and her simplest  
 form.

To themes like these her narrow path  
 confined  
 The first-born impulse moving in the  
 mind ;  
 In vales unshaken by the trumpet's  
 sound,  
 Where peaceful Labor tills his fertile  
 ground,  
 The silent changes of the rolling years,  
 Marked on the soil, or dialled on the  
 spheres,  
 The crested forests and the colored  
 flowers,  
 The dewy grottos and the blushing  
 bowers,  
 These, and their guardians, who, with  
 liquid names,

Strephons and Chloes, melt in mutual  
 flames,  
 Woo the young Muses from their moun-  
 tain shade,  
 To make Arcadias in the lonely glade.  
 Nor think they visit only with their  
 smiles  
 The fabled valleys and Elysian isles ;  
 He who is wearied of his village plain  
 May roam the Edens of the world in  
 vain.  
 'T is not the star-crowned cliff, the  
 cataract's flow,  
 The softer foliage, or the greener glow,  
 The lake of sapphire, or the spar-lung  
 cave,  
 The brighter sunset, or the broader wave,  
 Can warm his heart whom every wind  
 has blown  
 To every shore, forgetful of his own.  
 Home of our childhood ! how affection  
 clings  
 And hovers round thee with her seraph  
 wings !  
 Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn  
 brown,  
 Than fairest summits which the cedars  
 crown !  
 Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer  
 breeze  
 Than all Arabia breathes along the seas !  
 The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's  
 sigh,  
 For the heart's temple is its own blue  
 sky !  
 O happiest they, whose early love  
 unchanged,  
 Hopes undissolved, and friendship un-  
 estranged,  
 Tired of their wanderings, still can  
 deign to see  
 Love, hopes, and friendship, centring  
 all in thee !

And thou, my village! as again I tread  
 Amidst thy living, and above thy dead;  
 Though some fair playmates guard with chaster fears  
 Their cheeks, grown holy with the lapse of years;  
 Though with the dust some reverend locks may blend,  
 Where life's last mile-stone marks the journey's end;  
 On every bud the changing year recalls,  
 The brightening glance of morning memory falls,  
 Still following onward as the months unclose  
 The balmy lilac or the bridal rose;  
 And still shall follow, till they sink once more  
 Beneath the snow-drifts of the frozen shore,  
 As when my bark, long tossing in the gale,  
 Furled in her port her tempest-rended sail!

What shall I give thee? Can a simple lay,  
 Flung on thy bosom like a girl's bouquet,  
 Do more than deck thee for an idle hour,  
 Then fall unheeded, fading like the flower?  
 Yet, when I trod, with footsteps wild and free,  
 The crackling leaves beneath yon linden-tree,  
 Panting from play, or dripping from the stream,  
 How bright the visions of my boyish dream!  
 Or, modest Charles, along thy broken edge,  
 Black with soft ooze and fringed with arrowy sedge,

As once I wandered in the morning sun,  
 With reeking sandal and superfluous gun;  
 How oft, as Fancy whispered in the gale,  
 Thou wast the Avon of her flattering tale!  
 Ye hills, whose foliage, fretted on the skies,  
 Prints shadowy arches on their evening dyes,  
 How should my song with holiest charm invest  
 Each dark ravine and forest-lifting crest!  
 How clothe in beauty each familiar scene,  
 Till all was classic on my native green!

As the drained fountain, filled with autumn leaves,  
 The field swept naked of its garnered sheaves;  
 So wastes at noon the promise of our dawn,  
 The springs all choking, and the harvest gone.

Yet hear the lay of one whose natal star  
 Still seemed the brightest when it shone afar;  
 Whose cheek, grown pallid with ungracious toil,  
 Glows in the welcome of his parent soil;  
 And ask no garlands sought beyond the tide,  
 But take the leaflets gathered at your side.<sup>1</sup>

## II.

BUT times were changed; the torch of terror came,  
 To light the summits with the beacon's flame;  
 The streams ran crimson, the tall mountain pines  
 Rose a new forest o'er embattled lines;

<sup>1</sup> For "The Cambridge Churchyard," see p. 2

The bloodless sickle lent the warrior's  
 steel,  
 The harvest bowed beneath his chariot  
 wheel ;  
 Where late the wood-dove sheltered her  
 repose  
 The raven waited for the conflict's close ;  
 The cuirassed sentry walked his sleep-  
 less round  
 Where Daphne smiled or Amaryllis  
 frowned ;  
 Where timid minstrels sung their blush-  
 ing charms,  
 Some wild Tyrtæus called aloud, "To  
 arms !"

When Glory wakes, when fiery spirits  
 leap,  
 Roused by her accents from their tran-  
 quil sleep,  
 The ray that flashes from the soldier's  
 crest  
 Lights, as it glances, in the poet's  
 breast ;—  
 Not in pale dreamers, whose fantastic  
 lay  
 Toys with smooth trifles like a child at  
 play,  
 But men, who act the passions they in-  
 spire,  
 Who wave the sabre as they sweep the  
 lyre !

Ye mild enthusiasts, whose pacific  
 frowns  
 Are lost like dew-drops caught in burn-  
 ing towns,  
 Pluck as ye will the radiant plumes of  
 fame,  
 Break Cæsar's bust to make yourselves  
 a name ;  
 But, if your country bares the avenger's  
 blade  
 For wrongs unpunished, or for debts  
 unpaid,

When the roused nation bids her armies  
 form,  
 And screams her eagle through the gath-  
 ering storm,  
 When from your ports the bannered  
 frigate rides,  
 Her black bows scowling to the crested  
 tides,  
 Your hour has past ; in vain your feeble  
 cry,  
 As the babe's wailings to the thundering  
 sky !

Scourge of mankind ! with all the  
 dread array  
 That wraps in wrath thy desolating way,  
 As the wild tempest wakes the slumber-  
 ing sea,  
 Thou only teachest all that man can  
 be.  
 Alike thy tocsin has the power to charm  
 The toil-knit sinews of the rustic's arm,  
 Or swell the pulses in the poet's veins,  
 And bid the nations tremble at his  
 strains.

The city slept beneath the moonbeam's  
 glance,  
 Her white walls gleaming through the  
 vines of France,  
 And all was hushed, save where the  
 footsteps fell,  
 On some high tower, of midnight senti-  
 nel.  
 But one still watched ; no self-encircled  
 woes  
 Chased from his lids the angel of repose ;  
 He watched, he wept, for thoughts of  
 bitter years  
 Bowed his dark lashes, wet with burning  
 tears :  
 His country's sufferings and her chil-  
 dren's shame  
 Streamed o'er his memory like a forest's  
 flame,

Each treasured insult, each remembered  
wrong,  
Rolled through his heart and kindled  
into song :  
His taper faded ; and the morning gales  
Swept through the world the war-song  
of Marseilles !

Now, while around the smiles of Peace  
expand,  
And Plenty's wreaths festoon the laugh-  
ing land ;  
While France ships outward her reluc-  
tant ore,  
And half our navy basks upon the shore ;  
From ruder themes our meek-eyed Muses  
turn  
To crown with roses their enamelled urn.

If e'er again return those awful days  
Whose clouds were crimsoned with the  
beacon's blaze,  
Whose grass was trampled by the sol-  
dier's heel,  
Whose tides were reddened round the  
rushing keel,  
God grant some lyre may wake a nobler  
strain  
To rend the silence of our tented plain !  
When Gallia's flag its triple fold dis-  
plays,  
Her marshalled legions peal the Mar-  
seillaise ;  
When round the German close the war-  
clouds dim,  
Far through their shadows floats his  
battle-hymn ;  
When, crowned with joy, the camps of  
England ring,  
A thousand voices shout, " God save the  
King !"  
When victory follows with our eagle's  
glance,  
Our nation's anthem pipes a country  
dance !

Some prouder Muse, when comes the  
hour at last,  
May shake our hillsides with her bugle-  
blast ;  
Not ours the task ; but since the lyric  
dress  
Relieves the statelier with its sprightli-  
ness,  
Hear an old song, which some, per-  
chance, have seen .  
In stale gazette, or cobwebbed magazine.  
There was an hour when patriots dared  
profane  
The mast that Britain strove to bow in  
vain ;  
And one, who listened to the tale of  
shame,  
Whose heart still answered to that  
sacred name,  
Whose eye still followed o'er his coun-  
try's tides  
Thy glorious flag, our brave Old Iron-  
sides !  
From yon lone attic, on a summer's morn,  
Thus mocked the spoilers with his  
school-boy scorn.<sup>1</sup>

## III.

WHEN florid Peace resumed her golden  
reign,  
And arts revived, and valleys bloomed  
again ;  
While War still panted on his broken  
blade,  
Once more the Muse her heavenly wing  
essayed.  
Rude was the song ; some ballad, stern  
and wild,  
Lulled the light slumbers of the soldier's  
child ;  
Or young romancer, with his threatening  
glance

<sup>1</sup> For " Old Ironsides," see p. 1.

And fearful fables of his bloodless lance,  
Scared the soft fancy of the clinging girls,  
Whose snowy fingers smoothed his raven  
curls.

But when long years the stately form  
had bent,

And faithless memory her illusions lent,  
So vast the outlines of Tradition grew,  
That History wondered at the shapes  
she drew,

And veiled at length their too ambitious  
hues

Beneath the pinions of the Epic Muse.

Far swept her wing ; for stormier days  
had brought

With darker passions deeper tides of  
thought.

The camp's harsh tumult and the con-  
flict's glow,

The thrill of triumph and the gasp of woe,  
The tender parting and the glad return,  
The festal banquet and the funeral urn,—  
And all the drama which at once uprears

Its spectral shadows through the clash  
of spears,

From camp and field to echoing verse  
transferred,

Swelled the proud song that listening  
nations heard.

Why floats the amaranth in eternal  
bloom

O'er Ilium's turrets and Achilles' tomb ?

Why lingers fancy, where the sunbeams  
smile

On Circe's gardens and Calypso's isle ?

Why follows memory to the gate of  
Troy

Her plumed defender and his trembling  
boy ?

Lo! the blind dreamer, kneeling on the  
sand,

To trace these records with his doubtful  
hand ;

In fabled tones his own emotion flows,  
And other lips repeat his silent woes ;  
In Hector's infant see the babes that  
shun

Those deathlike eyes, unconscious of the  
sun,

Or in his hero hear himself implore,  
"Give me to see, and Ajax asks no  
more !"

Thus live undying through the lapse  
of time

The solemn legends of the warrior's  
clime ;

Like Egypt's pyramid, or Pæstum's fane,  
They stand the heralds of the voiceless  
plain ;

Yet not like them, for Time, by slow  
degrees,

Saps the gray stone, and wears the em-  
broided frieze,

And Isis sleeps beneath her subject  
Nile,

And crumbled Neptune strews his  
Dorian pile ;

But Art's fair fabric, strengthening as  
it rears

Its laurelled columns through the mist  
of years,

As the blue arches of the bending skies  
Still gird the torrent, following as it  
flies,

Spreads, with the surges bearing on  
mankind,

Its starred pavilion o'er the tides of  
mind !

In vain the patriot asks some lofty lay  
To dress in state our wars of yesterday.

The classic days, those mothers of ro-  
mance,

That roused a nation for a woman's  
glance ;

The age of mystery with its hoarded  
power,

That girt the tyrant in his storied tower,  
Have past and faded like a dream of  
youth,  
And riper eras ask for history's truth.

On other shores, above their mouldering  
towns,  
In sullen pomp the tall cathedral frowns,  
Pride in its aisles, and paupers at the  
door,  
Which feeds the beggars whom it fleeced  
of yore.

Simple and frail, our lowly temples  
throw

Their slender shadows on the paths  
below ;

Scarce steal the winds, that sweep his  
woodland tracks,

The larch's perfume from the settler's  
axe,

Ere, like a vision of the morning air,  
His slight-framed scepel marks the  
house of prayer ;

Its planks all reeking, and its paint  
undried,

Its rafters sprouting on the shady side,  
It sheds the raindrops from its shingled  
eaves,

Ere its green brothers once have changed  
their leaves.

Yet Faith's pure hymn, beneath its  
shelter rude,

Breathes out as sweetly to the tangled  
wood,

As where the rays through pictured glo-  
ries pour

On marble shaft and tessellated floor ;—  
Heaven asks no surplice round the heart  
that feels,

And all is holy where devotion kneels.

Thus on the soil the patriot's knee  
should bend,

Which holds the dust once living to  
defend ;

Where'er the hireling shrinks before  
the free,

Each pass becomes " a new Thermopy-  
læ " !

Where'er the battles of the brave are  
won,

There every mountain " looks on Mara-  
thon " !

Our fathers live ; they guard in glory  
still

The grass-grown bastions of the for-  
tressed hill ;

Still ring the echoes of the trampled gorge,  
With *God and Freedom ! England and  
Saint George !*

The royal cipher on the captured gun  
Mocks the sharp night-dews and the  
blistering sun ;

The red-cross banner shades its captor's  
bust,

Its folds still loaded with the conflict's  
dust ;

The drum, suspended by its tattered  
marge,

Once rolled and rattled to the Hessian's  
charge ;

The stars have floated from Britannia's  
mast,

The redcoat's trumpets blown the rebel's  
blast.

Point to the summits where the brave  
have bled,

Where every village claims its glorious  
dead ;

Say, when their bosoms met the hay-  
onet's shock,

Their only corselet was the rustic frock ;  
Say, when they mustered to the gather-  
ing horn,

The titled chieftain curled his lip in  
scorn,

Yet, when their leader bade his lines  
advance,

No musket wavered in the lion's glance ;  
 Say, when they fainted in the forced  
 retreat,  
 They tracked the snow-drifts with their  
 bleeding feet,  
 Yet still their banners, tossing in the  
 blast,  
 Bore *Ever Ready*, faithful to the last,  
 Through storm and battle, till they  
 waved again  
 On Yorktown's hills and Saratoga's  
 plain !

Then, if so fierce the insatiate pa-  
 triot's flame,  
 Truth looks too pale, and history seems  
 too tame,  
 Bid him await some new Columbiad's  
 page,  
 To gild the tablets of an iron age,  
 And save his tears, which yet may fall  
 upon  
 Some fabled field, some fancied Wash-  
 ington !

## IV.

BUT once again, from their Æolian  
 cave,  
 The winds of Genius wandered on the  
 wave.  
 Tired of the scenes the timid pencil  
 drew,  
 Sick of the notes the sounding clarion  
 blew ;  
 Sated with heroes who had worn so long  
 The shadowy plumage of historic song ;  
 The new-born poet left the beaten  
 course,  
 To track the passions to their living  
 source.

Then rose the Drama ;— and the  
 world admired  
 Her varied page with deeper thought  
 inspired ;

Bound to no clime, for Passion's throb  
 is one  
 In Greenland's twilight or in India's  
 sun ;  
 Born for no age, — for all the thoughts  
 that roll  
 In the dark vortex of the stormy soul,  
 Unchained in song, no freezing years  
 can tame ;  
 God gave them birth, and man is still  
 the same.

So full on life her magic mirror shone,  
 Her sister Arts paid tribute to her  
 throne ;  
 One reared her temple, one her canvas  
 warmed,  
 And Music thrilled, while Eloquence  
 informed.  
 The weary rustic left his stinted task  
 For smiles and tears, the dagger and  
 the mask ;  
 The sage, turned scholar, half forgot his  
 lore,  
 To be the woman he despised before ;  
 O'er sense and thought she threw her  
 golden chain,  
 And Time, the anarch, spares her death-  
 less reign.

Thus lives *Medea*, in our tamer age,  
 As when her buskin pressed the Grecian  
 stage ;  
 Not in the cells where frigid learning  
 delves  
 In *Aldine* folios mouldering on their  
 shelves ;  
 But breathing, burning in the glitter-  
 ing throng,  
 Whose thousand bravoës roll untired  
 along,  
 Circling and spreading through the  
 gilded halls,  
 From London's galleries to San Carlo's  
 walls !

Thus shall he live whose more than  
 mortal name  
 Mocks with its ray the pallid torch of  
 Fame ;  
 So proudly lifted, that it seems afar  
 No earthly Pharos, but a heavenly star ;  
 Who, unconfined to Art's diurnal  
 bound,  
 Girds her whole zodiac in his flaming  
 round,  
 And leads the passions, like the orb  
 that guides,  
 From pole to pole, the palpitating tides !

## V.

THOUGH round the Muse the robe of  
 song is thrown,  
 Think not the poet lives in verse alone.  
 Long ere the chisel of the sculptor  
 taught  
 The lifeless stone to mock the living  
 thought ;  
 Long ere the painter bade the canvas glow  
 With every line the forms of beauty  
 know ;  
 Long ere the iris of the Muses threw  
 On every leaf its own celestial hue ;  
 In fable's dress the breath of genius  
 poured,  
 And warmed the shapes that later times  
 adored.

Untaught by Science how to forge the  
 keys,  
 That loose the gates of Nature's myste-  
 ries ;  
 Unschooled by Faith, who, with her  
 angel tread,  
 Leads through the labyrinth with a  
 single thread,  
 His fancy, hovering round her guarded  
 tower,  
 Rained through its bars like Danae's  
 golden shower.

He spoke ; the sea-nymph answered  
 from her cave :  
 He called ; the naiad left her mountain  
 wave :  
 He dreamed of beauty ; lo, amidst his  
 dream,  
 Narcissus, mirrored in the breathless  
 stream ;  
 And night's chaste empress, in her brid-  
 dal play,  
 Laughed through the foliage where  
 Endymion lay ;  
 And ocean dimpled, as the languid swell  
 Kissed the red lip of Cytherea's shell :  
 Of power, — Bellona swept the crimson  
 field,  
 And blue-eyed Pallas shook her Gor-  
 gon shield ;  
 O'er the hushed waves their mightier  
 monarch drove,  
 And Ida trembled to the tread of Jove !

So every grace that plastic language  
 knows  
 To nameless poets its perfection owes.  
 The rough-hewn words to simplest  
 thoughts confined  
 Were cut and polished in their nicer  
 mind ;  
 Caught on their edge, imagination's ray  
 Splits into rainbows, shooting far  
 away ; —  
 From sense to soul, from soul to sense,  
 it flies,  
 And through all nature links analogies ;  
 He who reads right will rarely look  
 upon  
 A better poet than his lexicon !

There is a race, which cold, ungenial  
 skies  
 Breed from decay, as fungous growths  
 arise ;  
 Though dying fast, yet springing fast  
 again,



Which still usurps an unsubstantial  
 reign,  
 With frames too languid for the charms  
 of sense,  
 And minds worn down with action too  
 intense ;  
 Tired of a world whose joys they never  
 knew,  
 Themselves deceived, yet thinking all  
 untrue ;  
 Scarce men without, and less than girls  
 within,  
 Sick of their life before its cares be-  
 gin ; —  
 The dull disease, which drains their  
 feeble hearts,  
 To life's decay some hectic thrills im-  
 parts,  
 And lends a force, which, like the  
 maniac's power,  
 Pays with blank years the frenzy of an  
 hour.

And this is Genius ! Say, does  
 Heaven degrade  
 The manly frame, for health, for action  
 made ?  
 Break down the sinews, rack the brow  
 with pains,  
 Blanch the bright cheek, and drain the  
 purple veins,  
 To clothe the mind with more extended  
 sway,  
 Thus faintly struggling in degenerate  
 clay ?

No ! gentle maid, too ready to ad-  
 mire,  
 Though false its notes, the pale enthusi-  
 ast's lyre ;  
 If this be genius, though its bitter springs  
 Glowed like the morn beneath Aurora's  
 wings,  
 Seek not the source whose sullen bosom  
 feeds

But fruitless flowers, and dark, enven-  
 omed weeds.

But, if so bright the dear illusion  
 seems,  
 Thou wouldst be partner of thy poet's  
 dreams,  
 And hang in rapture on his bloodless  
 charms,  
 Or die, like Raphael, in his angel arms ;  
 Go, and enjoy thy blessed lot, — to  
 share  
 In Cowper's gloom, or Chatterton's de-  
 spair !

Not such were they, whom, wander-  
 ing o'er the waves,  
 I looked to meet, but only found their  
 graves ;  
 If friendship's smile, the better part of  
 fame,  
 Should lend my song the only wreath I  
 claim,  
 Whose voice would greet me with a  
 sweeter tone,  
 Whose living hand more kindly press  
 my own,  
 Than theirs, — could Memory, as her  
 silent tread  
 Prints the pale flowers that blossom o'er  
 the dead,  
 Those breathless lips, now closed in  
 peace, restore,  
 Or wake those pulses hushed to beat no  
 more ?

Thou calm, chaste scholar ! I can see  
 thee now,  
 The first young laurels on thy pallid  
 brow,  
 O'er thy slight figure floating lightly  
 down  
 In graceful folds the academic gown,  
 On thy curled lip the classic lines, that  
 taught

How nice the mind that sculptured  
 them with thought,  
 And triumph glistening in the clear  
 blue eye,  
 Too bright to live, — but O, too fair to  
 die !

And thou, dear friend, whom Science  
 still deplores,  
 And love still mourns, on ocean-severed  
 shores,  
 Though the bleak forest twice has bowed  
 with snow,  
 Since thou wast laid its budding leaves  
 below,  
 Thine image mingles with my closing  
 strain,  
 As when we wandered by the turbid Seine,  
 Both blest with hopes, which revelled,  
 bright and free,  
 On all we longed, or all we dreamed to  
 be ;  
 To thee the amaranth and the cypress  
 fell,—  
 And I was spared to breathe this last  
 farewell !

But lived there one in unremembered  
 days,  
 Or lives there still, who spurns the poet's  
 bays,  
 Whose fingers, dewy from Castalia's  
 springs,  
 Rest on the lyre, yet scorn to touch the  
 strings ?  
 Who shakes the senate with the silver  
 tone  
 The groves of Pindus might have sighed  
 to own ?

Have such e'er been ? Remember Can-  
 ning's name !  
 Do such still live ? Let "Alaric's Dirge"  
 proclaim !

Immortal Art ! where'er the rounded  
 sky  
 Bends o'er the cradle where thy children  
 lie,  
 Their home is earth, their herald every  
 tongue  
 Whose accents echo to the voice that  
 sung.  
 One leap of Ocean scatters on the sand  
 The quarried bulwarks of the loosening  
 land ;  
 One thrill of earth dissolves a century's  
 toil  
 Strewed like the leaves that vanish in  
 the soil ;  
 One hill o'erflows, and cities sink below,  
 Their marbles splintering in the lava's  
 glow ;  
 But one sweet tone, scarce whispered to  
 the air,  
 From shore to shore the blasts of ages  
 bear ;  
 One humble name, which oft, perchance,  
 has borne  
 The tyrant's mockery and the courtier's  
 scorn,  
 Towers o'er the dust of earth's forgotten  
 graves,  
 As once, emerging through the waste of  
 waves,  
 The rocky Titan, round whose shattered  
 spear  
 Coiled the last whirlpool of the drowning  
 sphere !

# ADDITIONAL POEMS.

1837-1848.

## THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

In the hour of twilight shadows  
The Pilgrim sire looked out ;  
He thought of the "bloudy Salvages"  
That lurked all round about,  
Of Wituwamet's pictured knife  
And Pecksuot's whooping shout ;  
For the baby's limbs were feeble,  
Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin,  
Too bare for the hungry rat,  
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,  
And bald enough of that ;  
The hole that served for casement  
Was glazed with an ancient hat ;  
And the ice was gently thawing  
From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape  
His eyes went to and fro,  
The trees all clad in icicles,  
The streams that did not flow ;  
A sudden thought flashed o'er him,—  
A dream of long ago,—  
He smote his leathern jerkin,  
And murmured, "Even so !"

"Come hither, God-be-Glorified,  
And sit upon my knee,  
Behold the dream unfolding,  
Whereof I spake to thee

By the winter's hearth in Leyden  
And on the stormy sea ;  
True is the dream's beginning, —  
So may its ending be !

"I saw in the naked forest  
Our scattered remnant cast,  
A screen of shivering branches  
Between them and the blast ;  
The snow was falling round them,  
The dying fell as fast ;  
I looked to see them perish,  
When lo, the vision passed.

"Again mine eyes were opened ;—  
The feeble had waxed strong,  
The babes had grown to sturdy men,  
The remnant was a throng ;  
By shadowed lake and winding stream,  
And all the shores along,  
The howling demons quaked to hear  
The Christian's godly song.

"They slept, — the village fathers, —  
By river, lake, and shore,  
When far adown the steep of Time  
The vision rose once more ;  
I saw along the winter snow  
A spectral column pour,  
And high above their broken ranks  
A tattered flag they bore.

"Their Leader rode before them,  
Of bearing calm and high,

The light of Heaven's own kindling  
 Throned in his awful eye ;  
 These were a Nation's champions  
 Her dread appeal to try ;  
 God for the right ! I faltered,  
 And lo, the train passed by.

“Once more ; — the strife is ended,  
 The solemn issue tried,  
 The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm  
 Has helped our Israel's side ;  
 Gray stone and grassy hillock  
 Tell where our martyrs died,  
 But peaceful smiles the harvest,  
 And stainless flows the tide.

“A crash, — as when some swollen cloud  
 Cracks o'er the tangled trees !  
 With side to side, and spar to spar,  
 Whose smoking decks are these ?  
 I know Saint George's blood-red cross,  
 Thou Mistress of the Seas, —  
 But what is she, whose streaming bars  
 Roll out before the breeze ?

“Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,  
 Whose thunders strive to quell  
 The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,  
 That pealed the Armada's knell !  
 The mist was cleared, — a wreath of  
 stars  
 Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,  
 And, wavering from its haughty peak,  
 The cross of England fell !

“O trembling Faith ! though dark the  
 morn,  
 A heavenly torch is thine ;  
 While feebler races melt away,  
 And paler orbs decline,  
 Still shall the fiery pillar's ray,  
 Along thy pathway shine,  
 To light the chosen tribe that sought  
 This Western Palestine !

“I see the living tide roll on ;  
 It crowns with flaming towers  
 The icy capes of Labrador,  
 The Spaniard's 'land of flowers' !  
 It streams beyond the splintered ridge  
 That parts the Northern showers ;  
 From eastern rock to sunset wave.  
 The Continent is ours !”

He ceased, — the grim old soldier-saint, —  
 Then softly bent to cheer  
 The pilgrim-child, whose wasting face  
 Was meekly turned to hear ;  
 And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,  
 To brush the manly tear  
 From cheeks that never changed in woe,  
 And never blanched in fear.

The weary pilgrim slumbers,  
 His resting-place unknown ;  
 His hands were crossed, his lids were  
 closed,  
 The dust was o'er him strown ;  
 The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,  
 Along the sod were blown ;  
 His mound has melted into earth,  
 His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,  
 The memory of the dead,  
 Long as the pale anemone  
 Springs where their tears were shed,  
 Or, raining in the summer's wind  
 In flakes of burning red,  
 The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves  
 The turf where once they bled !

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks  
 That guard this holy strand  
 Have sunk beneath the trampling surge  
 In beds of sparkling sand,  
 While in the waste of ocean  
 One hoary rock shall stand,  
 Be this its latest legend, —  
**HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND !**

## THE STEAMBOAT.

SEE how you flaming herald treads  
 The ridged and rolling waves,  
 As, crashing o'er their crested heads,  
 She bows her surly slaves !  
 With foam before and fire behind,  
 She rends the clinging sea,  
 That flies before the roaring wind,  
 Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flow-  
 ers,  
 With heaped and glistening bells,  
 Falls round her fast, in ringing show-  
 ers,  
 With every wave that swells ;  
 And, burning o'er the midnight deep,  
 In lurid fringes thrown,  
 The living gems of ocean sweep  
 Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,  
 And smoking torch on high,  
 When winds are loud, and billows reel,  
 She thunders foaming by ;  
 When seas are silent and serene,  
 With even beam she glides,  
 The sunshine glimmering through the  
 green  
 That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart  
 She veils her shadowy form,  
 The beating of her restless heart  
 Still sounding through the storm ;  
 Now answers, like a courtly dame,  
 The reddening surges o'er,  
 With flying scarf of spangled flame,  
 The Pharos of the shore.

To-night you pilot shall not sleep,  
 Who trims his narrowed sail ;  
 To-night you frigate scarce shall keep  
 Her broad breast to the gale ;

And many a foresail, scooped and  
 strained,  
 Shall break from yard and stay,  
 Before this smoky wreath has stained  
 The rising mist of day.

Hark ! hark ! I hear yon whistling  
 shroud,  
 I see yon quivering mast ;  
 The black throat of the hunted cloud  
 Is panting forth the blast !  
 An hour, and, whirled like winnowing  
 chaff,  
 The giant surge shall fling  
 His tresses o'er yon pennon staff,  
 White as the sea-bird's wing !

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep ;  
 Nor wind nor wave shall tire  
 Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap  
 With floods of living fire ;  
 Sleep on, — and, when the morning  
 light  
 Streams o'er the shining bay,  
 O think of those for whom the night  
 Shall never wake in day !

## LEXINGTON.

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was  
 creeping,  
 Bright on the dewy buds glistened  
 the sun,  
 When from his couch, while his chil-  
 dren were sleeping,  
 Rose the bold rebel and shouldered  
 his gun.  
 Waving her golden veil  
 Over the silent dale,  
 Blithe looked the morning on cottage  
 and spire ;  
 Hushed was his parting sigh,  
 While from his noble eye  
 Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh  
 leaf is springing  
 Calmly the first-born of glory have  
 met ;  
 Hark ! the death-volley around them is  
 ringing !  
 Look ! with their life-blood the  
 young grass is wet !  
 Faint is the feeble breath,  
 Murmuring low in death,  
 "Tell to our sons how their fathers  
 have died" ;  
 Nerveless the iron hand,  
 Raised for its native land,  
 Lies by the weapon that gleams at its  
 side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is  
 tolling,  
 From their far hamlets the yeomanry  
 come ;  
 As through the storm-clouds the thun-  
 der-burst rolling,  
 Circles the beat of the mustering  
 drum.  
 Fast on the soldier's path  
 Darken the waves of wrath,  
 Long have they gathered and loud shall  
 they fall ;  
 Red glares the musket's flash,  
 Sharp rings the rifle's crash,  
 Blazing and clanging from thicket and  
 wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was  
 dancing,  
 Never to shadow his cold brow again ;  
 Proudly at morning the war-steed was  
 prancing,  
 Reeking and panting he droops on the  
 rein ;  
 Pale is the lip of scorn,  
 Voiceless the trumpet horn,  
 Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on  
 high ;

Many a belted breast  
 Low on the turf shall rest,  
 Ere the dark hunters the herd have  
 passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse  
 wind is raving,  
 Rocks where the weary floods murmur  
 and wail,  
 Wilds where the fern by the furrow is  
 waving,  
 Reeled with the echoes that rode on  
 the gale ;  
 Far as the tempest thrills  
 Over the darkened hills,  
 Far as the sunshine streams over the  
 plain,  
 Roused by the tyrant band,  
 Woke all the mighty land,  
 Girded for battle, from mountain to  
 main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs  
 are lying !  
 Shroudless and tombless they sunk to  
 their rest, —  
 While o'er their ashes the starry fold  
 flying  
 Wraps the proud eagle they roused  
 from his nest.  
 Borne on her Northern pine,  
 Long o'er the foaming brine  
 Spread her broad banner to storm and  
 to sun ;  
 Heaven keep her ever free,  
 Wide as o'er land and sea  
 Floats the fair emblem her heroes have  
 won !

#### ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it  
 tells of good old times,  
 Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and  
 merry Christmas chimes ;

They were a free and jovial race, but  
honest, brave, and true,  
That dipped their ladle in the punch  
when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar ; so  
runs the ancient tale ;

'T was hammered by an Antwerp smith,  
whose arm was like a flail ;

And now and then between the strokes,  
for fear his strength should fail,

He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup  
of good old Flemish ale.

'T was purchased by an English squire  
to please his loving dame,

Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a  
longing for the same ;

And oft as on the ancient stock another  
twig was found,

'T was filled with caudle spiced and hot,  
and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at  
length a Puritan divine,

Who used to follow Timothy, and take  
a little wine,

But hated punch and prelacy ; and so it  
was, perhaps,

He went to Leyden, where he found  
conventicles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's  
next,—it left the Dutchman's shore

With those that in the Mayflower came,  
— a hundred souls and more, —

Along with all the furniture, to fill their  
new abodes, —

To judge by what is still on hand, at  
least a hundred loads.

'T was on a dreary winter's eve, the  
night was closing dim,

When brave Miles Standish took the  
bowl, and filled it to the brim ;

The little Captain stood and stirred the  
posset with his sword,  
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were  
ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in, — the  
man that never feared, —

He took a long and solemn draught, and  
wiped his yellow beard ;

And one by one the musketeers — the  
men that fought and prayed —

All drank as 't were their mother's  
milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the  
screaming eagle flew,

He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop,  
the soldier's wild halloo ;

And there the sachem learned the rule  
he taught to kith and kin,

“ Run from the white man when you  
find he smells of Hollands gin ! ”

A hundred years, and fifty more, had  
spread their leaves and snows,

A thousand rubs had flattened down  
each little cherub's nose,

When once again the bowl was filled,  
but not in mirth or joy,

'T was mingled by a mother's hand to  
cheer her parting boy.

Drink, John, she said, 't will do you  
good, — poor child, you'll never  
bear

This working in the dismal trench, out  
in the midnight air ;

And if — God bless me ! — you were  
hurt, 't would keep away the chill ;

So John *did* drink, — and well he  
wrought that night at Bunker's Hill !

I tell you, there was generous warmth  
in good old English cheer ;

I tell you, 't was a pleasant thought to  
bring its symbol here ;

'T is but the fool that loves excess ;  
 hast thou a drunken soul ?  
 Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in  
 my silver bowl !

I love the memory of the past, — its  
 pressed yet fragrant flowers, —  
 The moss that clothes its broken walls,  
 — the ivy on its towers ; —  
 Nay, this poor bawble it bequeathed, —  
 my eyes grow moist and dim,  
 To think of all the vanished joys that  
 danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear  
 it straight to me ;  
 The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er  
 the liquid be ;  
 And may the cherubs on its face protect  
 me from the sin,  
 That dooms one to those dreadful words,  
 — "My dear, where *have* you been ?"

### A SONG

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF  
 HARVARD COLLEGE, 1836.

WHEN the Puritans came over,  
 Our hills and swamps to clear,  
 The woods were full of catamounts,  
 And Indians red as deer,  
 With tomahawks and scalping-knives,  
 That make folks' heads look queer ; —  
 O the ship from England used to bring  
 A hundred wigs a year !

The crows came cawing through the air  
 To pluck the pilgrims' corn,  
 The bears came snuffing round the door  
 Whene'er a babe was born,  
 The rattlesnakes were bigger round  
 Than the but of the old ram's horn  
 The deacon blew at meeting time  
 On every "Sabbath" morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams  
 down,

And pine-tree trunk and limb  
 Began to sprout among the leaves  
 In shape of steeples slim ;  
 And out the little wharves were stretched  
 Along the ocean's rim,  
 And up the little school-house shot  
 To keep the boys in trim.

And, when at length the College rose,  
 The sachem cocked his eye  
 At every tutor's meagre ribs  
 Whose coat-tails whistled by :  
 But when the Greek and Hebrew words  
 Came tumbling from their jaws,  
 The copper-colored children all  
 Ran screaming to the squaws.

And who was on the Catalogue  
 When college was begun ?  
 Two nephews of the President,  
 And *the* Professor's son ;  
 (They turned a little Indian by,  
 As brown as any bun ;)  
 Lord ! how the seniors knocked about  
 The freshman class of one !

They had not then the dainty things  
 That commons now afford,  
 But *succotash* and *homony*  
 Were smoking on the board ;  
 They did not rattle round in gigs,  
 Or dash in long-tail blnes,  
 But always on Commencement days  
 The tutors blacked their shoes.

God bless the ancient Puritans !  
 Their lot was hard enough ;  
 But honest hearts make iron arms,  
 And tender maids are tough ;  
 So love and faith have formed and fed  
 Our true-born Yankee stuff,  
 And keep the kernel in the shell  
 The British found so rough !



## THE ISLAND HUNTING-SONG.

No more the summer floweret charms,  
 The leaves will soon be sere,  
 And Autumn folds his jewelled arms  
 Around the dying year ;  
 So, ere the waning seasons claim  
 Our leafless groves awhile,  
 With golden wine and glowing flame  
 We 'll crown our lonely isle.

Once more the merry voices sound  
 Within the antlered hall,  
 And long and loud the baying hounds  
 Return the hunter's call ;  
 And through the woods, and o'er the hill,  
 And far along the bay,  
 The driver's horn is sounding shrill, —  
 Up, sportsmen, and away !

No bars of steel, or walls of stone,  
 Our little empire bound,  
 But, circling with his azure zone,  
 The sea runs foaming round ;  
 The whitening wave, the purpled skies,  
 The blue and lifted shore,  
 Braid with their dim and blending dyes  
 Our wide horizon o'er.

And who will leave the grave debate  
 That shakes the smoky town,  
 To rule amid our island-state,  
 And wear our oak-leaf crown ?  
 And who will be awhile content  
 To hunt our woodland game,  
 And leave the vulgar pack that scent  
 The reeking track of fame ?

Ah, who that shares in toils like these  
 Will sigh not to prolong  
 Our days beneath the broad-leaved trees,  
 Our nights of mirth and song ?  
 Then leave the dust of noisy streets,  
 Ye outlaws of the wood,  
 And follow through his green retreats  
 Your noble Robin Hood.

## DEPARTED DAYS.

YES, dear departed, cherished days,  
 Could Memory's hand restore  
 Your morning light, your evening rays  
 From Time's gray urn once more, —  
 Then might this restless heart be still,  
 This straining eye might close,  
 And Hope her fainting pinions fold,  
 While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,  
 We strive against the stream,  
 Each moment farther from the shore  
 Where life's young fountains gleam ; —  
 Each moment fainter wave the fields,  
 And wider rolls the sea ;  
 The mist grows dark, — the sun goes  
 down, —  
 Day breaks, — and where are we ?

## THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

## ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

THEY bid me strike the idle strings,  
 As if my summer days  
 Had shaken sunbeams from their wings  
 To warm my autumn lays ;  
 They bring to me their painted urn,  
 As if it were not time  
 To lift my gauntlet and to spurn  
 The lists of boyish rhyme ;  
 And, were it not that I have still  
 Some weakness in my heart  
 That clings around my stronger will  
 And pleads for gentler art,  
 Perchance I had not turned away  
 The thoughts grown tame with toil,  
 To cheat this lone and pallid ray,  
 That wastes the midnight oil.

Alas ! with every year I feel  
 Some roses leave my brow ;  
 Too young for wisdom's tardy seal,  
 Too old for garlands now ;

Yet, while the dewy breath of spring  
 Steals o'er the tingling air,  
 And spreads and fans each emerald wing  
 The forest soon shall wear,  
 How bright the opening year would seem,  
 Had I one look like thine,  
 To meet me when the morning beam  
 Unseals these lids of mine !  
 Too long I bear this lonely lot,  
 That bids my heart run wild  
 To press the lips that love me not,  
 To clasp the stranger's child.

How oft beyond the dashing seas,  
 Amidst those royal bowers,  
 Where danced the lilacs in the breeze,  
 And swung the chestnut-flowers,  
 I wandered like a wearied slave  
 Whose morning task is done,  
 To watch the little hands that gave  
 Their whiteness to the sun ;  
 To revel in the bright young eyes,  
 Whose lustre sparkled through  
 The sable fringe of Southern skies  
 Or gleamed in Saxon blue !  
 How oft I heard another's name  
 Called in some truant's tone ;  
 Sweet accents ! which I longed to claim,  
 To learn and lisp my own !

Too soon the gentle hands, that pressed  
 The ringlets of the child,  
 Are folded on the faithful breast  
 Where first he breathed and smiled ;  
 Too oft the clinging arms untwine,  
 The melting lips forget,  
 And darkness veils the bridal shrine  
 Where wreaths and torches met ;  
 If Heaven but leaves a single thread  
 Of Hope's dissolving chain,  
 Even when her parting plumes are spread,  
 It bids them fold again ;  
 The cradle rocks beside the tomb ;  
 The cheek now changed and chill

Smiles on us in the morning bloom  
 Of one that loves us still.

Sweet image ! I have done thee wrong  
 To claim this destined lay ;  
 The leaf that asked an idle song  
 Must bear my tears away.  
 Yet, in thy memory shouldst thou keep  
 This else forgotten strain,  
 Till years have taught thine eyes to weep,  
 And flattery's voice is vain ;  
 O then, thou fledgling of the nest,  
 Like the long-wandering dove,  
 Thy weary heart may faint for rest,  
 As mine, on changeless love ;  
 And while these sculptured lines retrace  
 The hours now dancing by,  
 This vision of thy girlish grace  
 May cost thee, too, a sigh.

#### SONG

WRITTEN FOR THE DINNER GIVEN TO  
 CHARLES DICKENS, BY THE YOUNG  
 MEN OF BOSTON, FEB. 1, 1842.

THE stars their early vigils keep,  
 The silent hours are near,  
 When drooping eyes forget to weep, —  
 Yet still we linger here ;  
 And what — the passing churl may ask —  
 Can claim such wondrous power,  
 That Toil forgets his wonted task,  
 And Love his promised hour ?

The Irish harp no longer thrills,  
 Or breathes a fainter tone ;  
 The clarion blast from Scotland's hills,  
 Alas ! no more is blown ;  
 And Passion's burning lip bewails —  
 Her Harold's wasted fire,  
 Still lingering o'er the dust that veils  
 The Lord of England's lyre.

But grieve not o'er its broken strings,  
 Nor think its soul hath died,

While yet the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
 As once o'er Avon's side ;—  
 While gentle summer sheds her bloom,  
 And dewy blossoms wave,  
 Alike o'er Juliet's storied tomb  
 And Nelly's nameless grave.

Thou glorious island of the sea !  
 Though wide the wasting flood  
 That parts our distant land from thee,  
 We claim thy generous blood ;  
 Nor o'er thy far horizon springs  
 One hallowed star of fame,  
 But kindles, like an angel's wings,  
 Our western skies in flame !

## LINES

RECITED AT THE BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL.

Come back to your mother, ye children,  
 for shame,  
 Who have wandered like truants, for  
 riches or fame !  
 With a smile on her face, and a sprig in  
 her cap,  
 She calls you to feast from her bountiful  
 lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts,  
 and your lanes,  
 And breathe, like young eagles, the air  
 of our plains ;  
 Take a whiff from our fields, and your  
 excellent wives  
 Will declare it 's all nonsense insuring  
 your lives.

Come you of the law, who can talk, if  
 you please,  
 Till the man in the moon will allow it 's  
 a cheese,  
 And leave "the old lady, that never tells  
 lies,"  
 To sleep with her handkerchief over her  
 eyes.

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline  
 Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac  
 line ;

While you shut up your turnpike, your  
 neighbors can go,  
 The old roundabout road, to the regions  
 below.

You clerk, on whose ears are a couple of  
 pens,  
 And whose head is an ant-hill of units  
 and tens ;  
 Though Plato denies you, we welcome  
 you still  
 As a featherless biped, in spite of your  
 quill.

Poor drudge of the city ! how happy he  
 feels,

With the burs on his legs, and the grass  
 at his heels !

No *dodger* behind, his bandannas to  
 share,

No constable grumbling, "You must n't  
 walk there !"

In yonder green meadow, to memory  
 dear,

He slaps a mosquito and brushes a tear ;  
 The dew-drops hang round him on blos-  
 soms and shoots,

He breathes but one sigh for his youth  
 and his boots.

There stands the old school-house, hard  
 by the old church ;

That tree at its side had the flavor of  
 birch ;

O sweet were the days of his juvenile  
 tricks,

Though the prairie of youth had so many  
 "big licks."

By the side of yon river he weeps and  
 he slumps,

The boots fill with water, as if they were  
 pumps,

Till, sated with rapture, he steals to his bed,

With a glow in his heart and a cold in his head.

'T is past, — he is dreaming, — I see him again ;

The ledger returns as by legerdemain ;  
His neckcloth is damp with an easterly flaw,

And he holds in his fingers an omnibus straw.

He dreams the chill gust is a blossomy gale,

That the straw is a rose from his dear native vale ;

And murmurs, unconscious of space and of time,

“A 1. Extra super. Ah, is n't it PRIME !”

O what are the prizes we perish to win  
To the first little “shiner” we caught  
with a pin !

No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes  
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies !

Then come from all parties, and parts,  
to our feast ;

Though not at the “Astor,” we 'll give  
you at least

A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,  
And the best of old — water — at nothing a glass.

#### NUX POSTCENATICA.

I WAS sitting with my microscope, upon  
my parlor rug,

With a very heavy quarto and a very  
lively bug ;

The true bug had been organized with  
only two antennæ,

But the humbug in the copperplate would  
have them twice as many.

And I thought, like Dr. Faustus, of the  
emptiness of art,

How we take a fragment for the whole,  
and call the whole a part,

When I heard a heavy footstep that was  
loud enough for two,

And a man of forty entered, exclaiming,  
— “How d'ye do ?”

He was not a ghost, my visitor, but solid  
flesh and bone ;

He wore a Palo Alto hat, his weight was  
twenty stone ;

(It's odd how hats expand their brims  
as riper years invade,

As if when life had reached its noon, it  
wanted them for shade !)

I lost my focus, — dropped my book, —  
the bug, who was a flea,

At once exploded, and commenced ex-  
periments on me.

They have a certain heartiness that fre-  
quently appalls, —

Those mediæval gentlemen in semilunar  
smalls !

“My boy,” he said, — (colloquial ways,  
— the vast, broad-hatted man,) —

“Come dine with us on Thursday next,  
— you must, you know you can ;

We're going to have a roaring time, with  
lots of fun and noise,

Distinguished guests, et cetera, the  
JUDGE, and all the boys.”

Not so, — I said, — my temporal bones  
are showing pretty clear.

It's time to stop, — just look and see  
that hair above this ear ;

My golden days are more than spent, —  
— and, what is very strange,

If these are real silver hairs, I'm getting  
lots of change.

Besides — my prospects — don't you  
know that people won't employ

A man that wrongs his manliness by  
laughing like a boy?  
And suspect the azure blossom that un-  
folds upon a shoot,  
As if wisdom's old potato could not  
flourish at its root?

It's a very fine reflection, when you're  
etching out a smile  
On a copperplate of faces that would  
stretch at least a mile,  
That, what with sneers from enemies,  
and cheapening shrugs of friends,  
It will cost you all the earnings that a  
month of labor lends!

It's a vastly pleasing prospect, when  
you're screwing out a laugh,  
That your very next year's income is  
diminished by a half,  
And a little boy trips barefoot that  
Pegasus may go,  
And the baby's milk is watered that  
your Helicon may flow!

No; — the joke has been a good one, —  
but I'm getting fond of quiet,  
And I don't like deviations from my  
customary diet;  
So I think I will not go with you to  
hear the toasts and speeches,  
But stick to old Montgomery Place, and  
have some pig and peaches.

The fat man answered: — Shut your  
mouth, and hear the genuine creed;  
The true essentials of a feast are only  
fun and feed;  
The force that wheels the planets round  
delights in spinning tops,  
And that young earthquake t'other day  
was great at shaking props.

I tell you what, philosopher, if all the  
longest heads

That ever knocked their sinciputs in  
stretching on their beds  
Were round one great mahogany, I'd  
beat those fine old folks  
With twenty dishes, twenty fools, and  
twenty clever jokes!

Why, if Columbus should be there, the  
company would beg  
He'd show that little trick of his of  
balancing the egg!  
Milton to Stilton would give in, and  
Solomon to Salmon,  
And Roger Bacon be a bore, and Francis  
Bacon gammon!

And as for all the "patronage" of all  
the clowns and boors  
That squint their little narrow eyes at  
any freak of yours,  
Do leave them to your prosier friends,  
— such fellows ought to die  
When rhubarb is so very scarce and  
ipecac so high!

And so I come, — like Lochinvar, to  
tread a single measure,  
To purchase with a loaf of bread a sugar-  
plum of pleasure,  
To enter for the cup of glass that's run  
for after dinner,  
Which yields a single sparkling draught,  
then breaks and cuts the winner.

Ah, that's the way delusion comes, —  
a glass of old Madeira,  
A pair of visual diaphragms revolved by  
Jane or Sarah,  
And down go vows and promises with-  
out the slightest question  
If eating words won't compromise the  
organs of digestion!

And yet, among my native shades, be-  
side my nursing mother,

Where every stranger seems a friend,  
and every friend a brother,  
I feel the old convivial glow (unaided)  
o'er me stealing, —  
The warm, champagny, old-particular,  
brandy-punchy feeling.

We're all alike ; — Vesuvius flings the  
scorie from his fountain,  
But down they come in volleying rain  
back to the burning mountain ;  
We leave, like those volcanic stones, our  
precious Alma Mater,  
But will keep dropping in again to see  
the dear old crater.

#### VERSES FOR AFTER-DINNER.

Φ B K SOCIETY, 1844.

I WAS thinking last night, as I sat in  
the cars,  
With the charmingest prospect of cin-  
ders and stars,  
Next Thursday is — bless me ! — how  
hard it will be,  
If that cannibal president calls upon me !  
There is nothing on earth that he will  
not devour,  
From a tutor in seed to a freshman in  
flower ;  
No sage is too gray, and no youth is too  
green,  
And you can't be too plump, though you  
're never too lean.

While others enlarge on the boiled and  
the roast,  
He serves a raw clergyman up with a  
toast,  
Or catches some doctor, quite tender and  
young,  
And basely insists on a bit of his tongue.  
Poor victim, prepared for his classical  
spit,

With a stuffing of praise, and a basting  
of wit,  
You may twitch at your collar, and wrin-  
kle your brow,  
But you're up on your legs, and you're  
in for it now.

O think of your friends, — they are wait-  
ing to hear  
Those jokes that are thought so remark-  
ably queer ;  
And all the Jack Horners of metrical  
buns  
Are prying and fingering to pick out the  
puns.

Those thoughts which, like chickens,  
will always thrive best  
When reared by the heat of the natural  
nest,  
Will perish if hatched from their embryo  
dream  
In the mist and the glow of convivial  
steam.

O pardon me, then, if I meekly retire,  
With a very small flash of ethereal fire ;  
No rubbing will kindle your Lucifer  
match,  
If the *fiz* does not follow the primitive  
scratch.

Dear friends, who are listening so sweetly  
the while,  
With your lips double-reefed in a snug  
little smile, —  
I leave you two fables, both drawn from  
the deep, —  
The shells you can drop, but the pearls  
you may keep.

\* \* \*

The fish called the FLOUNDER, perhaps  
you may know,  
Has one side for use and another for  
show ;

One side for the public, a delicate brown,  
And one that is white, which he always  
keeps down.

A very young flounder, the flattest of  
flats,  
(And they're none of them thicker than  
opera hats,)

Was speaking more freely than charity  
taught

Of a friend and relation that just had  
been caught.

"My! what an exposure! just see what  
a sight!

I blush for my race, — he is showing his  
white!

Such spinning and wriggling, — why,  
what does he wish?

How painfully small to respectable fish!"

Then said an old SCULPIN, — "My free-  
dom excuse,

But you're playing the cobbler with holes  
in your shoes;

Your brown side is up, — but just wait  
till you're tried

And you'll find that all flounders are  
white on one side."

\* \* \*

There's a slice near the PICKEREL's pec-  
toral fins,

Where the *thorax* leaves off and the  
*venter* begins;

Which his brother, survivor of fish-hooks  
and lines,

Though fond of his family, never declines.

He loves his relations; he feels they'll  
be missed;

But that one little titbit he cannot re-  
sist;

So your bait may be swallowed, no mat-  
ter how fast,

For you catch your next fish with a piece  
of the last.

And thus, O survivor, whose merciless  
fate

Is to take the next hook with the presi-  
dent's bait,

You are lost while you snatch from the  
end of his line

The morsel he rent from this bosom of  
mine!

### A MODEST REQUEST

COMPLIED WITH AFTER THE DINNER AT  
PRESIDENT EVERETT'S INAUGURATION.

SCENE, — a back parlor in a certain  
square,

Or court, or lane, — in short, no matter  
where;

Time, — early morning, dear to simple  
souls

Who love its sunshine, and its fresh-  
baked rolls;

Persons, — take pity on this telltale  
blush,

That, like the Æthiop, whispers, "Hush,  
O hush!"

Delightful scene! where smiling comfort  
broods,

Nor business frets, nor anxious care in-  
trudes;

*O si sic omnia!* were it ever so!

But what is stable in this world below?

*Medio e fonte*, — Virtue has her faults, —  
The clearest fountains taste of Epsom

salts;

We snatch the cup and lift to drain it  
dry, —

Its central dimple holds a drowning fly!  
Strong is the pine by Maine's ambrosial  
streams,

But stronger augers pierce its thickest  
beams;

No iron gate, no spiked and panelled  
door,

Can keep out death, the postman, or the  
bore ; —

O for a world where peace and silence  
reign,

And blunted dulness terebrates in vain !

— The door-bell jingles, — enter Rich-  
ard Fox,

And takes this letter from his leathern  
box.

“ Dear Sir,

In writing on a former day,

One little matter I forgot to say ;

I now inform you in a single line,

On Thursday next our purpose is to *dine*.

The act of feeding, as you understand,

Is but a fraction of the work in hand ;

Its nobler half is that ethereal meat

The papers call ‘ the intellectual treat ’ ;

Songs, speeches, toasts, around the fes-  
tive board

Drowned in the juice the College pumps  
afford ;

For only water flanks our knives and  
forks,

So, sink or float, we swim without the  
corks.

Yours is the art, by native genius taught,

To clothe in eloquence the naked thought ;

Yours is the skill its music to prolong

Through the sweet effluence of mellifu-  
ous song ;

Yours the quaint trick to cram the pithy  
line

That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine ;

And since success your various gifts at-  
tends,

We — that is, I and all your numerous  
friends —

Expect from you — your single self a  
host —

A speech, a song, excuse me, *and* a toast ;

Nay, not to haggle on so small a claim,

A few of each, or several of the same.

(Signed), Yours, *most truly*, — ”

No ! my sight must fail, —  
If that ain't Judas on the largest scale !

Well, this *is* modest ; — nothing else  
than that ?

My coat ? my boots ? my pantaloons ?  
my hat ?

My stick ? my gloves ? as well as all  
my wits,

Learning and linen, — everything that  
fits !

Jack, said my lady, is it grog you 'll try,  
Or punch, or toddy, if perhaps you 're  
dry ?

Ah, said the sailor, though I can't re-  
fuse,

You know, my lady, 't ain't for me to  
choose ; —

I 'll take the grog to finish off my lunch,  
And drink the toddy while you mix the  
punch.

THE SPEECH. (The speaker, rising to  
be seen,

Looks very red, because so very green.)

I rise — I rise — with unaffected fear,

(Louder ! — speak louder ! — who the  
deuce can hear ?)

I rise — I said — with undisguised dis-  
may —

— Such are my feelings as I rise, I say !  
Quite unprepared to face this learned  
throng,

Already gorged with eloquence and song ;  
Around my view are ranged on either  
hand

The genius, wisdom, virtue, of the land ;  
“ Hands that the rod of empire might  
have swayed ”

Close at my elbow stir their lemonade ;  
Would you like Homer learn to write  
and speak,

That bench is groaning with its weight  
of Greek ;



Behold the naturalist who in his teens  
Found six new species in a dish of greens;  
And lo, the master in a statelier walk,  
Whose annual ciphering takes a ton of  
chalk ;

And there the linguist, who by common  
roots

Thro' all their nurseries tracksold Noah's  
shoots, —

How Shem's proud children reared the  
Assyrian piles,

While Ham's were scattered through the  
Sandwich Isles !

— Fired at the thought of all the pres-  
ent shows,

My kindling fancy down the future  
flows :

I see the glory of the coming days  
O'er Time's horizon shoot its streaming  
rays ;

Near and more near the radiant morning  
draws

In living lustre (rapturous applause) ;  
From east to west the blazing heralds run,  
Loosed from the chariot of the ascend-  
ing sun,

Through the long vista of uncounted  
years

In cloudless splendor (three tremendous  
cheers).

My eye prophetic, as the depths unfold,  
Sees a new advent of the age of gold ;

While o'er the scene new generations  
press,

New heroes rise the coming time to  
bless, —

Not such as Homer's, who, we read in  
Pope,

Dined without forks and never heard of  
soap, —

Not such as May to Marlborough Chapel  
brings,

Lean, hungry, savage, anti-everythings,

Copies of Luther in the pasteboard  
style, —

But genuine articles, — the true Carlyle ;  
While far on high the blazing orb shall  
shed

Its central light on Harvard's holy head,  
And Learning's ensigns ever float un-  
furled

Here in the focus of the new-born world !

The speaker stops, and, trampling down  
the pause,

Roars through the hall the thunder of  
applause,

One stormy gust of long-suspended Ahs !  
One whirlwind chaos of insane hurrahs !

THE SONG. But this demands a briefer  
line, —

A shorter muse, and not the old long  
Nine ; —

Long metre answers for a common song,  
Though common metre does not answer  
long.

She came beneath the forest dome  
To seek its peaceful shade,  
An exile from her ancient home, —  
A poor, forsaken maid ;  
No banner, flaunting high above,  
No blazoned cross, she bore ;  
One holy book of light and love  
Was all her worldly store.

The dark brown shadows passed away,  
And wider spread the green,  
And, where the savage used to stray,  
The rising mart was seen ;  
So, when the laden winds had brought  
Their showers of golden rain,  
Her lap some precious gleanings caught,  
Like Ruth's amid the grain.

But wrath soon gathered uncontrolled  
Among the baser churls,

To see her ankles red with gold,  
 Her forehead white with pearls ;  
 " Who gave to thee the glittering bands  
 That lace thine azure veins ?  
 Who bade thee lift those snow-white  
 hands  
 We bound in gilded chains ? "

" These are the gems my children gave, "  
 The stately dame replied ;  
 " The wise, the gentle, and the brave,  
 I nurtured at my side ;  
 If envy still your bosom stings,  
 Take back their rims of gold ;  
 My sons will melt their wedding-rings,  
 And give a hundred-fold ! "

THE TOAST. O tell me, ye who thought-  
 less ask

Exhausted nature for a threefold task,  
 In wit or pathos if one share remains,  
 A safe investment for an ounce of brains ?  
 Hard is the job to launch the desperate  
 pun,

A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one.  
 Turned by the current of some stronger  
 wit

Back from the object that you mean to  
 hit,

Like the strange missile which the Aus-  
 tralian throws,

Your verbal *boomerang* slaps you on the  
 nose.

One vague inflection spoils the whole  
 with doubt,

One trivial letter ruins all, left out ;

A knot can choke a felon into clay,

A not will save him, spelt without the k ;

The smallest word has some unguarded  
 spot,

And danger lurks in i without a dot.

Thus great Achilles, who had shown his  
 zeal

In healing wounds, died of a wounded  
 heel ;

Unhappy chief, who, when in childhood  
 doused,

Had saved his bacon, had his feet been  
 soused !

Accursed heel that killed a hero stout !  
 O, had your mother known that you  
 were out,

Death had not entered at the trifling  
 part

That still defies the small surgeon's  
 art

With corns and bunions, — not the glo-  
 rious John,

Who wrote the book we all have pon-  
 dered on, —

But other bunions, bound in fleecy hose,  
 To " Pilgrim's Progress " unrelenting  
 foes !

A health, unmingled with the reveller's  
 wine,

To him whose title is indeed divine ;

Truth's sleepless watchman on her mid-  
 night tower,

Whose lamp burns brightest when the  
 tempests lower.

O who can tell with what a leaden flight  
 Drag the long watches of his weary  
 night,

While at his feet the hoarse and blind-  
 ing gale

Strews the torn wreck and bursts the  
 fragile sail,

When stars have faded, when the wave  
 is dark,

When rocks and sands embrace the  
 foundering bark,

And still he pleads with unavailing cry,  
 Behold the light, O wanderer, look or  
 die !

A health, fair Themis ! Would the  
 enchanted vine

Wreathed its green tendrils round this  
 cup of thine ;  
 If Learning's radiance fill thy modern  
 court,  
 Its glorious sunshine streams through  
 Blackstone's port !  
 Lawyers are thirsty, and their clients too,  
 Witness at least, if memory serve me  
 true,  
 Those old tribunals, famed for dusty  
 suits,  
 Where men sought justice ere they  
 brushed their boots ;—  
 And what can match, to solve a learned  
 doubt,  
 The warmth within that comes from  
 " cold without " ?

Health to the art whose glory is to give  
 The crowning boon that makes it life to  
 live.  
 Ask not her home ;— the rock where  
 nature flings  
 Her arctic lichen, last of living things,  
 The gardens, fragrant with the orient's  
 balm,  
 From the low jasmine to the star-like  
 palm,  
 Hail her as mistress o'er the distant  
 waves,  
 And yield their tribute to her wandering  
 slaves.  
 Wherever, moistening the ungrateful  
 soil,  
 The tear of suffering tracks the path of  
 toil,  
 There, in the anguish of his fevered  
 hours,  
 Her gracious finger points to healing  
 flowers ;  
 Where the lost felon steals away to die,  
 Her soft hand waves before his closing  
 eye ;  
 Where hunted misery finds his darkest  
 lair,

The midnight taper shows her kneeling  
 there !

VIRTUE, — the guide that men and  
 nations own ;  
 And LAW, — the bulwark that protects  
 her throne ;  
 And HEALTH, — to all its happiest  
 charm that lends ;  
 These and their servants, man's untiring  
 friends ;  
 Pour the bright lymph that Heaven itself  
 lets fall, —  
 In one fair bumper let us toast them all !

### THE STETHOSCOPE SONG.

#### A PROFESSIONAL BALLAD.

THERE was a young man in Boston town,  
 He bought him a STETHOSCOPE nice  
 and new,  
 All mounted and finished and polished  
 down,  
 With an ivory cap and a stopper too.

It happened a spider within did crawl,  
 And spun him a web of ample size,  
 Wherein there chanced one day to fall  
 A couple of very imprudent flies.

The first was a bottle-fly, big and blue,  
 The second was smaller, and thin and  
 long ;  
 So there was a concert between the two,  
 Like an octave flute and a tavern gong.

Now being from Paris but recently,  
 This fine young man would show his  
 skill ;  
 And so they gave him, his hand to try,  
 A hospital patient extremely ill.

Some said that his *liver* was short of *bile*,  
 And some that his *heart* was over size,

While some kept arguing all the while  
He was crammed with *tubercles* up to  
his eyes.

This fine young man then up stepped he,  
And all the doctors made a pause ;  
Said he, — The man must die, you see,  
By the fifty-seventh of Louis's laws.

But since the case is a desperate one,  
To explore his chest it may be well ;  
For if he should die and it were not done,  
You know the *autopsy* would not tell.

Then out his stethoscope he took,  
And on it placed his curious ear ;  
*Mon Dieu!* said he, with a knowing look,  
Why here is a sound that 's mighty  
queer !

The *bourdonnement* is very clear, —  
*Amphoric buzzing*, as I 'm alive !  
Five doctors took their turn to hear ;  
*Amphoric buzzing*, said all the five.

There 's *empyema* beyond a doubt ;  
We 'll plunge a *trocar* in his side. —  
The diagnosis was made out,  
They tapped the patient ; so he died.

Now such as hate new-fashioned toys  
Began to look extremely glum ;  
They said that *rattles* were made for boys,  
And vowed that his *buzzing* was all a  
hum.

There was an old lady had long been  
sick,  
And what was the matter none did  
know :  
Her pulse was slow, though her tongue  
was quick ;  
To her this knowing youth must go.

So there the nice old lady sat,  
With phials and boxes all in a row ;

She asked the young doctor what he  
was at,  
To thumper and tumble her ruffles so.

Now, when the stethoscope came out,  
The flies began to buzz and whiz ; —  
O ho ! the matter is clear, no doubt ;  
An *aneurism* there plainly is.

The *bruit de râpe* and the *bruit de scie*  
And the *bruit de diable* are all com-  
bined ;

How happy Bouillaud would be,  
If he a case like this could find !

Now, when the neighboring doctors  
found

A case so rare had been descried,  
They every day her ribs did pound  
In squads of twenty ; so she died.

Then six young damsels, slight and frail,  
Received this kind young doctor's  
cares ;

They all were getting slim and pale,  
And short of breath on mounting  
stairs.

They all made rhymes with "sighs" and  
"skies,"

And loathed their puddings and but-  
tered rolls,  
And dieted, much to their friends' sur-  
prise,  
On pickles and pencils and chalk and  
coals.

So fast their little hearts did bound,  
The frightened insects buzzed the  
more ;

So over all their chests he found  
The *râle sifflant*, and *râle sonore*.

He shook his head ; — there 's grave  
disease, —

I greatly fear you all must die ;

A slight *post-mortem*, if you please,  
Surviving friends would gratify.

The six young damsels wept aloud,  
Which so prevailed on six young men,  
That each his honest love avowed,  
Whereat they all got well again.

This poor young man was all aghast ;  
The price of stethoscopes came down ;  
And so he was reduced at last  
To practise in a country town.

The doctors being very sore,  
A stethoscope they did devise,  
That had a rammer to clear the bore,  
With a knob at the end to kill the flies.

Now use your ears, all you that can,  
But don't forget to mind your eyes,  
Or you may be cheated, like this young  
man,  
By a couple of silly, abnormal flies.

#### EXTRACTS FROM A MEDICAL POEM.

##### THE STABILITY OF SCIENCE.

THE feeble sea-birds, blinded in the  
storms,  
On some tall lighthouse dash their little  
forms,  
And the rude granite scatters for their  
pains  
Those small deposits that were meant for  
brains.  
Yet the proud fabric in the morning's sun  
Stands all unconscious of the mischief  
done ;  
Still the red beacon pours its evening rays  
For the lost pilot with as full a blaze,  
Nay, shines, all radiance, o'er the scat-  
tered fleet  
Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet.  
I tell their fate, though courtesy dis-  
claims

To call our kind by such ungentle names ;  
Yet, if your rashness bid you vainly dare,  
Think of their doom, ye simple, and  
beware !

See where aloft its hoary forehead rears  
The towering pride of twice a thousand  
years !

Far, far below the vast incumbent pile  
Sleeps the gray rock from art's Ægean  
isle ;

Its massive courses, circling as they rise,  
Swell from the waves to mingle with the  
skies ;

There every quarry lends its marble spoil,  
And clustering ages blend their common  
toil ;

The Greek, the Roman, reared its an-  
cient walls,

The silent Arab arched its mystic halls ;  
In that fair niche, by countless billows  
laved,

Trace the deep lines that Sydenham en-  
graved ;

On yon broad front that breasts the  
changing swell,

Mark where the ponderous sledge of  
Hunter fell ;

By that square buttress look where  
Louis stands,

The stone yet warm from his uplifted  
hands ;

And say, O Science, shall thy life-blood  
freeze,

When fluttering folly flaps on walls like  
these ?

##### A PORTRAIT.

THOUGHTFUL in youth, but not aus-  
tere in age ;

Calm, but not cold, and cheerful though  
a sage ;

Too true to flatter, and too kind to  
sneer,

And only just when seemingly severe ;  
So gently blending courtesy and art,

That wisdom's lips seemed borrowing  
 friendship's heart.  
 Taught by the sorrows that his age had  
 known  
 In others' trials to forget his own,  
 As hour by hour his lengthened day de-  
 clined,  
 A sweeter radiance lingered o'er his  
 mind.  
 Cold were the lips that spoke his early  
 praise,  
 And hushed the voices of his morning  
 days,  
 Yet the same accents dwelt on every  
 tongue,  
 And love renewing kept him ever young.

## A SENTIMENT.

'Ο βλος βραχύς, — life is but a song ;  
 'Η τέχνη μακρή, — art is wondrous long ;  
 Yet to the wise her paths are ever fair,  
 And Patience smiles, though Genius may  
 despair.  
 Give us but knowledge, though by slow  
 degrees,  
 And blend our toil with moments bright  
 as these ;  
 Let Friendship's accents cheer our doubt-  
 ful way,  
 And Love's pure planet lend its guiding  
 ray, —  
 Our tardy Art shall wear an angel's wings,  
 And life shall lengthen with the joy it  
 brings !

## THE PARTING WORD.

I MUST leave thee, lady sweet !  
 Months shall waste before we meet ;  
 Winds are fair, and sails are spread,  
 Anchors leave their ocean bed ;  
 Ere this shining day grow dark,  
 Skies shall gird my shoreless bark ;

Through thy tears, O lady mine,  
 Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,  
 Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet ;  
 When the morning star shall rise,  
 Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes ;  
 When the second sun goes down,  
 Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,  
 Taught too well that wild despair  
 Dims thine eyes, and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week  
 Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek ;  
 In the first month's second half  
 Thou shalt once attempt to laugh ;  
 Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,  
 Slightly puckering round the lip,  
 Till at last, in sorrow's spite,  
 Samuel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last,  
 Round thy chamber bolted fast,  
 Many a youth shall fume and pout,  
 " Hang the girl, she's always out !"  
 While the second week goes round,  
 Vainly shall they ring and pound ;  
 When the third week shall begin,  
 " Martha, let the creature in."

Now once more the flattering throng  
 Round thee flock with smile and song,  
 But thy lips, unweaned as yet,  
 Lisp, " O, how can I forget !"  
 Men and devils both contrive  
 Traps for catching girls alive ;  
 Eve was duped, and Helen kissed, —  
 How, O how can you resist ?

First be careful of your fan,  
 Trust it not to youth or man ;  
 Love has filled a pirate's sail  
 Often with its perfumed gale.  
 Mind your kerchief most of all,  
 Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall ;

Shorter ell than mercers clip  
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,  
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes ;  
All the hemp that Russia bears  
Scarce would answer lovers' prayers ;  
Never thread was spun so fine,  
Never spider stretched the line,  
Would not hold the lovers true  
That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,  
Beating breasts in black despair ;  
Others murmur with a sigh,  
You must melt, or they will die ;  
Painted words on empty lies,  
Grubs with wings like butterflies ;  
Let them die, and welcome, too ;  
Pray what better could they do ?

Fare thee well, if years efface  
From thy heart love's burning trace,  
Keep, O keep that hallowed seat  
From the tread of vulgar feet ;  
If the blue lips of the sea  
Wait with icy kiss for me,  
Let not thine forget the vow,  
Sealed how often, Love, as now.

#### A SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet  
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,  
So, through life's desert springing sweet,  
The flower of friendship grows ;  
And as, where'er the roses grow,  
Some rain or dew descends,  
'T is nature's law that wine should flow  
To wet the lips of friends.

Then once again, before we part,  
My empty glass shall ring ;  
And he that has the warmest heart  
Shall loudest laugh and sing.

They say we were not born to eat ;  
But gray-haired sages think

It means, — Be moderate in your meat,  
And partly live to drink ;  
For baser tribes the rivers flow  
That know not wine or song ;  
Man wants but little drink below,  
But wants that little strong.  
Then once again, etc.

If one bright drop is like the gem  
That decks a monarch's crown,  
One goblet holds a diadem  
Of rubies melted down !  
A fig for Cæsar's blazing brow,  
But, like the Egyptian queen,  
Bid each dissolving jewel glow  
My thirsty lips between.  
Then once again, etc.

The Grecian's mound, the Roman's urn,  
Are silent when we call,  
Yet still the purple grapes return  
To cluster on the wall ;  
It was a bright Immortal's head  
They circled with the vine,  
And o'er their best and bravest dead  
They poured the dark-red wine.  
Then once again, etc.

Methinks o'er every sparkling glass  
Young Eros waves his wings,  
And echoes o'er its dimples pass  
From dead Anacreon's strings ;  
And, tossing round its beaded brim  
Their locks of floating gold,  
With bacchant dance and choral hymn  
Return the nymphs of old.  
Then once again, etc.

A welcome then to joy and mirth,  
From hearts as fresh as ours,  
To scatter o'er the dust of earth  
Their sweetly mingled flowers ;  
'T is Wisdom's self the cup that fills  
In spite of Folly's frown,  
And Nature, from her vine-clad hills,  
That rains her life-blood down !

Then once again, before we part,  
 My empty glass shall ring ;  
 And he that has the warmest heart  
 Shall loudest laugh and sing.

## SONG.

FOR A TEMPERANCE DINNER TO WHICH  
 LADIES WERE INVITED (NEW YORK  
 MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,  
 NOV., 1842).

A HEALTH to dear woman ! She bids us  
 untwine,  
 From the cup it encircles, the fast-cling-  
 ing vine ;  
 But her cheek in its crystal with pleasure  
 will glow,  
 And mirror its bloom in the bright wave  
 below.

A health to sweet woman ! The days  
 are no more  
 When she watched for her lord till the  
 revel was o'er,  
 And smoothed the white pillow, and  
 blushed when he came,  
 As she pressed her cold lips on his fore-  
 head of flame.

Alas for the loved one ! too spotless and  
 fair  
 The joys of his banquet to chasten and  
 share ;  
 Her eye lost its light that his goblet  
 might shine,  
 And the rose of her cheek was dissolved  
 in his wine.

Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows  
 in the rills,  
 As their ribbons of silver unwind from  
 the hills ;  
 They breathe not the mist of the baccha-  
 nal's dream,  
 But the lilies of innocence float on their  
 stream.

Then a health and a welcome to woman  
 once more !  
 She brings us a passport that laughs at  
 our door ;  
 It is written on crimson, — its letters  
 are pearls, —  
 It is countersigned *Nature*. — So, room  
 for the Girls !

## A SENTIMENT.

THE pledge of Friendship ! it is still  
 divine,  
 Though watery floods have quenched its  
 burning wine ;  
 Whatever vase the sacred drops may  
 hold,  
 The gourd, the shell, the cup of beaten  
 gold,  
 Around its brim the hand of Nature  
 throws  
 A garland sweeter than the banquet's  
 rose.  
 Bright are the blushes of the vine-  
 wreathed bowl,  
 Warm with the sunshine of Anacreon's  
 soul,  
 But dearer memories gild the tasteless  
 wave  
 That fainting Sidney perished as he gave.  
 'T is the heart's current lends the cup  
 its glow,  
 Whate'er the fountain whence the  
 draught may flow, —  
 The diamond dew - drops sparkling  
 through the sand,  
 Scooped by the Arab in his sunburnt  
 hand,  
 Or the dark streamlet oozing from the  
 snow,  
 Where creep and crouch the shuddering  
 Esquimaux ; —  
 Ay, in the stream that, ere again we  
 meet,



Shall burst the pavement, glistening at  
 our feet,  
 And, stealing silent from its leafy  
 hills,  
 Thread all our alleys with its thousand  
 rills, —  
 In each pale draught if generous feeling  
 blend,  
 And o'er the goblet friend shall smile on  
 friend,  
 Even cold Cochlitate every heart shall  
 warm,  
 And genial Nature still defy reform !

A RHYMED LESSON.<sup>1</sup>

(URANIA.)

YES, dear Enchantress, — wandering  
 far and long,  
 In realms unperfumed by the breath of  
 song,  
 Where flowers ill-flavored shed their  
 sweets around,  
 And bitterest roots invade the ungenial  
 ground,  
 Whose gems are crystals from the Epsom  
 mine,  
 Whose vineyards flow with antimonial  
 wine,  
 Whose gates admit no mirthful feature  
 in,  
 Save one gaunt mocker, the Sardonic  
 grin,  
 Whose pangs are real, not the woes of  
 rhyme  
 That blue-eyed misses warble out of  
 time ; —  
 Truant, not recreant to thy sacred claim,  
 Older by reckoning, but in heart the  
 same,

Freed for a moment from the chains of  
 toil,  
 I tread once more thy consecrated soil ;  
 Here at thy feet my old allegiance own,  
 Thy subject still, and loyal to thy  
 throne !

My dazzled glance explores the crowded  
 hall ;  
 Alas, how vain to hope the smiles of all !  
 I know my audience. All the gay and  
 young  
 Love the light anties of a playful tongue ;  
 And these, remembering some expansive  
 line  
 My lips let loose among the nuts and  
 wine,  
 Are all impatience till the opening pun  
 Proclaims the witty shanfight is begun.  
 Two fifths at least, if not the total half,  
 Have come infuriate for an earthquake  
 laugh ;  
 I know full well what alderman has  
 tied  
 His red bandanna tight about his side ;  
 I see the mother, who, aware that  
 boys  
 Perform their laughter with superfluous  
 noise,  
 Beside her kerchief, brought an extra  
 one  
 To stop the explosions of her bursting  
 son ;  
 I know a tailor, once a friend of mine,  
 Expects great doings in the button  
 line ; —  
 For mirth's concussions rip the outward  
 case,  
 And plant the stitches in a tenderer  
 place.  
 I know my audience ; — these shall have  
 their due ;  
 A smile awaits them ere my song is  
 through !

<sup>1</sup> This poem was delivered before the Boston  
 Mercantile Library Association, October 11,  
 1846.

I know myself. Not servile for ap-  
 pause,  
 My Muse permits no deprecating clause ;  
 Modest or vain, she will not be denied  
 One bold confession due to honest pride ;  
 And well she knows the drooping veil  
 of song  
 Shall save her boldness from the cavil-  
 ler's wrong.  
 Her sweeter voice the Heavenly Maid  
 imparts  
 To tell the secrets of our aching hearts ;  
 For this, a suppliant, captive, prostrate,  
 bound,  
 She kneels imploring at the feet of  
 sound ;  
 For this, convulsed in thought's mater-  
 nal pains,  
 She loads her arms with rhyme's re-  
 sounding chains ;  
 Faint though the music of her fetters  
 be,  
 It lends one charm ; — her lips are ever  
 free !

Think not I come, in manhood's fiery  
 noon,  
 To steal his laurels from the stage buf-  
 foon ;  
 His sword of lath the harlequin may  
 wield ;  
 Behold the star upon my lifted shield !  
 Though the just critic pass my humble  
 name,  
 And sweeter lips have drained the cup  
 of fame,  
 While my gay stanza pleased the ban-  
 quet's lords,  
 The soul within was tuned to deeper  
 chords !  
 Say, shall my arms, in other conflicts  
 taught  
 To swing aloft the ponderous mace of  
 thought,  
 Lift, in obedience to a school-girl's law,

Mirth's tinsel wand or laughter's tick-  
 ling straw ?  
 Say, shall I wound with satire's rankling  
 spear  
 The pure, warm hearts that bid me wel-  
 come here ?  
 No ! while I wander through the land  
 of dreams,  
 To strive with great and play with tri-  
 fling themes,  
 Let some kind meaning fill the varied  
 line ;  
 You have your judgment ; will you  
 trust to mine ?

Between two breaths what crowded  
 mysteries lie, —  
 The first short gasp, the last and long-  
 drawn sigh !  
 Like phantoms painted on the magic  
 slide,  
 Forth from the darkness of the past we  
 glide,  
 As living shadows for a moment seen  
 In airy pageant on the eternal screen,  
 Traced by a ray from one unchanging  
 flame,  
 Then seek the dust and stillness whence  
 we came.

But whence and why, our trembling  
 souls inquire,  
 Caught these dim visions their awaken-  
 ing fire ?  
 O who forgets when first the piercing  
 thought  
 Through childhood's musings found its  
 way unsought ?  
 I AM ; — I LIVE. The mystery and the  
 fear  
 When the dread question, WHAT HAS  
 BROUGHT ME HERE ?  
 Burst through life's twilight, as before  
 the sun

Roll the deep thunders of the morning  
gun !

Are angel faces, silent and serene,  
Bent on the conflicts of this little scene,  
Whose dream-like efforts, whose unreal  
strife,  
Are but the preludes to a larger life ?

Or does life's summer see the end of  
all,  
These leaves of being mouldering as they  
fall,  
As the old poet vaguely used to deem,  
As WESLEY questioned in his youthful  
dream ?  
O could such mockery reach our souls  
indeed,  
Give back the Pharaohs' or the Athe-  
nian's creed ;  
Better than this a Heaven of man's  
device, —  
The Indian's sports, the Moslem's para-  
dise !

Or is our being's only end and aim  
To add new glories to our Maker's name,  
As the poor insect, shrivelling in the  
blaze,  
Lends a faint sparkle to its streaming  
rays ?  
Does earth send upwards to the Eternal's  
ear  
The mingled discords of her jarring  
sphere  
To swell his anthem, while creation  
rings  
With notes of anguish from its shattered  
strings ?  
Is it for this the immortal Artist means  
These conscious, throbbing, agonized  
machines ?

Dark is the soul whose sullen creed  
can bind

In chains 'like these the all-embracing  
Mind ;

No ! two-faced bigot, thou dost ill re-  
prove

The sensual, selfish, yet benignant Jove,  
And praise a tyrant throned in lonely  
pride,

Who loves himself, and cares for naught  
beside ;

Who gave thee, summoned from pri-  
meval night,

A thousand laws, and not a single  
right, —

A heart to feel, and quivering nerves to  
thrill,

The sense of wrong, the death-defying  
will ;

Who girt thy senses with this goodly  
frame,

Its earthly glories and its orbs of flame,  
Not for thyself, unworthy of a thought,

Poor helpless victim of a life unsought,  
But all for him, unchanging and su-  
preme,

The heartless centre of thy frozen  
scheme !

Trust not the teacher with his lying  
scroll,

Who tears the charter of thy shuddering  
soul ;

The God of love, who gave the breath  
that warms

All living dust in all its varied forms,  
Asks not the tribute of a world like this

To fill the measure of his perfect bliss.  
Though winged with life through all its

radiant shores,  
Creation flowed with unexhausted stores  
Cherub and seraph had not yet enjoyed ;

For this he called thee from the quick-  
ening void !

Nor this alone ; a larger gift was thine,  
A mightier purpose swelled his vast de-  
sign ;

Thought,—conscience,—will,—to make  
 them all thine own,  
 He rent a pillar from the eternal throne !

Made in his image, thou must nobly  
 dare  
 The thorny crown of sovereignty to  
 share.

With eye uplifted, it is thine to view,  
 From thine own centre, Heaven's o'er-  
 arching blue ;

So round thy heart a beaming circle lies  
 No fiend can blot, no hypocrite disguise ;  
 From all its orbs one cheering voice is  
 heard,

Full to thine ear it bears the Father's  
 word,

Now, as in Eden where his first-born  
 trod :

“ Seek thine own welfare, true to man  
 and God ! ”

Think not too meanly of thy low es-  
 tate ;

Thou hast a choice ; to choose is to cre-  
 ate !

Remember whose the sacred lips that tell,  
 Angels approve thee when thy choice is  
 well ;

Remember, One, a judge of righteous  
 men,

Swore to spare Sodom if she held but  
 ten !

Use well the freedom which thy Master  
 gave,

(Think'st thou that Heaven can tolerate  
 a slave ?)

And He who made thee to be just and  
 true

Will bless thee, love thee, — ay, respect  
 thee too !

Nature has placed thee on a change-  
 ful tide,

To breast its waves, but not without a  
 guide ;

Yet, as the needle will forget its aim,  
 Jarred by the fury of the electric flame,  
 As the true current it will falsely feel,  
 Warped from its axis by a freight of steel ;  
 So will thy CONSCIENCE lose its balanced  
 truth,

If passion's lightning fall upon thy  
 youth ;

So the pure effluence quit its sacred  
 hold,

Girt round too deeply with magnetic  
 gold.

Go to yon tower, where busy science  
 plies

Her vast antennæ, feeling through the  
 skies ;

That little vernier on whose slender lines  
 The midnight taper trembles as it shines,

A silent index, tracks the planets' march  
 In all their wanderings through the ethe-  
 real arch,

Tells through the mist where dazzled  
 Mercury burns,

And marks the spot where Uranus re-  
 turns.

So, till by wrong or negligence effaced,  
 The living index which thy Maker traced

Repeats the line each starry Virtue draws  
 Through the wide circuit of creation's  
 laws ;

Still tracks unchanged the everlasting  
 ray

Where the dark shadows of temptation  
 stray ;

But, once defaced, forgets the orbs of  
 light,

And leaves thee wandering o'er the ex-  
 ppanse of night.

“ What is thy creed ? ” a hundred lips  
 inquire ;

“ Thou seekest God beneath what Chris-  
 tian spire ? ”

Nor ask they idly, for uncounted lies  
 Float upward on the smoke of sacrifice ;

When man's first incense rose above the  
plain,

Of earth's two altars one was built by  
Cain !

Uncured by doubt, our earliest creed  
we take ;

We love the precepts for the teacher's  
sake ;

The simple lessons which the nursery  
taught

Fell soft and stainless on the buds of  
thought,

And the full blossom owes its fairest  
hue

To those sweet tear-drops of affection's  
dew.

Too oft the light that led our earlier  
hours

Fades with the perfume of our cradle  
flowers ;

The clear, cold question chills to frozen  
doubt ;

Tired of beliefs, we dread to live with-  
out ;

O then, if Reason waver at thy side,

Let humbler Memory be thy gentle  
guide ;

Go to thy birthplace, and, if faith was  
there,

Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's  
prayer !

Faith loves to lean on Time's destroy-  
ing arm,

And age, like distance, lends a double  
charm ;

In dim cathedrals, dark with vaulted  
gloom,

What holy awe invests the saintly  
tomb !

There pride will bow, and anxious care  
expand,

And creeping avarice come with open  
hand ;

The gay can weep, the impious can adore,

From morn's first glimmerings on the  
chancel floor,

Till dying sunset sheds his crimson  
stains

Through the faint halos of the irised  
panes.

Yet there are graves, whose rudely-  
shapen sod

Bears the fresh footprints where the sex-  
ton trod ;

Graves where the verdure has not dared  
to shoot,

Where the chance wild-flower has not  
fixed its root,

Whose slumbering tenants, dead without  
a name,

The eternal record shall at length pro-  
claim

Pure as the holiest in the long array  
Of hooded, mitred, or tiaraed clay !

Come, seek the air ; some pictures we  
may gain

Whose passing shadows shall not be in  
vain ;

Not from the scenes that crowd the  
stranger's soil,

Not from our own amidst the stir of  
toil,

But when the Sabbath brings its kind  
release,

And Care lies slumbering on the lap of  
Peace.

The air is hushed ; the street is holy  
ground ;

Hark ! The sweet bells renew their wel-  
come sound ;

As one by one awakes each silent tongue,  
It tells the turret whence its voice is  
flung.

The Chapel, last of sublunary things  
That stirs our echoes with the name of  
Kings,

Whose bell, just glistening from the font  
and forge,  
Rolled its proud requiem for the second  
George,  
Solemn and swelling, as of old it rang,  
Flings to the wind its deep, sonorous  
clang ;—  
The simpler pile, that, mindful of the  
hour  
When Howe's artillery shook its half-  
built tower,  
Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,  
The iron breastpin which the "Rebels"  
threw,  
Wakes the sharp echoes with the quiv-  
ering thrill  
Of keen vibrations, tremulous and  
shrill ;—  
Aloft, suspended in the morning's fire,  
Crash the vast cymbals from the South-  
ern spire ;—  
The Giant, standing by the elm-clad  
green,  
His white lance lifted o'er the silent  
scene,  
Whirling in air his brazen goblet round,  
Swings from its brim the swollen floods  
of sound ;—  
While, sad with memories of the olden  
time,  
Throbs from his tower the Northern  
Minstrel's chime,  
Faint, single tones, that spell their an-  
cient song,  
But tears still follow as they breathe  
along.

Child of the soil, whom fortune sends  
to range  
Where man and nature, faith and cus-  
toms change,  
Borne in thy memory, each familiar tone  
Mourns on the winds that sigh in every  
zone.

When Ceylon sweeps thee with her per-  
fumed breeze  
Through the warm billows of the Indian  
seas ;  
When — ship and shadow blended both  
in one —  
Flames o'er thy mast the equatorial sun,  
From sparkling midnight to refulgent  
noon  
Thy canvas swelling with the still mon-  
soon ;  
When through thy shrouds the wild tor-  
nado sings,  
And thy poor seabird folds her tattered  
wings, —  
Oft will delusion o'er thy senses steal,  
And airy echoes ring the Sabbath peal !  
Then, dim with grateful tears, in long  
array  
Rise the fair town, the island-studded  
bay,  
Home, with its smiling board, its cheer-  
ing fire,  
The half-choked welcome of the expect-  
ing sire,  
The mother's kiss, and, still if aught re-  
main,  
Our whispering hearts shall aid the silent  
strain. —  
Ah, let the dreamer o'er the taffrail  
lean  
To muse unheeded, and to weep unseen ;  
Fear not the tropic's dews, the evening's  
chills,  
His heart lies warm among his triple  
hills !

Turned from her path by this deceit-  
ful gleam,  
My wayward fancy half forgets her  
theme ;  
See through the streets that slumbered  
in repose  
The living current of devotion flows ;  
Its varied forms in one harmonious band,

Age leading childhood by its dimpled  
hand,  
Want, in the robe whose faded edges  
fall  
To tell of rags beneath the tartan shawl,  
And wealth, in silks that, fluttering to  
appear,  
Lift the deep borders of the proud cash-  
mere.

See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn  
and pale,  
Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's  
veil ;  
Alone she wanders where with *him* she  
trod,  
No arm to stay her, but she leans on  
God.

While other doublets deviate here and  
there,  
What secret handcuff binds that pretty  
pair ?  
Compactest couple ! pressing side to  
side, —  
Ah, the white bonnet that reveals the  
bride !

By the white neckcloth, with its  
straitened tie,  
The sober hat, the Sabbath-speaking  
eye,  
Severe and smileless, he that runs may  
read  
The stern disciple of Geneva's creed ;  
Decent and slow, behold his solemn  
march ;  
Silent he enters through yon crowded  
arch.

A livelier bearing of the outward  
man,  
The light-hued gloves, the undevout  
rattan,  
Now smartly raised or half-profanelly  
twirled, —  
A bright, fresh twinkle from the week-  
day world, —

Tell their plain story ; — yes, thine eyes  
behold  
A cheerful Christian from the liberal fold.

Down the chill street that curves in  
gloomiest shade  
What marks betray yon solitary maid ?  
The cheek's red rose, that speaks of  
balmier air ;

The Celtic hue that shades her braided  
hair ;  
The gilded missal in her kerchief tied ;  
Poor Nora, exile from Killarney's side !  
Sister in toil, though blanched by  
colder skies,

That left their azure in her downcast  
eyes,  
See pallid Margaret, Labor's patient  
child,

Scarce weaned from home, the nursling  
of the wild,  
Where white Katahdin o'er the horizon  
shines,

And broad Penobscot dashes through  
the pines.  
Still, as she hastes, her careful fingers  
hold

The unfailing hymn-book in its cambric  
fold.

Six days at drudgery's heavy wheel she  
stands,

The seventh sweet morning folds her  
weary hands ;

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well  
be sure

He who ordained the Sabbath loves the  
poor !

This weekly picture faithful Memory  
draws,

Nor claims the noisy tribute of applause ;  
Faint is the glow such barren hopes can  
lend,

And frail the line that asks no loftier  
end.

Trust me, kind listener, I will yet  
 beguile  
 Thy saddened features of the promised  
 smile ;  
 This magic mantle thou must well  
 divide,  
 It has its sable and its ermine side ;  
 Yet, ere the lining of the robe appears,  
 Take thou in silence what I give in  
 tears.

Dear listening soul, this transitory  
 scene  
 Of murmuring stillness, busily serene, —  
 This solemn pause, the breathing-space  
 of man,  
 The halt of toil's exhausted caravan, —  
 Comes sweet with music to thy wearied  
 ear ;  
 Rise with its anthems to a holier sphere !

Deal meekly, gently, with the hopes  
 that guide  
 The lowliest brother straying from thy  
 side ;  
 If right, they bid thee tremble for thine  
 own,  
 If wrong, the verdict is for God alone !

What though the champions of thy  
 faith esteem  
 The sprinkled fountain or baptismal  
 stream ;  
 Shall jealous passions in unseemly strife  
 Cross their dark weapons o'er the waves  
 of life ?

Let my free soul, expanding as it can,  
 Leave to his scheme the thoughtful  
 Puritan ;  
 But Calvin's dogma shall my lips de-  
 ride ?  
 In that stern faith my angel Mary  
 died ; —

Or ask if mercy's milder creed can save,  
 Sweet sister, risen from thy new-made  
 grave ?

True, the harsh founders of thy church  
 reviled  
 That ancient faith, the trust of Erin's  
 child ;  
 Must thou be raking in the crumbled  
 past  
 For racks and fagots in her teeth to  
 cast ?

See from the ashes of Helvetia's pile  
 The whitened skull of old Servetus  
 smile !

Round her young heart thy "Romish  
 Upas" threw  
 Its firm, deep fibres, strengthening as  
 she grew ;

Thy sneering voice may call them  
 "Popish tricks," —

Her Latin prayers, her dangling cruci-  
 fix, —

But *De Profundis* blessed her father's  
 grave ;

That "idol" cross her dying mother  
 gave !

What if some angel looks with equal  
 eyes

On her and thee, the simple and the  
 wise,

Writes each dark fault against thy  
 brighter creed,

And drops a tear with every foolish  
 bead !

Grieve, as thou must, o'er history's  
 reeking page ;

Blush for the wrongs that stain thy  
 happier age ;

Strive with the wanderer from the  
 better path,

Bearing thy message meekly, not in  
 wrath ;



Weep for the frail that err, the weak  
that fall,  
Have thine own faith, — but hope and  
pray for all !

Faith ; Conscience ; Love. A meaner  
task remains,  
And humbler thoughts must creep in  
lowlier strains ;  
Shalt thou be honest ? Ask the worldly  
schools,  
And all will tell thee knaves are busier  
fools ;  
Prudent ? Industrious ? Let not modern  
pens  
Instruct “ Poor Richard’s ” fellow-citi-  
zens.

Be firm ! one constant element in luck  
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck ;  
See yon tall shaft ; it felt the earth-  
quake’s thrill,  
Clung to its base, and greets the sun-  
rise still.

Stick to your aim ; the mongrel’s hold  
will slip,  
But only crowbars loose the bulldog’s  
grip ;  
Small as he looks, the jaw that never  
yields  
Drags down the bellowing monarch of  
the fields !

Yet in opinions look not always back ;  
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming  
track ;  
Leave what you’ve done for what you  
have to do ;  
Don’t be “ consistent,” but be simply  
true.

Don’t catch the fidgets ; you have  
found your place  
Just in the focus of a nervous race,

Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,  
Full of excitements, always in a fuss ;—  
Think of the patriarchs ; then compare  
as men

These lean-cheeked maniacs of the  
tongue and pen !  
Run, if you like, but try to keep your  
breath ;  
Work like a man, but don’t be worked  
to death ;  
And with new notions, — let me change  
the rule, —  
Don’t strike the iron till it’s slightly  
cool.

Choose well your *set* ; our feeble na-  
ture seeks  
The aid of clubs, the countenance of  
cliques ;  
And with this object settle first of all  
Your weight of metal and your size of  
ball.

Track not the steps of such as hold you  
cheap,  
Too mean to prize, though good enough  
to keep ;  
The “ real, genuine, no-mistake Tom  
Thumbs ”  
Are little people fed on great men’s  
crumbs.

Yet keep no followers of that hateful  
brood  
That basely mingles with its wholesome  
food  
The tumid reptile, which, the poet said,  
Doth wear a precious jewel in his head.

If the wild filly, “ Progress,” thou  
wouldst ride,  
Have young companions ever at thy  
side ;  
But, wouldst thou stride the stanch old  
mare, “ Success,”  
Go with thine elders, though they please  
thee less.

Shun such as lounge through after-  
noons and eves,  
And on thy dial write, "Beware of  
thieves!"  
Felon of minutes, never taught to feel  
The worth of treasures which thy fingers  
steal,  
Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,  
But spare the right, — it holds my  
golden time!

Does praise delight thee? Choose  
some *ultra* side;  
A sure old recipe, and often tried;  
Be its apostle, congressman, or bard,  
Spokesman, or jokesman, only drive it  
hard;  
But know the forfeit which thy choice  
abides,  
For on two wheels the poor reformer  
rides,  
One black with epithets the *anti* throws,  
One white with flattery painted by the  
*pros*.

Though books on MANNERS are not  
out of print,  
An honest tongue may drop a harmless  
hint.

Stop not, unthinking, every friend  
you meet,  
To spin your wordy fabric in the street;  
While you are emptying your colloquial  
pack,  
The fiend *Lumbago* jumps upon his  
back.

Nor cloud his features with the un-  
welcome tale  
Of how he looks, if haply thin and pale;  
Health is a subject for his child, his  
wife,  
And the rude office that insures his life.  
Look in his face, to meet thy neigh-  
bor's soul,  
Not on his garments, to detect a hole;

"How to observe," is what thy pages  
show,  
Pride of thy sex, Miss Harriet Mar-  
tineau!  
O, what a precious book the one would  
be  
That taught observers what they 're *not*  
to see!

I tell in verse, — 't were better done  
in prose, —  
One curious trick that everybody knows;  
Once form this habit, and it's very  
strange  
How long it sticks, how hard it is to  
change.  
Two friendly people, both disposed to  
smile,  
Who meet, like others, every little  
while,  
Instead of passing with a pleasant bow,  
And "How d' ye do?" or "How's  
your uncle now?"

Impelled by feelings in their nature kind,  
But slightly weak, and somewhat unde-  
fined,  
Rush at each other, make a sudden  
stand,

Begin to talk, expatiate, and expand;  
Each looks quite radiant, seems ex-  
tremely struck,  
Their meeting so was such a piece of  
luck;  
Each thinks the other thinks he's  
greatly pleased

To screw the vice in which they both  
are squeezed;  
So there they talk, in dust, or mud, or  
snow,  
Both bored to death, and both afraid to  
go!

Your hat once lifted, do not hang  
your fire,  
Nor, like slow Ajax, fighting still, re-  
tire;

When your old castor on your crown  
you clap,  
Go off ; you 've mounted your percussion  
cap.

Some words on LANGUAGE may be  
well applied,  
And take them kindly, though they  
touch your pride ;  
Words lead to things ; a scale is more  
precise, —  
Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing,  
drinking, vice.

Our cold Northeaster's icy fetter clips  
The native freedom of the Saxon lips ;  
See the brown peasant of the plastic  
South,  
How all his passions play about his  
mouth!  
With us, the feature that transmits the  
soul,  
A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-hole.  
The crampy shackles of the ploughboy's  
walk

Tie the small muscles when he strives to  
talk ;  
Not all the pumice of the polished town  
Can smooth this roughness of the barn-  
yard down ;  
Rich, honored, titled, he betrays his race  
By this one mark, — he 's awkward in  
the face ; —  
Nature's rude impress, long before he knew  
The sunny street that holds the sifted few.

It can't be helped, though, if we 're  
taken young,  
We gain some freedom of the lips and  
tongue ;  
But school and college often try in vain  
To break the padlock of our boyhood's  
chain :  
One stubborn word will prove this axiom  
true, —  
No quondam rustic can enunciate *view*.

A few brief stanzas may be well em-  
ployed  
To speak of errors we can all avoid.

Learning condemns beyond the reach  
of hope  
The careless lips that speak of soap for  
soap ;  
Her edict exiles from her fair abode  
The clownish voice that utters road for  
road :  
Less stern to him who calls his coat a  
coat,  
And steers his boat, believing it a  
boat,  
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,  
Who said at Cambridge, most instead of  
most,  
But knit her brows and stamped her  
angry foot  
To hear a Teacher call a root a root.

Once more ; speak clearly, if you speak  
at all ;  
Carve every word before you let it  
fall ;  
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,  
Try over hard to roll the British R ;  
Do put your accents in the proper spot ;  
Don't, — let me beg you, — don't say  
“ How ? ” for “ What ? ”  
And, when you stick on conversation's  
burrs,  
Don't strew your pathway with those  
dreadful *urs*.

From little matters let us pass to  
less,  
And lightly touch the mysteries of DRESS ;  
The outward forms the inner man re-  
veal, —  
We guess the pulp before we cut the  
peel.

I leave the broadcloth, — coats and  
all the rest, —

The dangerous waistcoat, called by cock-  
neys "vest,"

The things named "pants" in certain  
documents,

A word not made for gentlemen, but  
"gents";

One single precept might the whole con-  
dense :

Be sure your tailor is a man of sense ;  
But add a little care, a decent pride,  
And always err upon the sober side.

Three pairs of boots one pair of feet de-  
mands,

If polished daily by the owner's hands ;  
If the dark menial's visit save from  
this,

Have twice the number, for he'll some-  
times miss.

One pair for critics of the nicer sex,  
Close in the instep's clinging circum-  
flex,

Long, narrow, light ; the Gallic boot of  
love,

A kind of cross between a boot and  
glove.

Compact, but easy, strong, substantial,  
square,

Let native art compile the medium pair.  
The third remains, and let your tasteful  
skill

Here show some relics of affection still ;  
Let no stiff cowhide, reeking from the  
tan,

No rough caoutchouc, no deformed bro-  
gan,

Disgrace the tapering outline of your  
feet,

Though yellow torrents gurgle through  
the street.

Wear seemly gloves ; not black, nor  
yet too light,

And least of all the pair that once was  
white ;

Let the dead party where you told your  
loves

Bury in peace its dead bouquets and  
gloves ;

Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,  
But be a parent, — don't neglect your  
kids.

Have a good hat ; the secret of your  
looks

Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks ;  
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,  
But man and nature scorn the shocking  
hat.

Does beauty slight you from her gay  
abodes ?

Like bright Apollo, you must take to  
*Rhoades*, —

Mount the new castor, — ice itself will  
melt ;

Boots, gloves, may fail ; the hat is al-  
ways felt !

Be shy of breastpins ; plain, well-  
ironed white,

With small pearl buttons, — two of them  
in sight, —

Is always genuine, while your gems may  
pass,

Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass ;  
But spurn those paltry Cisatlantic lies,

That round his breast the shabby rustic  
ties ;

Breathe not the name, profaned to hallow  
things

The indignant laundress blushes when  
she brings !

Our freeborn race, averse to every  
check,

Has tossed the yoke of Europe from its  
*neck* ;

From the green prairie to the sea-girt  
town,

The whole wide nation turns its collars  
down.

The stately neck is manhood's manliest part ;  
 It takes the life-blood freshest from the heart ;  
 With short, curled ringlets close around it spread,  
 How light and strong it lifts the Grecian head !  
 Thine, fair Erechtheus of Minerva's wall ;—  
 Or thine, young athlete of the Louvre's hall,  
 Smooth as the pillar flashing in the sun  
 That filled the arena where thy wreaths were won, —  
 Firm as the band that clasps the antlered spoil,  
 Strained in the winding anaconda's coil !

I spare the contrast ; it were only kind  
 To be a little, nay, intensely blind :  
 Choose for yourself : I know it cuts your ear ;  
 I know the points will sometimes interfere ;  
 I know that often, like the filial John,  
 Whom sleep surprised with half his drapery on,  
 You show your features to the astonished town  
 With one side standing and the other down ;—  
 But, O my friend ! my favorite fellow-man !  
 If Nature made you on her modern plan,  
 Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare, —  
 The fruit of Eden ripening in the air, —  
 With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,  
 Wear standing collars, were they made of tin !

And have a neck-cloth, — by the throat of Jove !

Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove !

The long-drawn lesson narrows to its close,  
 Chill, slender, slow, the dwindled current flows ;  
 Tired of the ripples on its feeble springs,  
 Once more the Muse unfolds her upward wings.

Land of my birth, with this unhal-  
 lowed tongue,  
 Thy hopes, thy dangers, I perchance had sung ;  
 But who shall sing, in brutal disregard  
 Of all the essentials of the "native bard" ?

Lake, sea, shore, prairie, forest, mountain, fall,  
 His eye omnivorous must devour them all ;  
 The tallest summits and the broadest tides  
 His foot must compass with its giant strides,  
 Where Ocean thunders, where Missouri rolls,  
 And tread at once the tropics and the poles ;  
 His food all forms of earth, fire, water, air,  
 His home all space, his birthplace everywhere.

Some grave compatriot, having seen perhaps  
 The pictured page that goes in Worcester's Maps,  
 And read in earnest what was said in jest,  
 "Who drives fat oxen" — please to add the rest, —  
 Sprung the odd notion that the poet's dreams

Grow in the ratio of his hills and streams ;  
And hence insisted that the aforesaid  
"bard,"

Pink of the future, — fancy's pattern-  
card, —

The babe of nature in the "giant West,"  
Must be of course her biggest and her  
best.

O when at length the expected bard  
shall come,

Land of our pride, to strike thine echoes  
dumb,

(And many a voice exclaims in prose  
and rhyme,

It's getting late, and he's behind his  
time,)

When all thy mountains clap their hands  
in joy,

And all thy cataracts thunder, "That's  
the boy," —

Say if with him the reign of song shall  
end,

And Heaven declare its final dividend ?

Be calm, dear brother ! whose impas-  
sioned strain

Comes from an alley watered by a drain ;

The little Mincio, dribbling to the Po,

Beats all the epics of the Hoang Ho ;

If loved in earnest by the tuneful maid,

Don't mind their nonsense, — never be  
afraid !

The nurse of poets feeds her winged  
brood

By common firesides, on familiar food ;

In a low hamlet, by a narrow stream,

Where bovine rustics used to doze and  
dream,

She filled young William's fiery fancy full,

While old John Shakespeare talked of  
beeves and wool !

No Alpine needle, with its climbing  
spire,

Brings down for mortals the Promethean  
fire,

If careless nature have forgot to frame  
An altar worthy of the sacred flame.

Unblest by any save the goatherd's  
lines,

Mont Blanc rose soaring through his  
"sea of pines" ;

In vain the rivers from their ice-caves  
flash ;

No hymn salutes them but the Ranz des  
Vaches,

Till lazy Coleridge, by the morning's  
light,

Gazed for a moment on the fields of  
white,

And lo, the glaciers found at length a  
tongue,

Mont Blanc was vocal, and Chamouni  
sung !

Children of wealth or want, to each is  
given

One spot of green, and all the blue of  
heaven !

Enough, if these their outward shows  
impart ;

The rest is thine, — the scenery of the  
heart.

If passion's hectic in thy stanzas glow,  
Thy heart's best life-blood ebbing as  
they flow ;

If with thy verse thy strength and bloom  
distil,

Drained by the pulses of the fevered  
thrill ;

If sound's sweet effluence polarize thy  
brain,

And thoughts turn crystals in thy fluid  
strain, —

Nor rolling ocean, nor the prairie's  
bloom,

Nor streaming cliffs, nor rayless cavern's  
gloom,

Need'st thou, young poet, to inform thy  
line ;

Thy own broad signet stamps thy song  
divine !

Let others gaze where silvery streams  
are rolled,

And chase the rainbow for its cup of  
gold ;

To thee all landscapes wear a heavenly  
dye,

Changed in the glance of thy prismatic  
eye ;

Nature evoked thee in sublimer throes,  
For thee her inmost Arethusa flows, —  
The mighty mother's living depths are  
stirred, —

Thou art the starred Osiris of the herd !

A few brief lines ; they touch on  
solemn chords,

And hearts may leap to hear their hon-  
est words ;

Yet, ere the jarring bugle-blast is blown,  
The softer lyre shall breathe its soothing  
tone.

New England ! proudly may thy  
children claim

Their honored birthright by its hum-  
blest name !

Cold are thy skies, but, ever fresh and  
clear,

No rank malaria stains thine atmos-  
phere ;

No fungous weeds invade thy scanty  
soil,

Scarred by the ploughshares of unslum-  
bering toil.

Long may the doctrines by thy sages  
taught,

Raised from the quarries where their  
sires have wrought,

Be like the granite of thy rock-ribbed  
land, —

As slow to rear, as obdurate to stand :

And as the ice, that leaves thy crystal  
mine,

Chills the fierce alcohol in the Creole's  
wine,

So may the doctrines of thy sober school  
Keep the hot theories of thy neighbors  
cool !

If ever, trampling on her ancient path,  
Cankered by treachery, or inflamed by  
wrath,

With smooth "Resolves," or with dis-  
cordant cries,

The mad Briareus of disunion rise,  
Chiefs of New England ! by your sires'  
renown,

Dash the red torches of the rebel down !  
Flood his black hearthstone till its  
flames expire,

Though your old Sachem fanned his  
council-fire !

But if at last — her fading cycle  
run —

The tongue must forfeit what the arm  
has won,

Then rise, wild Ocean ! roll thy surging  
shock

Full on old Plymouth's desecrated rock !  
Scale the proud shaft degenerate hands  
have hewn,

Where bleeding Valor stained the flowers  
of June !

Sweep in one tide her spires and turrets  
down,

And howl her dirge above Monadnock's  
crown !

List not the tale ; the Pilgrim's hal-  
lowed shore,

Though strewn with weeds, is granite at  
the core ;

O rather trust that He who made her free  
Will keep her true, as long as faith shall  
be !

Farewell ! yet lingering through the  
destined hour,  
Leave, sweet Enchantress, one memorial  
flower !

An Angel, floating o'er the waste of  
snow  
That clad our Western desert, long ago,  
(The same fair spirit, who, unseen by day,  
Shone as a star along the Mayflower's  
way,)  
Sent, the first herald of the Heavenly  
plan,  
To choose on earth a resting-place for  
man, —  
Tired with his flight along the unvaried  
field,  
Turned to soar upwards, when his glance  
revealed  
A calm, bright bay, enclosed in rocky  
bounds,  
And at its entrance stood three sister  
mounds.

The Angel spake : "This threefold  
hill shall be  
The home of Arts, the nurse of Liberty !  
One stately summit from its shaft shall  
pour  
Its deep-red blaze along the darkened  
shore ;  
Emblem of thoughts, that, kindling far  
and wide,  
In danger's night shall be a nation's  
guide.  
Oneswelling crest the citadel shall crown,  
Its slanted bastions black with battle's  
frown,  
And bid the sons that tread its scowling  
heights  
Bare their strong arms for man and all  
his rights !  
One silent steep along the northern wave  
Shall hold the patriarch's and the hero's  
grave ;

When fades the torch, when o'er the  
peaceful scene  
The embattled fortress smiles in living  
green,  
The cross of Faith, the anchor staff of  
Hope,  
Shall stand eternal on its grassy slope ;  
There through all time shall faithful  
Memory tell,  
'Here Virtue toiled, and Patriot Valor  
fell ;  
Thy free, proud fathers slumber at thy  
side ;  
Live as they lived, or perish as they  
died !' "

#### AN AFTER-DINNER POEM.<sup>1</sup>

(TERPSICHOE.)

In narrowest girdle, O reluctant Muse,  
In closest frock and Cinderella shoes,  
Bound to the foot-lights for thy brief  
display,  
One zephyr step, and then dissolve away !

Short is the space that gods and men  
can spare  
To Song's twin brother when she is not  
there.  
Let others water every lusty line,  
As Homer's heroes did their purple  
wine ;  
Pierian revellers ! Know in strains like  
these  
The native juice, the real honest  
squeeze, —  
Strains that, diluted to the twentieth  
power,  
In yon grave temple might have filled  
an hour.

<sup>1</sup> Read at the Annual Dinner of the Φ Β Κ  
Society, at Cambridge, August 24, 1843.



Small room for Fancy's many-chorded  
lyre,  
For Wit's bright rockets with their trains  
of fire,  
For Pathos, struggling vainly to surprise  
The iron tutor's tear-denying eyes,  
For Mirth, whose finger with delusive  
wile  
Turns the grim key of many a rusty  
smile,  
For Satire, emptying his corrosive flood  
On hissing Folly's gas-exhaling brood,  
The pun, the fun, the moral and the  
joke,  
The hit, the thrust, the pugilistic  
poke, —  
Small space for these, so pressed by nig-  
gard Time,  
Like that false matron, known to nursery  
rhyme, —  
Insidious Morey, — scarce her tale begun,  
Ere listening infants weep the story  
done.

O had we room to rip the mighty bags  
That Time, the harlequin, has stuffed  
with rags !  
Grant us one moment to unloose the  
strings,  
While the old graybeard shuts his leather  
wings.  
But what a heap of motley trash appears  
Crammed in the bundles of successive  
years !  
As the lost rustic on some festal day  
Stares through the concourse in its vast  
array, —  
Where in one cake a throng of faces  
runs,  
All stuck together like a sheet of  
buns, —  
And throws the bait of some unheeded  
name,  
Or shoots a wink with most uncertain  
aim,

So roams my vision, wandering over all,  
And strives to choose, but knows not  
where to fall.

Skins of flayed authors, — husks of dead  
reviews, —  
The turn-coat's clothes, — the office-  
seeker's shoes, —  
Scraps from cold feasts, where conversa-  
tion runs  
Through mouldy toasts to oxidated puns,  
And grating songs a listening crowd en-  
dures,  
Rasped from the throats of bellowing  
amateurs ; —  
Sermons, whose writers played such dan-  
gerous tricks  
Their own heresiarchs called them here-  
tics  
(Strange that one term such distant poles  
should link,  
The Priestleyan's copper and the Pusey-  
an's zinc) ; —  
Poems that shuffle with superfluous legs  
A blindfold minuet over addled eggs,  
Where all the syllables that end in *éd*,  
Like old dragons, have cuts across the  
head ; —  
Essays so dark Champollion might de-  
spair  
To guess what mummy of a thought was  
there,  
Where our poor English, striped with for-  
eign phrase,  
Looks like a Zebra in a parson's chaise ; —  
Lectures that cut our dinners down to  
roots,  
Or prove (by monkeys) men should stick  
to fruits ;  
Delusive error, — as at trifling charge  
Professor Gripes will certify at large ; —  
Mesmeric pamphlets, which to facts ap-  
pear,  
Each fact as slippery as a fresh-caught  
eel ; —

And figured heads, whose hieroglyphs  
 invite  
 To wandering knaves that discount fools  
 at sight ; —  
 Such things as these, with heaps of un-  
 paid bills,  
 And candy puffs and homœopathic pills,  
 And ancient bell-crowns with contracted  
 rim,  
 And bonnets hideous with expanded  
 brim,  
 And coats whose memory turns the sar-  
 tor pale,  
 Their sequels tapering like a lizard's  
 tail ; —  
 How might we spread them to the smil-  
 ing day,  
 And toss them, fluttering like the new-  
 mown hay,  
 To laughter's light or sorrow's pitying  
 shower,  
 Were these brief minutes lengthened to  
 an hour.

The narrow moments fit like Sunday  
 shoes,  
 How vast the heap, how quickly must  
 we choose ;  
 A few small scraps from out his moun-  
 tain mass  
 We snatch in haste, and let the vagrant  
 pass.

This shrunken CRUST that Cerberus could  
 not bite,  
 Stamped (in one corner) "Pickwick copy-  
 right,"  
 Kneaded by youngsters, raised by flat-  
 tery's yeast,  
 Was once a loaf, and helped to make a  
 feast.  
 He for whose sake the glittering show  
 appears  
 Has sown the world with laughter and  
 with tears,

And they whose welcome wets the bump-  
 er's brim  
 Have wit and wisdom, — for they all  
 quote him.  
 So, many a tongue the evening hour pro-  
 longs  
 With spangled speeches, — let alone the  
 songs, —  
 Statesmen grow merry, lean attorneys  
 laugh,  
 And weak teetotals warm to half and  
 half,  
 And beardless Tullys, new to festive  
 scenes,  
 Cut their first crop of youth's precocious  
 greens,  
 And wits stand ready for impromptu  
 claps,  
 With loaded barrels and percussion caps,  
 And Pathos, cantering through the mi-  
 nor keys,  
 Waves all her onions to the trembling  
 breeze ;  
 While the great Feasted views with si-  
 lent glee  
 His scattered limbs in Yankee fricassee.

Sweet is the scene where genial friend-  
 ship plays  
 The pleasing game of interchanging  
 praise ;  
 Self-love, grimalkin of the human heart,  
 Is ever pliant to the master's art ;  
 Soothed with a word, she peacefully  
 withdraws  
 And sheathes in velvet her obnoxious  
 claws,  
 And thrills the hand that smooths her  
 glossy fur  
 With the light tremor of her grateful  
 pur.

But what sad music fills the quiet hall,  
 If on her back a feline rival fall ;

And O, what noises shake the tranquil  
 house,  
 If old Self-interest cheats her of a mouse !  
 Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish  
 ways,  
 Too apt to pur at every stranger's praise ;  
 But, if the stranger touch thy modes or  
 laws,  
 Off goes the velvet and out come the  
 claws !  
 And thou, Illustrious ! but too poorly  
 paid  
 In toasts from Pickwick for thy great  
 crusade,  
 Though, while the echoes labored with  
 thy name,  
 The public trap denied thy little game,  
 Let other lips our jealous laws revile, —  
 The marble Talfourd or the rude Car-  
 lyle, —  
 But on thy lids, which Heaven forbids  
 to close  
 Where'er the light of kindly nature glows,  
 Let not the dollars that a churl denies  
 Weigh like the shillings on a dead man's  
 eyes !  
 Or, if thou wilt, be more discreetly blind,  
 Nor ask to see all wide extremes com-  
 bined.  
 Not in our wastes the dainty blossoms  
 smile,  
 That crowd the gardens of thy scanty isle.  
 There white-cheeked Luxury weaves a  
 thousand charms ; —  
 Here sun-browned Labor swings his  
 naked arms.  
 Long are the furrows he must trace be-  
 tween  
 The ocean's azure and the prairie's green ;  
 Full many a blank his destined realm  
 displays,  
 Yet see the promise of his riper days :  
 Far through yon depths the panting  
 engine moves,

His chariots ringing in their steel-shod  
 grooves ;  
 And Erie's naiad flings her diamond wave  
 O'er the wild sea-nymph in her distant  
 cave !  
 While tasks like these employ his anx-  
 ious hours,  
 What if his cornfields are not edged  
 with flowers ?  
 Though bright as silver the meridian  
 beams  
 Shine through the crystal of thine Eng-  
 lish streams,  
 Turbid and dark the mighty wave is  
 whirled  
 That drains our Andes and divides a  
 world !  
 But lo ! a PARCHMENT ! Surely it would  
 seem  
 The sculptured impress speaks of power  
 supreme ;  
 Some grave design the solemn page must  
 claim  
 That shows so broadly an emblazoned  
 name ;  
 A sovereign's promise ! Look, the lines  
 afford  
 All Honor gives when Caution asks his  
 word :  
 There sacred Faith has laid her snow-  
 white hands,  
 And awful Justice knit her iron bands ;  
 Yet every leaf is stained with treachery's  
 dye,  
 And every letter crusted with a lie.  
 Alas ! no treason has degraded yet  
 The Arab's salt, the Indian's calumet ;  
 A simple rite, that bears the wanderer's  
 pledge,  
 Blunts the keen shaft and turns the  
 dagger's edge ; —  
 While jockeying senates stop to sign  
 and seal,  
 And freeborn statesmen legislate to steal.

Rise, Europe, tottering with thine Atlas  
 load,  
 Turn thy proud eye to Freedom's blest  
 abode,  
 And round her forehead, wreathed with  
 heavenly flame,  
 Bind the dark garland of her daughter's  
 shame!  
 Ye ocean clouds, that wrap the angry  
 blast,  
 Coil her stained ensign round its haughty  
 mast,  
 Or tear the fold that wears so foul a scar,  
 And drive a bolt through every black-  
 ened star!

Once more, — once only, — we must stop  
 so soon, —  
 What have we here? A GERMAN-SIL-  
 VER SPOON;  
 A cheap utensil, which we often see  
 Used by the dabblers in æsthetic tea,  
 Of slender fabric, somewhat light and  
 thin,  
 Made of mixed metal, chiefly lead and  
 tin;  
 The bowl is shallow, and the handle  
 small,  
 Marked in large letters with the name  
 JEAN PAUL.  
 Small as it is, its powers are passing  
 strange,  
 For all who use it show a wondrous  
 change;  
 And first, a fact to make the barbers  
 stare,  
 It beats Macassar for the growth of hair;  
 See those small youngsters whose ex-  
 pensive ears  
 Maternal kindness grazed with frequent  
 shears;  
 Each bristling crop a dangling mass  
 becomes,  
 And all the spoonies turn to Absa-  
 loms!

Nor this alone its magic power displays,  
 It alters strangely all their works and  
 ways;  
 With uncouth words they tire their  
 tender lungs,  
 The same bald phrases on their hun-  
 dred tongues;  
 "Ever" "The Ages" in their page ap-  
 pear,  
 "Always" the bedlamite is called a  
 "Seer";  
 On every leaf the "earnest" sage may  
 scan,  
 Portentous bore! their "many-sided"  
 man, —  
 A weak eclectic, groping vague and  
 dim,  
 Whose every angle is a half-starved  
 whim,  
 Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,  
 Who rides a beetle, which he calls a  
 "Sphinx."  
 And O what questions asked in club-  
 foot rhyme  
 Of Earth the tongueless and the deaf-  
 mute Time!  
 Here babbling "Insight" shouts in Na-  
 ture's ears  
 His last conundrum on the orbs and  
 spheres;  
 There Self-inspection sucks its little  
 thumb,  
 With "Whence am I?" and "Where-  
 fore did I come?"  
 Deluded infants! will they ever know  
 Some doubts must darken o'er the world  
 below,  
 Though all the Platos of the nursery  
 trail  
 Their "clouds of glory" at the go-cart's  
 tail?  
 O might these couplets their attention  
 claim,  
 That gain their author the Philistine's  
 name;

(A stubborn race, that, spurning foreign  
law,  
Was much belabored with an ass's jaw !)

Melodious Laura! From the sad re-  
treats

That hold thee, smothered with excess  
of sweets,

Shade of a shadow, spectre of a dream,  
Glance thy wan eye across the Stygian  
stream !

The slip-shod dreamer treads thy fra-  
grant halls,

The sophist's cobwebs hang thy roseate  
walls,

And o'er the crotchets of thy jingling  
tunes

The bard of mystery scrawls his crooked  
"runes."

Yes, thou art gone, with all the tuneful  
hordes

That candied thoughts in amber-colored  
words,

And in the precincts of thy late abodes  
The clattering verse-wright hammers  
Orphic odes.

Thou, soft as zephyr, wast content to  
fly

On the gilt pinions of a balmy sigh ;  
He, vast as Phœbus on his burning  
wheels,

Would stride through ether at Orion's  
heels ;

Thy emblem, Laura, was a perfume-jar,  
And thine, young Orpheus, is a pewter  
star ;

The balance trembles, — be its verdict  
told

When the new jargon slumbers with the  
old !

Cease, playful goddess! From thine airy  
bound

Drop like a feather softly to the ground ;  
This light bolero grows a ticklish dance,  
And there is mischief in thy kindling  
glance.

To-morrow bids thee, with rebuking  
frown,

Change thy gauze tunic for a home-made  
gown,

Too blest by fortune, if the passing day  
Adorn thy bosom with its frail bouquet,  
But O still happier if the next forgets  
Thy daring steps and dangerous pirou-  
ettes !

THE MEE IN

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

FROM "THE COLLEGIAN," 1830, ILLUSTRATED ANNUALS, ETC.

Nescit vox missa reverti. — HORAT. *Ars Poetica*.

Ab iis quæ non adjuvant quam mollissime oportet pedem referre. — QUINTILIAN, L. VI. C. 4.

## THE MEETING OF THE DRYADS.<sup>1</sup>

It was not many centuries since,  
When, gathered on the moonlit green,  
Beneath the Tree of Liberty,  
A ring of weeping sprites was seen.

The freshman's lamp had long been dim,  
The voice of busy day was mute,  
And tortured Melody had ceased  
Her sufferings on the evening flute.

They met not as they once had met,  
To laugh o'er many a jocund tale :  
But every pulse was beating low,  
And every cheek was cold and pale.

There rose a fair but faded one,  
Who oft had cheered them with her  
    song ;  
She waved a mutilated arm,  
And silence held the listening throng.

"Sweet friends," the gentle nymph began,

"From opening bud to withering leaf,  
One common lot has bound us all,  
In every change of joy and grief.

<sup>1</sup> Written after a general pruning of the trees around Harvard College.

"While all around has felt decay,  
We rose in ever-living prime,  
With broader shade and fresher green,  
Beneath the crumbling step of Time.

"When often by our feet has past  
Some biped, Nature's walking whim,  
Say, have we trimmed one awkward  
    shape,  
Or lopped away one crooked limb ?

"Go on, fair Science ; soon to thee  
Shall Nature yield her idle boast ;  
Her vulgar fingers formed a tree,  
But thou hast trained it to a post.

"Go, paint the birch's silver rind,  
And quilt the peach with softer down ;  
Up with the willow's trailing threads,  
Off with the sunflower's radiant crown !

"Go, plant the lily on the shore,  
And set the rose among the waves,  
And bid the tropic bud unbind  
Its silken zone in arctic caves ;

"Bring bellows for the panting winds,  
Hang up a lantern by the moon,  
And give the nightingale a fife,  
And lend the eagle a balloon !

"I cannot smile, — the tide of scorn,  
That rolled through every bleeding  
vein,

Comes kindling fiercer as it flows  
Back to its burning source again.

"Again in every quivering leaf  
That moment's agony I feel,  
When limbs, that spurned the northern  
blast,  
Shrunk from the sacrilegious steel.

"A curse upon the wretch who dared  
To crop us with his felon saw!  
May every fruit his lip shall taste  
Lie like a bullet in his maw.

"In every julep that he drinks,  
May gout, and bile, and headache be;  
And when he strives to calm his pain,  
May colic mingle with his tea.

"May nightshade cluster round his path,  
And thistles shoot, and brambles  
cling;  
May blistering ivy scorch his veins,  
And dogwood burn, and nettles sting.

"On him may never shadow fall,  
When fever racks his throbbing brow,  
And his last shilling buy a rope  
To hang him on my highest bough!"

She spoke; — the morning's herald beam  
Sprang from the bosom of the sea,  
And every mangled sprite returned  
In sadness to her wounded tree.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

THERE was a sound of hurrying feet,  
A tramp on echoing stairs,

<sup>1</sup> A little poem, on a similar occasion, may be found in the works of Swift, from which, perhaps, the idea was borrowed; although I was as much surprised as amused to meet with it some time after writing the preceding lines.

There was a rush along the aisles, —  
It was the hour of prayers.

And on, like Ocean's midnight wave,  
The current rolled along,  
When, suddenly, a stranger form  
Was seen amidst the throng.

He was a dark and swarthy man,  
That uninvited guest;  
A faded coat of bottle-green  
Was buttoned round his breast.

There was not one among them all  
Could say from whence he came;  
Nor beardless boy, nor ancient man,  
Could tell that stranger's name.

All silent as the sheeted dead,  
In spite of sneer and frown,  
Fast by a gray-haired senior's side  
He sat him boldly down.

There was a look of horror flashed  
From out the tutor's eyes;  
When all around him rose to pray,  
The stranger did not rise!

A murmur broke along the crowd,  
The prayer was at an end;  
With ringing heels and measured tread,  
A hundred forms descend.

Through sounding aisle, o'er grating  
stair,  
The long procession poured,  
Till all were gathered on the seats  
Around the Commons board.

That fearful stranger! down he sat,  
Unasked, yet undismayed;  
And on his lip a rising smile  
Of scorn or pleasure played.

He took his hat and hung it up,  
With slow but earnest air;  
He stripped his coat from off his back,  
And placed it on a chair.



Then from his nearest neighbor's side  
 A knife and plate he drew ;  
 And, reaching out his hand again,  
 He took his teacup too.

How fled the sugar from the bowl !  
 How sunk the azure cream !  
 They vanished like the shapes that float  
 Upon a summer's dream.

A long, long draught, — an outstretched  
 hand, —  
 And crackers, toast, and tea,  
 They faded from the stranger's touch,  
 Like dew upon the sea.

Then clouds were dark on many a brow,  
 Fear sat upon their souls,  
 And, in a bitter agony,  
 They clasped their buttered rolls.

A whisper trembled through the  
 crowd, —  
 Who could the stranger be ?  
 And some were silent, for they thought  
 A cannibal was he.

What if the creature should arise, —  
 For he was stout and tall, —  
 And swallow down a sophomore,  
 Coat, crow's-foot, cap, and all !

All sullenly the stranger rose ;  
 They sat in mute despair ;  
 He took his hat from off the peg,  
 His coat from off the chair.

Four freshmen fainted on the seat,  
 Six swooned upon the floor ;  
 Yet on the fearful being passed,  
 And shut the chapel door.

There is full many a starving man,  
 That walks in bottle green,  
 But never more that hungry one  
 In Commons-hall was seen.

Yet often at the sunset hour,  
 When tolls the evening bell,  
 The freshman lingers on the steps,  
 That frightful tale to tell.

## THE TOADSTOOL.

THERE 's a thing that grows by the  
 fainting flower,  
 And springs in the shade of the lady's  
 bower ;  
 The lily shrinks, and the rose turns pale,  
 When they feel its breath in the sum-  
 mer gale,  
 And the tulip curls its leaves in pride,  
 And the blue-eyed violet starts aside ;  
 But the lily may flaunt, and the tulip  
 stare,  
 For what does the honest toadstool care ?

She does not glow in a painted vest,  
 And she never blooms on the maiden's  
 breast ;  
 But she comes, as the saintly sisters do,  
 In a modest suit of a Quaker hue.  
 And, when the stars in the evening skies  
 Are weeping dew from their gentle eyes,  
 The toad comes out from his hermit cell,  
 The tale of his faithful love to tell.

O there is light in her lover's glance,  
 That flies to her heart like a silver lance ;  
 His breeches are made of spotted skin,  
 His jacket is tight, and his pumps are  
 thin ;  
 In a cloudless night you may hear his  
 song,  
 As its pensive melody floats along,  
 And, if you will look by the moonlight  
 fair,  
 The trembling form of the toad is there.  
 And he twines his arms round her slen-  
 der stem,  
 In the shade of her velvet diadem ;

But she turns away in her maiden shame,  
And will not breathe on the kindling  
flame;

He sings at her feet through the live-  
long night,

And creeps to his cave at the break of  
light;

And whenever he comes to the air above,  
His throat is swelling with baffled love.

### THE SPECTRE PIG.

A BALLAD.

It was the stalwart butcher man,  
That knit his swarthy brow,  
And said the gentle Pig must die,  
And sealed it with a vow.

And oh! it was the gentle Pig  
Lay stretched upon the ground,  
And ah! it was the cruel knife  
His little heart that found.

They took him then, those wicked men,  
They trailed him all along;  
They put a stick between his lips,  
And through his heels a thong;

And round and round an oaken beam  
A hempen cord they flung,  
And, like a mighty pendulum,  
All solemnly he swung!

Now say thy prayers, thou sinful man,  
And think what thou hast done,  
And read thy catechism well,  
Thou bloody-minded one;

For if his sprite should walk by night,  
It better were for thee,  
That thou wert mouldering in the  
ground,  
Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher then,  
That made a mock of sin,  
And swore a very wicked oath,  
He did not care a pin.

It was the butcher's youngest son,—  
His voice was broke with sighs,  
And with his pocket-handkerchief  
He wiped his little eyes;

All young and ignorant was he,  
But innocent and mild,  
And, in his soft simplicity,  
Out spoke the tender child:—

“O father, father, list to me;  
The Pig is deadly sick,  
And men have hung him by his heels,  
And fed him with a stick.”

It was the bloody butcher then,  
That laughed as he would die,  
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,  
And bid him not to cry;—

“O Nathan, Nathan, what's a Pig;  
That thou shouldst weep and wail?  
Come, bear thee like a butcher's child,  
And thou shalt have his tail!”

It was the butcher's daughter then,  
So slender and so fair,  
That sobbed as if her heart would break,  
And tore her yellow hair;

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone,—  
Fast fell the tear-drops big;—  
“Ah! woe is me! Alas! Alas!  
The Pig! The Pig! The Pig!”

Then did her wicked father's lips  
Make merry with her woe,  
And call her many a naughty name,  
Because she whimpered so.

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones,  
 In vain your tears are shed,  
 Ye cannot wash his crimson hand,  
 Ye cannot soothe the dead.

The bright sun folded on his breast  
 His robes of rosy flame,  
 And softly over all the west  
 The shades of evening came

He slept, and troops of murdered Pigs  
 Were busy with his dreams ;  
 Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,  
 Wide yawned their mortal seams.

The clock struck twelve ; the Dead hath  
 heard ;  
 He opened both his eyes,  
 And sullenly he shook his tail  
 To lash the feeding flies.

One quiver of the hempen cord, —  
 One struggle and one bound, —  
 With stiffened limb and leaden eye,  
 The Pig was on the ground !

And straight towards the sleeper's house  
 His fearful way he wended ;  
 And hooting owl, and hovering bat,  
 On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch,  
 And open swung the door,  
 And little mincing feet were heard  
 Pat, pat along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,  
 And two upon the bed ;  
 And they are breathing side by side,  
 The living and the dead !

“Now wake, now wake, thou butcher  
 man !  
 What makes thy cheek so pale ?  
 Take hold ! take hold ! thou dost not fear  
 To clasp a spectre's tail ?”

Untwisted every winding coil ;  
 The shuddering wretch took hold,  
 All like an icicle it seemed,  
 So tapering and so cold.

“Thou com'st with me, thou butcher  
 man !” —  
 He strives to loose his grasp,  
 But, faster than the clinging vine,  
 Those twining spirals clasp.

And open, open swung the door,  
 And, fleetier than the wind,  
 The shadowy spectre swept before,  
 The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,  
 And morn rose faint and dim ;  
 They called full loud, they knocked full  
 long,  
 They did not waken him.

Straight, straight towards that oaken  
 beam,  
 A trampled pathway ran ;  
 A ghastly shape was swinging there, —  
 It was the butcher man.

#### TO A CAGED LION.

Poor conquered monarch ! though that  
 haughty glance  
 Still speaks thy courage unsubdued  
 by time,  
 And in the grandeur of thy sullen tread  
 Lives the proud spirit of thy burning  
 clime ; —  
 Fettered by things that shudder at thy  
 roar,  
 Torn from thy pathless wilds to pace  
 this narrow floor !

Thou wast the victor, and all nature  
 shrunk  
 Before the thunders of thine awful  
 wrath ;

The steel-armed hunter viewed thee  
from afar,

Fearless and trackless in thy lonely  
path !

The famished tiger closed his flaming  
eye,

And crouched and panted as thy step  
went by !

Thou art the vanquished, and insulting  
man

Bars thy broad bosom as a sparrow's  
wing ;

His nerveless arms thine iron sinews  
bind,

And lead in chains the desert's fallen  
king ;

Are these the beings that have dared to  
twine

Their feeble threads around those limbs  
of thine ?

So must it be ; the weaker, wiser race,  
That wields the tempest and that rides  
the sea,

Even in the stillness of thy solitude  
Must teach the lesson of its power to  
thee ;

And thou, the terror of the trembling  
wild,

Must bow thy savage strength, the mock-  
ery of a child !

#### THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.

THE sun stepped down from his golden  
throne,

And lay in the silent sea,

And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,  
For a sleepy thing was she ;

What is the Lily dreaming of ?

Why crisp the waters blue ?

See, see, she is lifting her varnished lid !

Her white leaves are glistening  
through !

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek

In the lap of the breathless tide ;—

The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,

That would lie by the Rose's side ;

He would love her better than all the rest,

And he would be fond and true ;—

But the Lily unfolded her weary lids,

And looked at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,

How fast will thy summer glide,

And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,

Or flourish a blooming bride ?

“ O the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,

And he lives on earth,” said she ;

“ But the Star is fair and he lives in  
the air,

And he shall my bridegroom be.”

But what if the stormy cloud should  
come,

And ruffle the silver sea ?

Would he turn his eye from the distant  
sky,

To smile on a thing like thee ?

O no, fair Lily, he will not send

One ray from his far-off throne ;

The winds shall blow and the waves  
shall flow,

And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain-top

Nor a drop of evening dew,

Nor a golden sand on the sparkling  
shore,

Nor a pearl in the waters blue,

That he has not cheered with his fickle  
smile,

And warmed with his faithless  
beam, —

And will he be true to a pallid flower,

That floats on the quiet stream ?

Alas for the Lily ! she would not heed,

But turned to the skies afar,

And bared her breast to the trembling  
 ray  
 That shot from the rising star ;  
 The cloud came over the darkened sky,  
 And over the waters wide :  
 She looked in vain through the beating  
 rain,  
 And sank in the stormy tide.

### ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

“A SPANISH GIRL IN REVERIE.”

SHE twirled the string of golden beads,  
 That round her neck was hung, —  
 My grandsire's gift ; the good old man  
 Loved girls when he was young ;  
 And, bending lightly o'er the cord,  
 And turning half away,  
 With something like a youthful sigh,  
 Thus spoke the maiden gray : —

“ Well, one may trail her silken robe,  
 And bind her locks with pearls,  
 And one may wreath the woodland rose  
 Among her floating curls ;  
 And one may tread the dewy grass,  
 And one the marble floor,  
 Nor half-hid bosom heave the less,  
 Nor brodered corset more !

“ Some years ago, a dark-eyed girl  
 Was sitting in the shade, —  
 There's something brings her to my mind  
 In that young dreaming maid, —  
 And in her hand she held a flower,  
 A flower, whose speaking hue  
 Said, in the language of the heart,  
 ‘ Believe the giver true.’

“ And, as she looked upon its leaves,  
 The maiden made a vow  
 To wear it when the bridal wreath  
 Was woven for her brow ;

She watched the flower, as, day by day,  
 The leaflets curled and died ;  
 But he who gave it never came  
 To claim her for his bride.

“ O many a summer's morning glow  
 Has lent the rose its ray,  
 And many a winter's drifting snow  
 Has swept its bloom away ;  
 But she has kept that faithless pledge  
 To this, her winter hour,  
 And keeps it still, herself alone,  
 And wasted like the flower.”

Her pale lip quivered, and the light  
 Gleamed in her moistening eyes ; —  
 I asked her how she liked the tints  
 In those Castilian skies ?  
 “ She thought them misty, — 't was  
 perhaps  
 Because she stood too near ” ;  
 She turned away, and as she turned  
 I saw her wipe a tear.

### A ROMAN AQUEDUCT.

THE sun-browned girl, whose limbs re-  
 cline

When noon her languid hand has laid  
 Hot on the green flakes of the pine,  
 Beneath its narrow disk of shade ;

As, through the flickering noontide glare,  
 She gazes on the rainbow chain  
 Of arches, lifting once in air  
 The rivers of the Roman's plain ; —

Say, does her wandering eye recall  
 The mountain-current's icy wave, —  
 Or for the dead one tear let fall,  
 Whose founts are broken by their  
 grave ?

From stone to stone the ivy weaves  
 Her braided tracery's winding veil,

And lacing stalks and tangled leaves  
Nod heavy in the drowsy gale.

And lightly floats the pendent vine,  
That swings beneath her slender bow,  
Arch answering arch, — whose rounded  
line  
Seems mirrored in the wreath below.

How patient Nature smiles at Fame!  
The weeds, that strewed the victor's  
way,  
Feed on his dust to shroud his name,  
Green where his proudest towers decay.

See, through that channel, empty now,  
The scanty rain its tribute pours, —  
Which cooled the lip and laved the brow  
Of conquerors from a hundred shores.

Thus bending o'er the nation's bier,  
Whose wants the captive earth sup-  
plied,  
The dew of Memory's passing tear  
Falls on the arches of her pride!

#### FROM A BACHELOR'S PRIVATE JOURNAL.

SWEET Mary, I have never breathed  
The love it were in vain to name;  
Though round my heart a serpent  
wreathed,  
I smiled, or strove to smile, the same.

Once more the pulse of Nature glows  
With faster throb and fresher fire,  
While music round her pathway flows,  
Like echoes from a hidden lyre.

And is there none with me to share  
The glories of the earth and sky?  
The eagle through the pathless air  
Is followed by one burning eye.

Ah no! the cradled flowers may wake,  
Again may flow the frozen sea,  
From every cloud a star may break, —  
There comes no second Spring to me.

Go, — ere the painted toys of youth  
Are crushed beneath the tread of years;  
Ere visions have been chilled to truth,  
And hopes are washed away in tears.

Go, — for I will not bid thee weep, —  
Too soon my sorrows will be thine,  
And evening's troubled air shall sweep  
The incense from the broken shrine.

If Heaven can hear the dying tone  
Of chords that soon will cease to thrill,  
The prayer that Heaven has heard alone  
May bless thee when those chords are  
still.

#### LA GRISETTE.

AH Clemence! when I saw thee last  
Trip down the Rue de Seine,  
And turning, when thy form had past,  
I said, "We meet again," —  
I dreamed not in that idle glance  
Thy latest image came,  
And only left to memory's trance  
A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught  
Thy timid voice to speak,  
Their gentler signs, which often brought  
Fresh roses to thy cheek,  
The trailing of thy long loose hair  
Bent o'er my couch of pain,  
All, all returned, more sweet, more fair;  
O had we met again!

I walked where saint and virgin keep  
The vigil lights of Heaven,  
I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,  
And sins to be forgiven;

I watched where Genevieve was laid,  
 I knelt by Mary's shrine,  
 Beside me low, soft voices prayed;  
 Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,  
 When wind and wave were calm,  
 And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,  
 The rose of Notre Dame,  
 I wandered through the haunts of men,  
 From Boulevard to Quai,  
 Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,  
 The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more,  
 Nor dream what fates befall;  
 And long upon the stranger's shore  
 My voice on thee may call,  
 When years have clothed the line in moss  
 That tells thy name and days,  
 And withered, on thy simple cross,  
 The wreaths of Père-la-Chaise!

#### OUR YANKEE GIRLS.

LET greener lands and bluer skies,  
 If such the wide earth shows,  
 With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes,  
 Match us the star and rose;  
 The winds that lift the Georgian's veil,  
 Or wave Circassia's curls,  
 Waft to their shores the sultan's sail,—  
 Who buys our Yankee girls?

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch  
 Love's thousand chords so well;  
 The dark Italian, loving much,  
 But more than *one* can tell;  
 And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed  
 dame,  
 Who binds her brow with pearls;—  
 Ye who have seen them, can they shame  
 Our own sweet Yankee girls?

And what if court or castle vaunt  
 Its children loftier born?—  
 Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt  
 Beside the golden corn?  
 They ask not for the dainty toil  
 Of ribboned knights and earls,  
 The daughters of the virgin soil,  
 Our freeborn Yankee girls!

By every hill whose stately pines  
 Wave their dark arms above  
 The home where some fair being shines,  
 To warm the wilds with love,  
 From barest rock to bleakest shore  
 Where farthest sail unfurls,  
 That stars and stripes are streaming  
 o'er,—  
 God bless our Yankee girls!

#### L'INCONNUE.

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?  
 Such should, methinks, its music be;  
 The sweetest name that mortals bear  
 Were best befitting thee;  
 And she to whom it once was given,  
 Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,  
 I look upon thy folded hair;  
 Ah! while we dream not they beguile,  
 Our hearts are in the snare;  
 And she who chains a wild bird's wing  
 Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,  
 To all but thee unseen, unknown;  
 When evening shades thy silent walls,  
 Then read it all alone;  
 In stillness read, in darkness seal,  
 Forget, despise, but not reveal!

## STANZAS.

STRANGE! that one lightly whispered  
tone

Is far, far sweeter unto me,  
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,  
Or breathe along the sea ;  
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,  
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,  
And naught but empty air I see ;  
But when I turn me to thine eyes,  
It seemeth unto me  
Ten thousand angels spread their wings  
Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath the softest leaf  
That ever western breeze hath fanned,  
But thou shalt have the tender flower,  
So I may take thy hand ;  
That little hand to me doth yield  
More joy than all the broidered field.

O lady ! there be many things  
That seem right fair, below, above ;  
But sure not one among them all  
Is half so sweet as love ;—  
Let us not pay our vows alone,  
But join two altars both in one.

## LINES BY A CLERK.

OH ! I did love her dearly,  
And gave her toys and rings,  
And I thought she meant sincerely,  
When she took my pretty things.  
But her heart has grown as icy  
As a fountain in the fall,  
And her love, that was so spicy,  
It did not last at all.

I gave her once a locket,  
It was filled with my own hair,

And she put it in her pocket  
With very special care.  
But a jeweller has got it, —  
He offered it to me,  
And another that is not it  
Around her neck I see.

For my cooings and my billings  
I do not now complain,  
But my dollars and my shillings  
Will never come again ;  
They were earned with toil and sorrow,  
But I never told her that,  
And now I have to borrow,  
And want another hat.

Think, think, thou cruel Emma,  
When thou shalt hear my woe,  
And know my sad dilemma,  
That thou hast made it so.  
See, see my beaver rusty,  
Look, look upon this hole,  
This coat is dim and dusty ;  
O let it rend thy soul !

Before the gates of fashion  
I daily bent my knee,  
But I sought the shrine of passion,  
And found my idol, — thee.  
Though never love intenser  
Had bowed a soul before it,  
Thine eye was on the censor,  
And not the hand that bore it.

## THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS LOVE.

DEAREST, a look is but a ray  
Reflected in a certain way ;  
A word, whatever tone it wear,  
Is but a trembling wave of air ;  
A touch, obedience to a clause  
In nature's pure material laws.

The very flowers that bend and meet,  
In sweetening others, grow more sweet ;



The clouds by day, the stars by night,  
 Inweave their floating locks of light ;  
 The rainbow, Heaven's own forehead's  
 braid,  
 Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found !  
 How wide the world that girds them  
 round !

Like mountain streams we meet and part,  
 Each living in the other's heart,  
 Our course unknown, our hope to be  
 Yet mingled in the distant sea.

But Ocean coils and heaves in vain,  
 Bound in the subtle moonbeam's chain ;  
 And love and hope do but obey  
 Some cold, capricious planet's ray,  
 Which lights and leads the tide it charms  
 To Death's dark caves and icy arms.

Alas ! one narrow line is drawn,  
 That links our sunset with our dawn ;  
 In mist and shade life's morning rose,  
 And clouds are round it at its close ;  
 But ah ! no twilight beam ascends  
 To whisper where that evening ends.

Oh ! in the hour when I shall feel  
 Those shadows round my senses steal,  
 When gentle eyes are weeping o'er  
 The clay that feels their tears no more,  
 Then let thy spirit with me be,  
 Or some sweet angel, likest thee !

#### THE POET'S LOT.

WHAT is a poet's love ? —  
 To write a girl a sonnet,  
 To get a ring, or some such thing,  
 And fastianize upon it.

What is a poet's fame ? —  
 Sad hints about his reason,

And sadder praise from garreteers,  
 To be returned in season.

Where go the poet's lines ? —  
 Answer, ye evening tapers !  
 Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,  
 Speak from your folded papers !

Child of the ploughshare, smile ;  
 Boy of the counter, grieve not,  
 Though muses round thy trundle-bed  
 Their broidered tissue weave not.

The poet's future holds  
 No civic wreath above him ;  
 Nor slated roof, nor varnished chaise,  
 Nor wife nor child to love him.

Maid of the village inn,  
 Who werkest woe on satin,  
 (The grass in black, the graves in green,  
 The epitaph in Latin,)

Trust not to them who say,  
 In stanzas, they adore thee ;  
 O rather sleep in churchyard clay,  
 With urn and cherub o'er thee !

#### TO A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER.

WAN-VISAGED thing ! thy virgin leaf  
 To me looks more than deadly pale,  
 Unknowing what may stain thee yet, —  
 A poem or a tale.

Who can thy unborn meaning scan ?  
 Can Seer or Sibyl read thee now ?  
 No, — seek to trace the fate of man  
 Writ on his infant brow.

Love may light on thy snowy cheek,  
 And shake his Eden-breathing plumes ;  
 Then shalt thou tell how Lelia smiles,  
 Or Angelina blooms.

Satire may lift his bearded lance,  
 Forestalling Time's slow-moving  
 scythe,

And, scattered on thy little field,  
 Disjointed bards may writhe.

Perehance a vision of the night,  
 Some grizzled spectre, gaunt and thin,  
 Or sheeted corpse, may stalk along,  
 Or skeleton may grin !

If it should be in pensive hour  
 Some sorrow-moving theme I try,  
 Ah, maiden, how thy tears will fall,  
 For all I doom to die !

But if in merry mood I touch  
 Thy leaves, then shall the sight of  
 thee

Sow smiles as thick on rosy lips  
 As ripples on the sea.

The Weekly press shall gladly stoop  
 To bind thee up among its sheaves ;  
 The Daily steal thy shining ore,  
 To gild its leaden leaves.

Thou hast no tongue, yet thou canst  
 speak,  
 Till distant shores shall hear the  
 sound ;

Thou hast no life, yet thou canst breathe  
 Fresh life on all around.

Thou art the arena of the wise,  
 The noiseless battle-ground of fame ;  
 The sky where halos may be wreathed  
 Around the humblest name.

Take, then, this treasure to thy trust,  
 To win some idle reader's smile,  
 Then fade and moulder in the dust,  
 Or swell some bonfire's pile.

### TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A GENTLE- MAN."

IN THE ATHENEUM GALLERY.

It may be so, — perhaps thou hast  
 A warm and loving heart ;  
 I will not blame thee for thy face,  
 Poor devil as thou art.

That thing, thou fondly deem'st a nose,  
 Unsightly though it be, —  
 In spite of all the cold world's scorn,  
 It may be much to thee.

Those eyes, — among thine elder friends  
 Perhaps they pass for blue, —  
 No matter, — if a man can see,  
 What more have eyes to do ?

Thy mouth, — that fissure in thy face,  
 By something like a chin, —  
 May be a very useful place  
 To put thy victual in.

I know thou hast a wife at home,  
 I know thou hast a child,  
 By that subdued, domestic smile  
 Upon thy features mild.

That wife sits fearless by thy side,  
 That cherub on thy knee ;  
 They do not shudder at thy looks,  
 They do not shrink from thee.

Above thy mantel is a hook, —  
 A portrait once was there ;  
 It was thine only ornament, —  
 Alas ! that hook is bare.

She begged thee not to let it go,  
 She begged thee all in vain ;  
 She wept, — and breathed a trembling  
 prayer  
 To meet it safe again.

It was a bitter sight to see  
That picture torn away ;  
It was a solemn thought to think  
What all her friends would say !

And often in her calmer hours,  
And in her happy dreams,  
Upon its long-deserted hook  
The absent portrait seems.

Thy wretched infant turns his head  
In melancholy wise,  
And looks to meet the placid stare  
Of those unbending eyes.

I never saw thee, lovely one, —  
Perchance I never may ;  
It is not often that we cross  
Such people in our way ;

But if we meet in distant years,  
Or on some foreign shore,  
Sure I can take my Bible oath,  
I've seen that face before.

#### THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by  
the river-side,  
His shop was just upon the bank, his  
boat was on the tide ;  
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so  
straight and slim,  
Lived over on the other bank, right  
opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw  
a lovely maid,  
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in  
the shade ;  
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as  
much as if to say,  
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman,  
and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to  
himself said he,  
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home,  
for fear that folks should see ;  
I read it in the story-book, that, for to  
kiss his dear,  
Leander swam the Hellespont, — and I  
will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and  
crossed the shining stream,  
And he has clambered up the bank, all  
in the moonlight gleam ;  
O there were kisses sweet as dew, and  
words as soft as rain, —  
But they have heard her father's step,  
and in he leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — "O  
what was that, my daughter?"  
"T was nothing but a pebble, sir, I  
threw into the water."  
"And what is that, pray tell me, love,  
that paddles off so fast?"  
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's  
been a swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, —  
"Now bring me my harpoon !  
I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix  
the fellow soon."  
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls  
a snow-white lamb,  
Her hair drooped round her pallid  
cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones ! she  
waked not from her swoond,  
And he was taken with the cramp, and  
in the waves was drowned ;  
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in  
pity of their woe,  
And now they keep an oyster-shop for  
mermaids down below.

## A NOONTIDE LYRIC.

THE dinner-bell, the dinner-bell  
 Is ringing loud and clear ;  
 Through hill and plain, through street  
 and lane,  
 It echoes far and near ;  
 From curtained hall and whitewashed  
 stall,  
 Wherever men can hide,  
 Like bursting waves from ocean caves,  
 They float upon the tide.

I smell the smell of roasted meat !  
 I hear the hissing fry !  
 The beggars know where they can go,  
 But where, O where shall I ?  
 At twelve o'clock men took my hand,  
 At two they only stare,  
 And eye me with a fearful look,  
 As if I were a bear !

The poet lays his laurels down,  
 And hastens to his greens ;  
 The happy tailor quits his goose,  
 To riot on his beans ;  
 The weary cobbler snaps his thread,  
 The printer leaves his pi ;  
 His very devil hath a home,  
 But what, O what have I ?

Methinks I hear an angel voice,  
 That softly seems to say :  
 " Pale stranger, all may yet be well,  
 Then wipe thy tears away ;  
 Erect thy head, and cock thy hat,  
 And follow me afar,  
 And thou shalt have a jolly meal,  
 And charge it at the bar."

I hear the voice ! I go ! I go !  
 Prepare your meat and wine !  
 They little heed their future need,  
 Who pay not when they dine.

Give me to-day the rosy bowl,  
 Give me one golden dream, —  
 To-morrow kick away the stool,  
 And dangle from the beam !

## THE HOT SEASON.

THE folks, that on the first of May  
 Wore winter coats and hose,  
 Began to say, the first of June,  
 " Good Lord ! how hot it grows !"  
 At last two Fahrenheits blew up,  
 And killed two children small,  
 And one barometer shot dead  
 A tutor with its ball !  
 Now all day long the locusts sang  
 Among the leafless trees ;  
 Three new hotels warped inside out,  
 The pumps could only wheeze ;  
 And ripe old wine, that twenty years  
 Had cobwebbed o'er in vain,  
 Came spouting through the rotten corks,  
 Like Joly's best Champagne !

The Worcester locomotives did  
 Their trip in half an hour ;  
 The Lowell cars ran forty miles  
 Before they checked the power ;  
 Roll brimstone soon became a drug,  
 And loco-focos fell ;  
 All asked for ice, but everywhere  
 Saltpetre was to sell.

Plump men of mornings ordered tights,  
 But, ere the scorching noons,  
 Their candle-moulds had grown as loose  
 As Cossack pantaloons !  
 The dogs ran mad, — men could not try  
 If water they would choose ;  
 A horse fell dead, — he only left  
 Four red-hot, rusty shoes !

But soon the people could not bear  
 The slightest hint of fire ;

Allusions to caloric drew  
 A flood of savage ire ;  
 The leaves on heat were all torn out  
 From every book at school,  
 And many blackguards kicked and  
 caned,  
 Because they said, " Keep cool ! "

The gas-light companies were mobbed,  
 The bakers all were shot,  
 The penny press began to talk  
 Of Lynching Doctor Nott ;  
 And all about the warehouse steps  
 Were angry men in droves,  
 Crashing and splintering through the  
 doors  
 To smash the patent stoves !

The abolition men and maids  
 Were tanned to such a hue,  
 You scarce could tell them from their  
 friends,  
 Unless their eyes were blue ;  
 And, when I left, society  
 Had burst its ancient guards,  
 And Brattle Street and Temple Place  
 Were interchanging cards !

#### A PORTRAIT.

A STILL sweet, placid, moonlight face,  
 And slightly nonchalant,  
 Which seems to claim a middle place  
 Between one's love and aunt,  
 Where childhood's star has left a ray  
 In woman's sunniest sky,  
 As morning dew and blushing day  
 On fruit and blossom lie.

And yet, — and yet I cannot love  
 Those lovely lines on steel ;  
 They beam too much of heaven above,  
 Earth's darker shades to feel ;

Perchance some early weeds of care  
 Around my heart have grown,  
 And brows unfurrowed seem not fair,  
 Because they mock my own.

Alas ! when Eden's gates were sealed,  
 How oft some sheltered flower  
 Breathed o'er the wanderers of the  
 field,  
 Like their own bridal bower ;  
 Yet, saddened by its loveliness,  
 And humbled by its pride,  
 Earth's fairest child they could not  
 bless, —  
 It mocked them when they sighed.

#### AN EVENING THOUGHT.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

IF sometimes in the dark blue eye,  
 Or in the deep red wine,  
 Or soothed by gentlest melody,  
 Still warms this heart of mine,  
 Yet something colder in the blood,  
 And calmer in the brain,  
 Have whispered that my youth's bright  
 flood  
 Ebbs, not to flow again.

If by Helvetia's azure lake,  
 Or Arno's yellow stream,  
 Each star of memory could awake,  
 As in my first young dream,  
 I know that when mine eye shall greet  
 The hillsides bleak and bare,  
 That gird my home, it will not meet  
 My childhood's sunsets there.

O when love's first, sweet, stolen kiss  
 Burned on my boyish brow,  
 Was that young forehead worn as  
 this ?  
 Was that flushed cheek as now ?

Were that wild pulse and throbbing  
heart

Like these, which vainly strive,  
In thankless strains of soulless art,  
To dream themselves alive ?

Alas ! the morning dew is gone,  
Gone ere the full of day ;  
Life's iron fetter still is on,  
Its wreaths all torn away ;  
Happy if still some casual hour  
Can warm the fading shrine,  
Too soon to chill beyond the power  
Of love, or song, or wine !

#### THE WASP AND THE HORNET.

THE two proud sisters of the sea,  
In glory and in doom ! —  
Well may the eternal waters be  
Their broad, unsculptured tomb !  
The wind that rings along the wave,  
The clear, unshadowed sun,  
Are torch and trumpet o'er the brave,  
Whose last green wreath is won !

No stranger-hand their banners furled,  
No victor's shout they heard ;  
Unseen, above them ocean curled,  
Save by his own pale bird ;  
The gnashing billows heaved and fell ;  
Wild shrieked the midnight gale ;  
Far, far beneath the morning swell  
Were pennon, spar, and sail.

The land of Freedom ! Sea and shore  
Are guarded now, as when  
Her ebbing waves to victory bore  
Fair barks and gallant men ;  
O many a ship of prouder name  
May wave her starry fold,  
Nor trail, with deeper light of fame,  
The paths they swept of old !

#### "QUI VIVE."

"*Qui vive !*" The sentry's musket  
rings,

The channelled bayonet gleams ;  
High o'er him, like a raven's wings  
The broad tricolored banner flings  
Its shadow, rustling as it swings  
Pale in the moonlight beams ;  
Pass on ! while steel-clad sentries keep  
Their vigil o'er the monarch's sleep,  
Thy bare, unguarded breast  
Asks not the unbroken, bristling zone  
That girds yon sceptred trembler's  
throne ; —

Pass on, and take thy rest !

"*Qui vive !*" How oft the midnight  
air

That startling cry has borne !  
How oft the evening breeze has fanned  
The banner of this haughty land,  
O'er mountain snow and desert sand,  
Ere yet its folds were torn !  
Through Jena's carnage flying red,  
Or tossing o'er Marengo's dead,  
Or curling on the towers  
Where Austria's eagle quivers yet,  
And suns the ruffled plumage, wet  
With battle's crimson showers !

"*Qui vive !*" And is the sentry's  
cry, —

The sleepless soldier's hand, —  
Are these — the painted folds that fly  
And lift their emblems, printed high  
On morning mist and sunset sky —  
The guardians of a land ?

No ! If the patriot's pulses sleep,  
How vain the watch that hirelings  
keep, —

The idle flag that waves,  
When Conquest, with his iron heel,  
Treads down the standards and the steel  
That belt the soil of slaves !

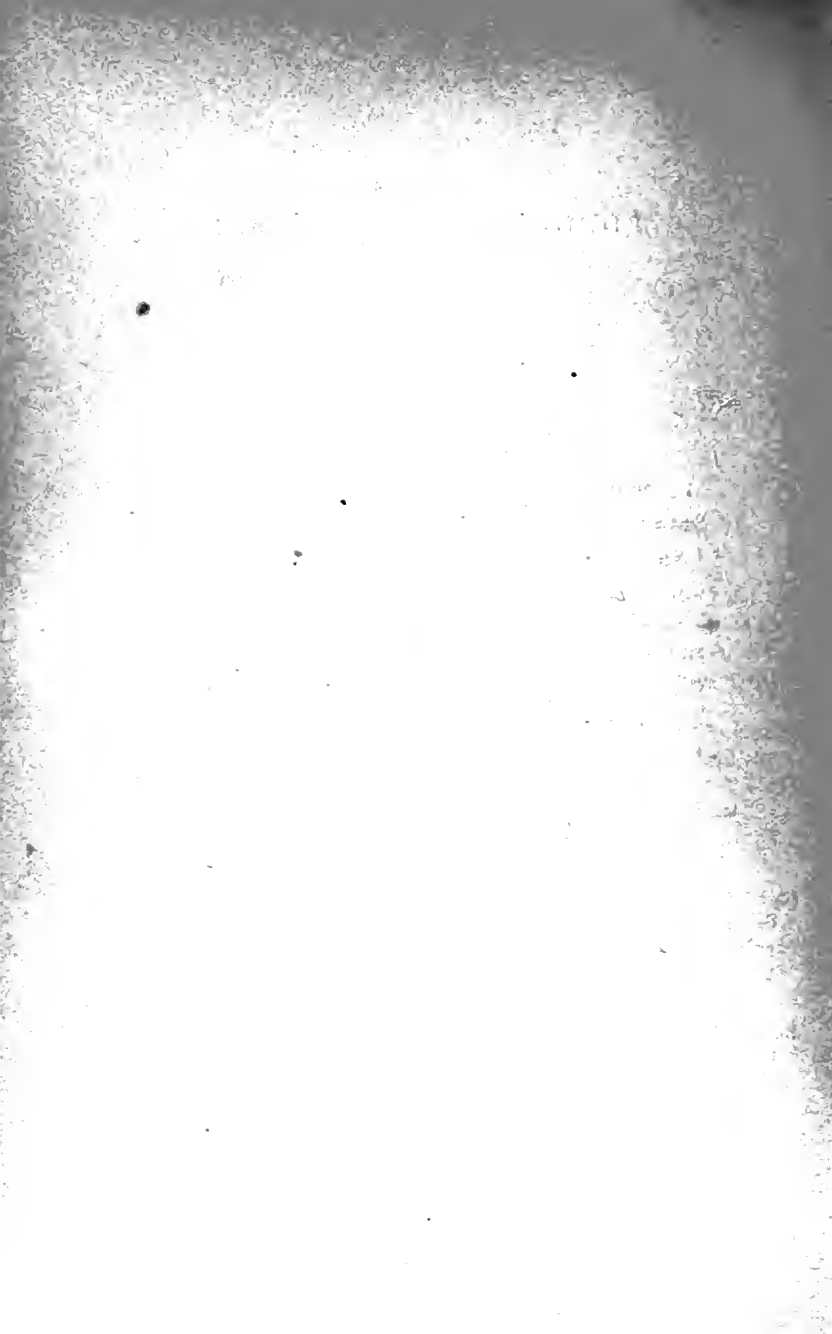
## SONGS IN MANY KEYS.

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THE piping of our slender, peaceful reeds  
Whispers uncared for while the trumpets bray;  
Song is thin air; our hearts' exulting play  
Beats time but to the tread of marching deeds,  
Following the mighty van that Freedom leads,  
Her glorious standard flaming to the day!  
The crimsoned pavement where a hero bleeds  
Breathes nobler lessons than the poet's lay.  
Strong arms, broad breasts, brave hearts, are better worth  
Than strains that sing the ravished echoes dumb.  
Hark! 't is the loud reverberating drum  
Rolls o'er the prairied West, the rock-bound North:  
The myriad-handed Future stretches forth  
Its shadowy palms. Behold, we come, — we come!

Turn o'er these idle leaves. Such toys as these  
Were not unsought for, as, in languid dreams,  
We lay beside our lotus-feeding streams,  
And nursed our fancies in forgetful ease.  
It matters little if they pall or please,  
Dropping untimely, while the sudden gleams  
Glare from the mustering clouds whose blackness seems  
Too swollen to hold its lightning from the trees.  
Yet, in some lull of passion, when at last  
These calm revolving moons that come and go —  
Turning our months to years, they creep so slow —  
Have brought us rest, the not unwelcome past  
May flutter to thee through these leaflets, cast  
On the wild winds that all around us blow.

MAY 1, 1861.





# SONGS IN MANY KEYS.

I. — 1849 — 1856.

AGNES.

PART FIRST.

THE KNIGHT.

THE tale I tell is gospel true,  
As all the bookmen know,  
And pilgrims who have strayed to view  
The wrecks still left to show.

The old, old story, — fair, and young,  
And fond, — and not too wise, —  
That matrons tell, with sharpened  
tongue,  
To maids with downcast eyes.

Ah ! maidens err and matrons warn  
Beneath the coldest sky ;  
Love lurks amid the tasselled corn  
As in the bearded rye !

But who would dream our sober sires  
Had learned the old world's ways,  
And warmed their hearths with lawless  
fires  
In Shirley's homespun days ?

'T is like some poet's pictured trance  
His idle rhymes recite, —  
This old New-England-born romance  
Of Agnes and the Knight ;

Yet, known to all the country round,  
Their home is standing still,  
Between Wachuset's lonely mound  
And Shawmut's threefold hill.

— One hour we rumble on the rail,  
One half-hour guide the rein,  
We reach at last, o'er hill and dale,  
The village on the plain.

With blackening wall and mossy roof,  
With stained and warping floor,  
A stately mansion stands aloof  
And bars its haughty door.

This lowlier portal may be tried,  
That breaks the gable wall ;  
And lo ! with arches opening wide,  
Sir Harry Frankland's hall !

'T was in the second George's day  
They sought the forest shade,  
The knotted trunks they cleared away,  
The massive beams they laid,

They piled the rock-hewn chimney tall,  
They smoothed the terraced ground,  
They reared the marble-pillared wall  
That fenced the mansion round.

Far stretched beyond the village bound  
The Master's broad domain ;

With page and valet, horse and hound,  
He kept a goodly train.

And, all the midland county through,  
The ploughman stopped to gaze  
Whene'er his chariot swept in view  
Behind the shining bays,

With mute obeisance, grave and slow,  
Repaid by nod polite, —  
For such the way with high and low  
Till after Concord fight.

Nor less to courtly circles known  
That graced the three-hilled town  
With far-off splendors of the Throne,  
And glimmerings from the Crown ;

Wise Phipps, who held the seals of state  
For Shirley over sea ;  
Brave Knowles, whose press-gang moved  
of late  
The King Street mob's decree ;

And judges grave, and colonels grand,  
Fair dames and stately men,  
The mighty people of the land,  
The " World " of there and then.

'T was strange no Chloe's " beauteous  
Form,"  
And " Eyes' celestial Blew,"  
This Strephon of the West could warm,  
No Nymph his Heart subdue !

Perchance he wooed as gallants use,  
Whom fleeting loves enchain,  
But still unfettered, free to choose,  
Would brook no bridle-rein.

He saw the fairest of the fair,  
But smiled alike on all ;  
No band his roving foot might snare,  
No ring his hand enthrall.

## PART SECOND.

## THE MAIDEN.

WHY seeks the knight that rocky cape  
Beyond the Bay of Lynn ?  
What chance his wayward course may  
shape  
To reach its village inn ?

No story tells ; whate'er we guess,  
The past lies deaf and still,  
But Fate, who rules to blight or bless,  
Can lead us where she will.

Make way ! Sir Harry's coach and four,  
And liveried grooms that ride !  
They cross the ferry, touch the shore  
On Winnisimmet's side.

They hear the wash on Chelsea Beach, —  
The level marsh they pass,  
Where miles on miles the desert reach  
Is rough with bitter grass.

The shining horses foam and pant,  
And now the smells begin  
Of fishy Swampscot, salt Nahant,  
And leather-scented Lynn.

Next, on their left, the slender spires,  
And glittering vanes, that crown,  
The home of Salem's frugal sires,  
The old, witch-haunted town.

So onward, o'er the rugged way  
That runs through rocks and sand,  
Showered by the tempest-driven spray,  
From bays on either hand,

That shut between their outstretched  
arms  
The crews of Marblehead,  
The lords of ocean's watery farms,  
Who plough the waves for bread.

At last the ancient inn appears,  
The spreading elm below,  
Whose flapping sign these fifty years  
Has seesawed to and fro.

How fair the azure fields in sight  
Before the low-browed inn !  
The tumbling billows fringe with light  
The crescent shore of Lynn ;

Nahant thrusts outward through the  
waves  
Her arm of yellow sand,  
And breaks the roaring surge that braves  
The gauntlet on her hand ;

With eddying whirl the waters lock  
Yon treeless mound forlorn,  
The sharp-winged sea-fowl's breeding-  
rock,  
That fronts the Spouting Horn ;

Then free the white-sailed shallows glide,  
And wide the ocean smiles,  
Till, shoreward bent, his streams divide  
The two bare Misery Isles.

The master's silent signal stays  
The wearied cavalcade ;  
The coachman reins his smoking bays  
Beneath the elm-tree's shade.

A gathering on the village green !  
The cocked-hats crowd to see,  
On legs in ancient velveteen,  
With buckles at the knee.

A clustering round the tavern-door  
Of square-toed village boys,  
Still wearing, as their grandsires wore,  
The old-world corduroys !

A scampering at the " Fountain " inn, —  
A rush of great and small, —  
With hurrying servants' mingled din  
And screaming matron's call !

Poor Agnes ! with her work half done  
They caught her unaware ;  
As, humbly, like a praying nun,  
She knelt upon the stair ;

Bent o'er the steps, with lowliest mien  
She knelt, but not to pray, —  
Her little hands must keep them clean,  
And wash their stains away.

A foot, an ankle, bare and white,  
Her girlish shapes betrayed, —  
" Ha ! Nymphs and Graces ! " spoke  
the Knight ;  
" Look up, my beauteous Maid ! "

She turned, — a reddening rose in bud,  
Its calyx half withdrawn, —  
Her cheek on fire with damasked blood  
Of girlhood's glowing dawn !

He searched her features through and  
through,  
As royal lovers look  
On lowly maidens, when they woo  
Without the ring and book.

" Come hither, Fair one ! Here, my  
Sweet !  
Nay, prithee, look not down !  
Take this to shoe those little feet, " —  
He tossed a silver crown.

A sudden paleness struck her brow, —  
A swifter flush succeeds ;  
It burns her cheek ; it kindles now  
Beneath her golden beads.

She flitted, but the glittering eye  
Still sought the lovely face.  
Who was she ? What, and whence ? and  
why  
Doomed to such menial place ?

A skipper's daughter, — so they said, —  
Left orphan by the gale

That cost the fleet of Marblehead  
And Gloucester thirty sail.

Ah! many a lonely home is found  
Along the Essex shore,  
That cheered its goodman outward  
bound,  
And sees his face no more!

"Not so," the matron whispered, --  
"sure

No orphan girl is she, --  
The Surraige folk are deadly poor  
Since Edward left the sea,

"And Mary, with her growing brood,  
Has work enough to do  
To find the children clothes and food  
With Thomas, John, and Hugh.

"This girl of Mary's, growing tall, --  
(Just turned her sixteenth year,) --  
To earn her bread and help them all,  
Would work as housemaid here."

So Agnes, with her golden beads,  
And naught beside as dower,  
Grew at the wayside with the weeds,  
Herself a garden-flower.

'T was strange, 't was sad, -- so fresh, so  
fair!  
Thus Pity's voice began.  
Such grace! an angel's shape and air!  
The half-heard whisper ran.

For eyes could see in George's time,  
As now in later days,  
And lips could shape, in prose and  
rhyme,  
The honeyed breath of praise.

No time to woo! The train must go  
Long ere the sun is down,  
To reach, before the night-winds blow,  
The many-steeped town.

'T is midnight, -- street and square are  
still;

Dark roll the whispering waves  
That lap the piers beneath the hill  
Ridged thick with ancient graves.

Ah, gentle sleep! thy hand will smooth  
The weary couch of pain,  
When all thy poppies fail to soothe  
The lover's throbbing brain!

'T is morn, -- the orange-mantled sun  
Breaks through the fading gray,  
And long and loud the Castle gun  
Peals o'er the glistening bay.

"Thank God 't is day!" With eager  
eye  
He hails the morning's shine: --  
"If art can win, or gold can buy,  
The maiden shall be mine!"

### PART THIRD.

#### THE CONQUEST.

"WHO saw this hussy when she came?  
What is the wench, and who?"  
They whisper. "*Agnes*, -- is her name?  
Pray what has she to do?"

The housemaids parley at the gate,  
The scullions on the stair,  
And in the footmen's grave debate  
The butler deigns to share.

Black Dinah, stolen when a child,  
And sold on Boston pier,  
Grown up in service, petted, spoiled,  
Speaks in the coachman's ear:

"What, all this household at his will?  
And all are yet too few?  
More servants, and more servants still, --  
This pert young madam too!"

"*Servant!* fine servant!" laughed aloud  
The man of coach and steeds ;  
"She looks too fair, she steps too proud,  
This girl with golden beads !

"I tell you, you may fret and frown,  
And call her what you choose,  
You 'll find my Lady in her gown,  
Your Mistress in her shoes !"

Ah, gentle maidens, free from blame,  
God grant you never know  
The little whisper, loud with shame,  
That makes the world your foe !

Why tell the lordly flatterer's art,  
That won the maiden's ear, —  
The fluttering of the frightened heart,  
The blush, the smile, the tear ?

Alas ! it were the saddening tale  
That every language knows, —  
The wooing wind, the yielding sail,  
The sunbeam and the rose.

And now the gown of sober stuff  
Has changed to fair brocade,  
With broidered hem, and hanging cuff,  
And flower of silken braid ;

And clasped around her blanching wrist  
A jewelled bracelet shines,  
Her flowing tresses' massive twist  
A glittering net confines ;

And mingling with their truant wave  
A fretted chain is hung ;  
But ah ! the gift her mother gave, —  
Its beads are all unstrung !

Her place is at the master's board,  
Where none disputes her claim ;  
She walks beside the mansion's lord,  
His bride in all but name.

The busy tongues have ceased to talk,  
Or speak in softened tone,  
So gracious in her daily walk  
The angel light has shown.

No want that kindness may relieve  
Assails her heart in vain,  
The lifting of a ragged sleeve  
Will check her palfrey's rein.

A thoughtful calm, a quiet grace  
In every movement shown,  
Reveal her moulded for the place  
She may not call her own.

And, save that on her youthful brow  
There broods a shadowy care,  
No matron sealed with holy vow  
In all the land so fair !

#### PART FOURTH.

##### THE RESCUE.

A SHIP comes foaming up the bay,  
Along the pier she glides ;  
Before her furrow melts away,  
A courier mounts and rides.

"Haste, Haste, post Haste !" the let-  
ters bear ;

"Sir Harry Frankland, These."  
Sad news to tell the loving pair !  
The knight must cross the seas.

"Alas ! we part !" — the lips that spoke  
Lost all their rosy red,  
As when a crystal cup is broke,  
And all its wine is shed.

"Nay, droop not thus, — where'er," he  
cried,

"I go by land or sea,  
My love, my life, my joy, my pride,  
Thy place is still by me !"

Through town and city, far and wide,  
 Their wandering feet have strayed,  
 From Alpine lake to ocean tide,  
 And cold Sierra's shade.

At length they see the waters gleam  
 Amid the fragrant bowers  
 Where Lisbon mirrors in the stream  
 Her belt of ancient towers.

Red is the orange on its bough,  
 To-morrow's sun shall fling  
 O'er Cintra's hazel-shaded brow  
 The flush of April's wing.

The streets are loud with noisy mirth,  
 They dance on every green ;  
 The morning's dial marks the birth  
 Of proud Braganza's queen.

At eve beneath their pictured dome  
 The gilded courtiers throng ;  
 The broad moidores have cheated Rome  
 Of all her lords of song.

Ah ! Lisbon dreams not of the day —  
 Pleased with her painted scenes —  
 When all her towers shall slide away  
 As now these canvas screens !

The spring has passed, the summer fled,  
 And yet they linger still,  
 Though autumn's rustling leaves have  
 spread  
 The flank of Cintra's hill.

The town has learned their Saxon name,  
 And touched their English gold,  
 Nor tale of doubt nor hint of blame  
 From over sea is told.

Three hours the first November dawn  
 Has climbed with feeble ray  
 Through mists like heavy curtains drawn  
 Before the darkened day.

How still the muffled echoes sleep !  
 Hark ! hark ! a hollow sound, —  
 A noise like chariots rumbling deep  
 Beneath the solid ground.

The channel lifts, the water slides  
 And bares its bar of sand,  
 Anon a mountain billow strides  
 And crashes o'er the land.

The turrets lean, the steeples reel  
 Like masts on ocean's swell,  
 And clash a long discordant peal,  
 The death-doomed city's knell.

The pavement bursts, the earth upheaves  
 Beneath the staggering town !  
 The turrets crack — the castle cleaves —  
 The spires come rushing down.

Around, the lurid mountains glow  
 With strange unearthly gleams ;  
 While black abysses gape below,  
 Then close in jagged seams.

The earth has folded like a wave,  
 And thrice a thousand score,  
 Clapsed, shroudless, in their closing  
 grave,  
 The sun shall see no more !

And all is over. Street and square  
 In ruined heaps are piled ;  
 Ah ! where is she, so frail, so fair,  
 Amid the tumult wild ?

Unscathed, she treads the wreck-piled  
 street,  
 Whose narrow gaps afford  
 A pathway for her bleeding feet,  
 To seek her absent lord.

A temple's broken walls arrest  
 Her wild and wandering eyes ;  
 Beneath its shattered portal pressed,  
 Her lord unconscious lies.

The power that living hearts obey  
 Shall lifeless blocks withstand?  
 Love led her footsteps where he lay, —  
 Love nerves her woman's hand :

One cry, — the marble shaft she grasps, —  
 Up heaves the ponderous stone :—  
 He breathes, — her fainting form he  
 clasps, —  
 Her life has bought his own !

PART FIFTH.

THE REWARD.

How like the starless night of death  
 Our being's brief eclipse,  
 When faltering heart and failing breath  
 Have bleached the fading lips !

She lives ! What guerdon shall repay  
 His debt of ransomed life ?  
 One word can charm all wrongs away, —  
 The sacred name of WIFE !

The love that won her girlish charms  
 Must shield her matron fame,  
 And write beneath the Frankland arms  
 The village beauty's name.

Go, call the priest ! no vain delay  
 Shall dim the sacred ring !  
 Who knows what change the passing day,  
 The fleeting hour, may bring ?

Before the holy altar bent,  
 There kneels a goodly pair ;  
 A stately man, of high descent,  
 A woman, passing fair.

No jewels lend the blinding sheen  
 That meaner beauty needs,  
 But on her bosom heaves unseen  
 A string of golden beads.

The vow is spoke, — the prayer is said, —  
 And with a gentle pride  
 The Lady Agnes lifts her head,  
 Sir Harry Frankland's bride.

No more her faithful heart shall bear  
 Those griefs so meekly borne, —  
 The passing sneer, the freezing stare,  
 The icy look of scorn ;

No more the blue-eyed English dames  
 Their haughty lips shall curl,  
 Whene'er a hissing whisper names  
 The poor New England girl.

But stay ! — his mother's haughty  
 brow, —  
 The pride of ancient race, —  
 Will plighted faith, and holy vow,  
 Win back her fond embrace ?

Too well she knew the saddening tale  
 Of love no vow had blest,  
 That turned his blushing honors pale  
 And stained his knightly crest.

They seek his Northern home, — alas :  
 He goes alone before ; —  
 His own dear Agnes may not pass  
 The proud, ancestral door.

He stood before the stately dame ;  
 He spoke ; she calmly heard,  
 But not to pity, nor to blame ;  
 She breathed no single word.

He told his love, — her faith betrayed ;  
 She heard with tearless eyes ;  
 Could she forgive the erring maid ?  
 She stared in cold surprise.

How fond her heart, he told, — how true ;  
 The haughty eyelids fell ; —  
 The kindly deeds she loved to do ;  
 She murmured, " It is well."

But when he told that fearful day,  
And how her feet were led  
To where entombed in life he lay,  
The breathing with the dead,

And how she bruised her tender breasts  
Against the crushing stone,  
That still the strong-armed clown protests  
No man can lift alone, —

O then the frozen spring was broke ;  
By turns she wept and smiled ; —  
“Sweet Agnes !” so the mother spoke,  
“God bless my angel child !

“She saved thee from the jaws of  
death, —  
’T is thine to right her wrongs ;  
I tell thee, — I, who gave thee breath, —  
To her thy life belongs !”

Thus Agnes won her noble name,  
Her lawless lover’s hand ;  
The lowly maiden so became  
A lady in the land !

## PART SIXTH.

## CONCLUSION.

THE tale is done ; it little needs  
To track their after ways,  
And string again the golden beads  
Of love’s uncounted days.

They leave the fair ancestral isle  
For bleak New England’s shore ;  
How gracious is the courtly smile  
Of all who frowned before !

Again through Lisbon’s orange bowers  
They watch the river’s gleam,  
And shudder as her shadowy towers  
Shake in the trembling stream.

Fate parts at length the fondest pair ;  
His cheek, alas ! grows pale ;  
The breast that trampling death could  
spare  
His noiseless shafts assail.

He longs to change the heaven of blue  
For England’s clouded sky, —  
To breathe the air his boyhood knew ;  
He seeks them but to die.

— Hard by the terraced hillside town,  
Where healing streamlets run,  
Still sparkling with their old renown, —  
The “Waters of the Sun,” —

The Lady Agnes raised the stone  
That marks his honored grave,  
And there Sir Harry sleeps alone  
By Wiltshire Avon’s wave.

The home of early love was dear ;  
She sought its peaceful shade,  
And kept her state for many a year,  
With none to make afraid.

At last the evil days were come  
That saw the red cross fall ;  
She hears the rebels’ rattling drum, —  
Farewell to Frankland Hall !

— I tell you, as my tale began,  
The Hall is standing still ;  
And you, kind listener, maid or man,  
May see it if you will.

The box is glistening huge and green,  
Like trees the lilacs grow,  
Three elms high-arching still are seen,  
And one lies stretched below.

The hangings, rough with velvet flowers,  
Flap on the latticed wall ;  
And o’er the mossy ridge-pole towers  
The rock-hewn chimney tall.



The doors on mighty hinges clash  
 With massive bolt and bar,  
 The heavy English-moulded sash  
 Scarce can the night-winds jar.

Behold the chosen room he sought  
 Alone, to fast and pray,  
 Each year, as chill November brought  
 The dismal earthquake day.

There hung the rapier blade he wore,  
 Bent in its flattened sheath ;  
 The coat the shrieking woman tore  
 Caught in her clenching teeth ;—

The coat with tarnished silver lace  
 She snapped at as she slid,  
 And down upon her death-white face  
 Crashed the huge coffin's lid.

A graded terrace yet remains ;  
 If on its turf you stand  
 And look along the wooded plains  
 That stretch on either hand,

The broken forest walls define  
 A dim, receding view,  
 Where, on the far horizon's line,  
 He cut his vista through.

If further story you shall crave,  
 Or ask for living proof,  
 Go see old Julia, born a slave  
 Beneath Sir Harry's roof.

She told me half that I have told,  
 And she remembers well  
 The mansion as it looked of old  
 Before its glories fell ;—

The box, when round the terraced square  
 Its glossy wall was drawn ;  
 The climbing vines, the snow-balls fair,  
 The roses on the lawn.

And Julia says, with truthful look  
 Stamped on her wrinkled face,  
 That in her own black hands she took  
 The coat with silver lace.

And you may hold the story light,  
 Or, if you like, believe ;  
 But there it was, the woman's bite, —  
 A mouthful from the sleeve.

Now go your ways ;— I need not tell  
 The moral of my rhyme ;  
 But, youths and maidens, ponder well  
 This tale of olden time !

### THE PLOUGHMAN.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BERKSHIRE AG-  
 RICULTURAL SOCIETY, OCT. 4, 1849.

CLEAR the brown path, to meet his coul-  
 ter's gleam !

Lo ! on he comes, behind his smoking  
 team,

With toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-  
 burnt brow,

The lord of earth, the hero of the plough !

First in the field before the reddening  
 sun,

Last in the shadows when the day is  
 done,

Line after line, along the bursting sod,  
 Marks the broad acres where his feet  
 have trod ;

Still, where he treads, the stubborn clods  
 divide,

The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and  
 wide ;

Matted and dense the tangled turf up-  
 heaves,

Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield  
 cleaves ;

Up the steep hillside, where the labor-  
 ing train

Slants the long track that scores the  
level plain ;  
Through the moist valley, clogged with  
oozing clay,  
The patient convoy breaks its destined  
way ;  
At every turn the loosening chains re-  
sound,  
The swinging ploughshare circles glisten-  
ing round,  
Till the wide field one billowy waste ap-  
pears,  
And wearied hands unbind the panting  
steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor  
brings  
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of  
kings ;  
This is the page, whose letters shall be  
seen  
Changed by the sun to words of living  
green ;  
This is the scholar, whose immortal pen  
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to  
men ;  
These are the lines which heaven-com-  
manded Toil  
Shows on his deed, — the charter of the  
soil !

O gracious Mother, whose benignant  
breast  
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,  
How thy sweet features, kind to every  
clime,  
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front  
of time !  
We stain thy flowers, — they blossom  
o'er the dead ;  
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us  
bread ;  
O'er the red field that trampling strife  
has torn,

Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled  
corn ;  
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest  
plain,  
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.  
Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted  
charms  
Steal round our hearts in thine embrac-  
ing arms,  
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,  
And thy fond sweetness waste our  
strength away.

No ! by these hills, whose banners now  
displayed  
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed ;  
By yon twin summits, on whose splin-  
tery crests  
The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles'  
nests ;  
By these fair plains the mountain circle  
screens,  
And feeds with streamlets from its dark  
ravines, —  
True to their home, these faithful arms  
shall toil  
To crown with peace their own untainted  
soil ;  
And, true to God, to freedom, to man-  
kind,  
If her chained bandogs Faction shall  
unbind,  
These stately forms, that bending even  
now  
Bowed their strong manhood to the  
humble plough,  
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the  
land,  
The same stern iron in the same right  
hand,  
Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph  
run,  
The sword has rescued what the plough-  
share won !

## PICTURES FROM OCCASIONAL POEMS.

1850 - 56.

## SPRING.

WINTER is past ; the heart of Nature  
 warms  
 Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms ;  
 Doubtful at first, suspected more than  
 seen,  
 The southern slopes are fringed with  
 tender green ;  
 On sheltered banks, beneath the drip-  
 ping eaves,  
 Spring's earliest nurslings spread their  
 glowing leaves,  
 Bright with the hues from wider pic-  
 tures won,  
 White, azure, golden, — drift, or sky,  
 or sun, —  
 The snowdrop, bearing on her patient  
 breast  
 The frozen trophy torn from Winter's  
 crest ;  
 The violet, gazing on the arch of blue  
 Till her own iris wears its deepened hue ;  
 The spendthrift crocus, bursting through  
 the mould  
 Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.  
 Swelled with new life, the darkening  
 elm on high  
 Prints her thick buds against the spotted  
 sky ;  
 On all her boughs the stately chestnut  
 cleaves  
 The gummy shroud that wraps her  
 embryo leaves ;  
 The house-fly, stealing from his narrow  
 grave,

Drugged with the opiate that November  
 gave,  
 Beats with faint wing against the sunny  
 pane,  
 Or crawls, tenacious, o'er its lucid plain ;  
 From shaded chinks of lichen-cruste  
 walls,  
 In languid curves, the gliding serpent  
 crawls ;  
 The bog's green harper, thawing from  
 his sleep,  
 Twangs a hoarse note and tries a short-  
 ened leap ;  
 On floating rails that face the softening  
 noons  
 The still shy turtles range their dark  
 platoons,  
 Or, toiling aimless o'er the mellowing  
 fields,  
 Trail through the grass their tessellated  
 shields.

At last young April, ever frail and fair,  
 Wooded by her playmate with the golden  
 hair,  
 Chased to the margin of receding floods  
 O'er the soft meadows starred with open-  
 ing buds,  
 In tears and blushes sighs herself away,  
 And hides her cheek beneath the flowers  
 of May.

Then the proud tulip lights her beacon  
 blaze,  
 Her clustering curls the hyacinth dis-  
 plays ;

O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-lis,  
 Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and free ;  
 With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine glows,  
 And love lays bare the passion-breathing rose ;  
 Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge  
 The rival lily hastens to emerge,  
 Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips,  
 Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,  
 The yielding season's bridal serenade ;  
 Then flash the wings returning Summer calls  
 Through the deep arches of her forest halls,—  
 The bluebird, breathing from his azure plumes  
 The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms ;  
 The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,  
 Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown ;  
 The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire  
 Rent by a whirlwind from a blazing spire.  
 The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,  
 Repeats, imperious, his *staccato* note ;  
 The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,  
 Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight ;  
 Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,  
 Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings.

Why dream I here within these caging walls,  
 Deaf to her voice, while blooming Nature calls ;

Peering and gazing with insatiate looks  
 Through blinding lenses, or in wearying books ?  
 Off, gloomy spectres of the shrivelled past !  
 Fly with the leaves that fill the autumn, blast !  
 Ye imps of Science, whose relentless chains  
 Lock the warm tides within these living veins,  
 Close your dim cavern, while its captive strays  
 Dazzled and giddy in the morning's blaze !

#### THE STUDY.

YET in the darksome crypt I left so late,  
 Whose only altar is its rusted grate, —  
 Sepulchral, rayless, joyless as it seems,  
 Shamed by the glare of May's refulgent beams, —  
 While the dim seasons dragged their shrouded train,  
 Its paler splendors were not quite in vain.  
 From these dull bars the cheerful fire-light's glow  
 Streamed through the casement o'er the spectral snow ;  
 Here, while the night-wind wreaked its frantic will  
 On the loose ocean and the rock-bound hill,  
 Rent the cracked topsail from its quivering yard,  
 And rived the oak a thousand storms had scarred,  
 Fenced by these walls the peaceful taper shone,  
 Nor felt a breath to slant its trembling cone.

Not all unblest the mild interior scene  
 When the red curtain spread its falling  
 screen ;  
 O'er some light task the lonely hours  
 were past,  
 And the long evening only flew too fast ;  
 Or the wide chair its leathern arms would  
 lend  
 In genial welcome to some easy friend,  
 Stretched on its bosom with relaxing  
 nerves,  
 Slow moulding, plastic, to its hollow  
 curves ;  
 Perchance indulging, if of generous  
 creed,  
 In brave Sir Walter's dream-compelling  
 weed.  
 Or, happier still, the evening hour would  
 bring  
 To the round table its expected ring,  
 And while the punch-bowl's sounding  
 depths were stirred, —  
 Its silver cherubs smiling as they  
 heard, —  
 Our hearts would open, as at evening's  
 hour  
 The close-sealed primrose frees its hid-  
 den flower.

Such the warm life this dim retreat  
 has known,  
 Not quite deserted when its guests were  
 flown ;  
 Nay, filled with friends, an unobtrusive  
 set,  
 Guiltless of calls and cards and etiquette,  
 Ready to answer, never known to ask,  
 Claiming no service, prompt for every  
 task.

On those dark shelves no housewife  
 hand profanes,  
 O'er his mute files the monarch folio  
 reigns ;

A mingled race, the wreck of chance  
 and time,  
 That talk all tongues and breathe of  
 every clime,  
 Each knows his place, and each may  
 claim his part  
 In some quaint corner of his master's  
 heart.  
 This old Decretal, won from Kloss's  
 hoards,  
 Thick-leaved, brass-cornered, ribbed  
 with oaken boards,  
 Stands the gray patriarch of the graver  
 rows,  
 Its fourth ripe century narrowing to its  
 close ;  
 Not daily conned, but glorious still to  
 view,  
 With glistening letters wrought in red  
 and blue.  
 There towers Stagira's all-embracing  
 sage,  
 The Aldine anchor on his opening page ;  
 There sleep the births of Plato's heavenly  
 mind,  
 In yon dark tomb by jealous clasps con-  
 fined,  
 "Olim e libris" (dare I call it mine ?)  
 Of Yale's grave Head and Killingworth's  
 divine !  
 In those square sheets the songs of Maro  
 fill  
 The silvery types of smooth-leaved Bas-  
 kerville ;  
 High over all, in close, compact array,  
 Their classic wealth the Elzevirs display.  
 In lower regions of the sacred space  
 Range the dense volumes of a humbler  
 race ;  
 There grim surgeons all their mys-  
 teries teach,  
 In spectral pictures, or in crabbed  
 speech ;  
 Harvey and Haller, fresh from Nature's  
 page,

Shoulder the dreamers of an earlier age,  
Lully and Geber, and the learned crew  
That loved to talk of all they could not  
do.

Why count the rest, — those names of  
later days

That many love, and all agree to  
praise, —

Or point the titles, where a glance may  
read

The dangerous lines of party or of creed?  
Too well, perchance, the chosen list  
would show

What few may care and none can claim  
to know.

Each has his features, whose exterior seal  
A brush may copy, or a sunbeam steal;  
Go to his study, — on the nearest shelf  
Stands the mosaic portrait of himself.

What though for months the tranquil  
dust descends,

Whitening the heads of these mine an-  
cient friends,

While the damp offspring of the modern  
press

Flaunts on my table with its pictured  
dress;

Not less I love each dull familiar face,  
Nor less should miss it from the ap-  
pointed place;

I snatch the book, along whose burning  
leaves

His scarlet web our wild romancer  
weaves,

Yet, while proud Hester's fiery pangs I  
share,

My old *MAGNALIA* must be standing  
*there!*

#### THE BELLS.

WHEN o'er the street the morning peal  
is flung

From yon tall belfry with the brazen  
tongue,

Its wide vibrations, wafted by the gale,  
To each far listener tell a different tale.

The sexton, stooping to the quivering  
floor

Till the great caldron spills its brassy  
roar,

Whirls the hot axle, counting, one by  
one,

Each dull concussion, till his task is  
done.

Toil's patient daughter, when the wel-  
come note

Clangs through the silence from the  
steeple's throat,

Streams, a white unit, to the checkered  
street,

Demure, but guessing whom she soon  
shall meet;

The bell, responsive to her secret flame,  
With every note repeats her lover's  
name.

The lover, tenant of the neighboring  
lane,

Sighing, and fearing lest he sigh in vain,  
Hears the stern accents, as they come  
and go,

Their only burden one despairing No!  
Ocean's rough child, whom many a  
shore has known

Ere homeward breezes swept him to his  
own,

Starts at the echo as it circles round,  
A thousand memories kindling with the  
sound;

The early favorite's unforgotten charms,  
Whose blue initials stain his tawny  
arms;

His first farewell, the flapping canvas  
spread,

The seaward streamers crackling over-  
head,

His kind, pale mother, not ashamed to  
weep

Her first-born's bridal with the haggard  
deep,

While the brave father stood with tear-  
less eye,  
Smiling and choking with his last good-  
by.

It is but a wave, whose spreading cir-  
cle beats,  
With the same impulse, every nerve it  
meets,  
Yet who shall count the varied shapes  
that ride  
On the round surge of that aerial tide !

O child of earth ! If floating sounds  
like these  
Steal from thyself their power to wound  
or please,  
If here or there thy changing will in-  
clines,  
As the bright zodiac shifts its rolling  
signs,  
Look at thy heart, and when its depths  
are known  
Then try thy brother's, judging by thine  
own,  
But keep thy wisdom to the narrower  
range,  
While its own standards are the sport of  
change,  
Nor count us rebels when we disobey  
The passing breath that holds thy pas-  
sion's sway.

**NON-RESISTANCE.**

PERHAPS too far in these considerate  
days  
Has patience carried her submissive  
ways ;  
Wisdom has taught us to be calm and  
meek,  
To take one blow, and turn the other  
cheek ;  
It is not written what a man shall do,  
If the rude caitiff smite the other too !

Land of our fathers, in thine hour of  
need  
God help thee, guarded by the passive  
creed !  
As the lone pilgrim trusts to beads and  
cowl,  
When through the forest rings the gray  
wolf's howl ;  
As the deep galleon trusts her gilded  
prow  
When the black corsair slants athwart  
her bow ;  
As the poor pheasant, with his peaceful  
mien,  
Trusts to his feathers, shining golden-  
green,  
When the dark plumage with the crim-  
son beak  
Has rustled shadowy from its splintered  
peak, —  
So trust thy friends, whose babbling  
tongues would charm  
The lifted sabre from thy foeman's arm,  
Thy torches ready for the answering peal  
From bellowing fort and thunder-  
freighted keel !

**THE MORAL BULLY.**

YON whey-faced brother, who delights  
to wear  
A weedy flux of ill-conditioned hair,  
Seems of the sort that in a crowded  
place  
One elbows freely into smallest space ;  
A timid creature, lax of knee and hip,  
Whom small disturbance whitens round  
the lip ;  
One of those harmless spectacled ma-  
chines,  
The Holy-Week of Protestants convenes ;  
Whom school-boys question if their walk  
transcends  
The last advices of maternal friends ;

<p>Whom John, obedient to his master's sign, Conducts, laborious, up to <i>ninety-nine</i>, While Peter, glistening with luxurious scorn, Husks his white ivories like an ear of corn ; Dark in the brow and bilious in the cheek, Whose yellowish linen flowers but once a week, Conspicuous, annual, in their threadbare suits, And the laced high-lows which they call their boots Well mayst thou <i>shun</i> that dingy front severe, But him, O stranger, him thou canst not <i>fear !</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Be slow to judge, and slower to de- spise, Man of broad shoulders and heroic size !</p> <p>The tiger, writhing from the boa's rings, Drops at the fountain where the cobra stings. In that lean phantom, whose extended glove Points to the text of universal love, Behold the master that can tame thee down To crouch, the vassal of his Sunday frown ; His velvet throat against thy corded wrist, His loosened tongue against thy doubled fist !</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The MORAL BULLY, though he never swears, Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs, Though meekness plants his backward- sloping hat,</p>	<p>And non-resistance ties his white cravat, Though his black broadcloth glories to be seen In the same plight with Shylock's gaber- dine, Hugs the same passion to his narrow breast That heaves the cuirass on the trooper's chest, Hears the same hell-hounds yelling in his rear That chase from port the maddened buc- cauer, Feels the same comfort while his acrid words Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds, Or with grim logic prove, beyond de- bate, That all we love is worthiest of our hate, As the scarred ruffian of the pirate's deck, When his long swivel rakes the staggering wreck !</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Heaven keep us all ! Is every rascal clown Whose arm is stronger free to knock us down ? Has every scarecrow, whose cachectic soul Seems fresh from Bedlam, airing on pa- role, Who, though he carries but a doubtful trace Of angel visits on his hungry face, From lack of marrow or the coins to pay, Has dodged some vices in a shabby way, The right to stick us with his cutthroat terms, And bait his homilies with his brother worms ?</p>
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THE MIND'S DIET.

No life worth naming ever comes to  
 good  
 If always nourished on the selfsame  
 food ;  
 The creeping mite may live so if he please,  
 And feed on Stilton till he turns to cheese,  
 But cool Magendie proves beyond a  
 doubt,  
 If mammals try it, that their eyes drop  
 out.

No reasoning natures find it safe to  
 feed,  
 For their sole diet, on a single creed ;  
 It spoils their eyeballs while it spares  
 their tongues,  
 And starves the heart to feed the noisy  
 lungs.

When the first larvæ on the elm are  
 seen,  
 The crawling wretches, like its leaves,  
 are green ;  
 Ere chill October shakes the latest down,  
 They, like the foliage, change their tint  
 to brown ;  
 On the blue flower a bluer flower you spy,  
 You stretch to pluck it — 't is a butter-  
 fly ;  
 The flattened tree-toads so resemble bark,  
 They 're hard to find as Ethiops in the  
 dark ;  
 The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious  
 mud,  
 Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for  
 his blood ;  
 So by long living on a single lie,  
 Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its  
 dye ;  
 Red, yellow, green, they take their sub-  
 ject's hue. —  
 Except when squabbling turns them  
 black and blue !

OUR LIMITATIONS.

WE trust and fear, we question and  
 believe,  
 From life's dark threads a trembling  
 faith to weave,  
 Frail as the web that misty night has  
 spun,  
 Whose dew-gemmed awnings glitter in  
 the sun.  
 While the calm centuries spell their les-  
 sons out,  
 Each truth we conquer spreads the realm  
 of doubt ;  
 When Sinai's summit was Jehovah's  
 throne,  
 The chosen Prophet knew his voice  
 alone ;  
 When Pilate's hall that awful question  
 heard,  
 The Heavenly Captive answered not a  
 word.

Eternal Truth ! beyond our hopes and  
 fears  
 Sweep the vast orbits of thy myriad  
 spheres !  
 From age to age, while History carves  
 sublime  
 On her waste rock the flaming curves of  
 time,  
 How the wild swayings of our planet  
 show  
 That worlds unseen surround the world  
 we know.

THE OLD PLAYER.

THE curtain rose ; in thunders long  
 and loud  
 The galleries rung ; the veteran actor  
 bowed.  
 In flaming line the telltales of the stage  
 Showed on his brow the autograph of  
 age ;

Pale, hueless waves amid his clustered  
hair,  
And umbered shadows, prints of toil  
and care;  
Round the wide circle glanced his vacant  
eye, —  
He strove to speak, — his voice was but  
a sigh.

Year after year had seen its short-  
lived race  
Flit past the scenes and others take their  
place;  
Yet the old prompter watched his accents  
still,  
His name still flaunted on the evening's  
bill.  
Heroes, the monarchs of the scenic floor,  
Had died in earnest and were heard no  
more;  
Beauties, whose cheeks such roseate  
bloom o'erspread  
They faced the footlights in unborrowed  
red,  
Had faded slowly through successive  
shades  
To gray duennas, foils of younger maids;  
Sweet voices lost the melting tones that  
start  
With Southern throbs the sturdy Saxon  
heart,  
While fresh sopranos shook the painted  
sky  
With their long, breathless, quivering  
locust-cry.  
Yet there he stood, — the man of other  
days,  
In the clear present's full, unsparing  
blaze,  
As on the oak a faded leaf that clings  
While a new April spreads its burnished  
wings.

How bright yon rows that seared in  
triple tier,

Their central sun the flashing chandelier!  
How dim the eye that sought with  
doubtful aim  
Some friendly smile it still might dare  
to claim!  
How fresh these hearts! his own how  
worn and cold!  
Such the sad thoughts that long-drawn  
sigh had told.

No word yet faltered on his trembling  
tongue;  
Again, again, the crashing galleries rung.  
As the old guardsman at the bugle's blast  
Hears in its strain the echoes of the past;  
So, as the plaudits rolled and thundered  
round,  
A life of memories startled at the sound.  
He lived again, — the page of earliest  
days, —  
Days of small fee and parsimonious  
praise;  
Then lithe young Romeo — hark that  
silvered tone,  
From those smooth lips — alas! they  
were his own.  
Then the bronzed Moor, with all his  
love and woe,  
Told his strange tale of midnight melt-  
ing snow;  
And dark-plumed Hamlet, with his  
cloak and blade,  
Looked on the royal ghost, himself a  
shade.  
All in one flash, his youthful memories  
came,  
Traced in bright hues of evanescent  
flame,  
As the spent swimmer's in the lifelong  
dream,  
While the last bubble rises through the  
stream.

Call him not old, whose visionary  
brain  
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.

For him in vain the envious seasons roll  
 Who bears eternal summer in his soul.  
 If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,  
 Spring with her birds, or children at  
 their play,  
 Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream  
 of art,

Stir the few life-drops creeping round  
 his heart,

Turn to the record where his years are  
 told, —

Count his gray hairs, — they cannot  
 make him old!

What magic power has changed the  
 faded mime?

One breath of memory on the dust of  
 time.

As the last window in the buttressed wall  
 Of some gray minster tottering to its fall,  
 Though to the passing crowd its hues  
 are spread,

A dull mosaic, yellow, green, and red,  
 Viewed from within, a radiant glory  
 shows

When through its pictured screen the  
 sunlight flows,

And kneeling pilgrims on its storied pane  
 See angels glow in every shapeless stain;  
 So streamed the vision through his  
 sunken eye,

Clad in the splendors of his morning sky.  
 All the wild hopes his eager boyhood  
 knew,

All the young fancies riper years proved  
 true,

The sweet, low-whispered words, the  
 winning glance

From queens of song, from Houris of  
 the dance,

Wealth's lavish gift, and Flattery's  
 soothing phrase,

And Beauty's silence when her blush  
 was praise,

And melting Pride, her lashes wet with  
 tears,

Triumphs and banquets, wreaths and  
 crowns and cheers,

Pangs of wild joy that perish on the  
 tongue,

And all that poets dream, but leave  
 unsung!

In every heart some viewless founts  
 are fed

From far-off hillsides where the dews  
 were shed;

On the worn features of the weariest face  
 Some youthful memory leaves its hidden  
 trace,

As in old gardens left by exiled kings  
 The marble basins tell of hidden springs,  
 But, gray with dust, and overgrown with  
 weeds,

Their choking jets the passer little heeds,  
 Till time's revenges break their seals  
 away,

And, clad in rainbow light, the waters  
 play.

Good night, fond dreamer! let the  
 curtain fall:

The world's a stage, and we are players  
 all.

A strange rehearsal! Kings without  
 their crowns,

And threadbare lords, and jewel-wear-  
 ing clowns,

Speak the vain words that mock their  
 throbbing hearts,

As Want, stern prompter! spells them  
 out their parts.

The tinselled hero whom we praise and pay  
 Is twice an actor in a twofold play.

We smile at children when a painted  
 screen

Seems to their simple eyes a real scene;  
 Ask the poor hireling, who has left his  
 throne

To seek the cheerless home he calls his  
 own,

Which of his double lives most real  
 seems,  
 The world of solid fact or scenic dreams?  
 Canvas, or clouds, — the footlights, or  
 the spheres, —  
 The play of two short hours, or seventy  
 years?  
 Dream on! Though Heaven may woo  
 our open eyes,  
 Through their closed lids we look on  
 fairer skies;  
 Truth is for other worlds, and hope for  
 this;  
 The cheating future lends the present's  
 bliss;  
 Life is a running shade, with fettered  
 hands,  
 That chases phantoms over shifting  
 sands;  
 Death a still spectre on a marble seat,  
 With ever clutching palms and shackled  
 feet;  
 The airy shapes that mock life's slender  
 chain,  
 The flying joys he strives to clasp in vain,  
 Death only grasps; to live is to pur-  
 sue, —  
 Dream on! there's nothing but illusion  
 true!

#### THE ISLAND RUIN.

YE that have faced the billows and  
 the spray  
 Of good St. Botolph's island-studded  
 bay,  
 As from the gliding bark your eye has  
 scanned  
 The beaconed rocks, the wave-girt hills  
 of sand,  
 Have ye not marked one elm-o'ershaded  
 isle,  
 Round as the dimple chased in beauty's  
 smile, —

A stain of verdure on an azure field,  
 Set like a jewel in a battered shield?  
 Fixed in the narrow gorge of Ocean's  
 path,  
 Peaceful it meets him in his hour of  
 wrath;  
 When the mailed Titan, scourged by  
 hissing gales,  
 Writhes in his glistening coat of clash-  
 ing scales;  
 The storm-beat island spreads its tran-  
 quil green,  
 Calm as an emerald on an angry queen.  
 So fair when distant should be fairer  
 near;  
 A boat shall waft us from the out-  
 stretched pier.  
 The breeze blows fresh; we reach the  
 island's edge,  
 Our shallop rustling through the yield-  
 ing sedge.  
 No welcome greets us on the desert  
 isle;  
 Those elms, far-shadowing, hide no  
 stately pile:  
 Yet these green ridges mark an ancient  
 road;  
 And lo! the traces of a fair abode;  
 The long gray line that marks a garden-  
 wall,  
 And heaps of fallen beams, — fire-  
 branded all.

Who sees unmoved, a ruin at his feet,  
 The lowliest home where human hearts  
 have beat?  
 Its hearthstone, shaded with the bistre  
 stain  
 A century's showery torrents wash in  
 vain;  
 Its starving orchard, where the thistle  
 blows  
 And mossy trunks still mark the broken  
 rows;  
 Its chimney-loving poplar, oftenest seen

Next an old roof, or where a roof has  
 been ;  
 Its knot-grass, plantain, — all the social  
 weeds,  
 Man's mute companions, following where  
 he leads ;  
 Its dwarfed, pale flowers, that show their  
 straggling heads,  
 Sown by the wind from grass-choked  
 garden-beds ;  
 Its woodbine, creeping where it used to  
 climb ;  
 Its roses, breathing of the olden time ;  
 All the poor shows the curious idler sees,  
 As life's thin shadows waste by slow  
 degrees,  
 Till naught remains, the saddening tale  
 to tell,  
 Save home's last wrecks, — the cellar  
 and the well !

And whose the home that strews in  
 black decay  
 The one green-glowing island of the bay ?  
 Some dark-browed pirate's, jealous of  
 the fate  
 That seized the strangled wretch of  
 "Nix's Mate" ?  
 Some forger's, skulking in a borrowed  
 name,  
 Whom Tyburn's dangling halter yet  
 may claim ?  
 Some wan-eyed exile's, wealth and sor-  
 row's heir,  
 Who sought a lone retreat for tears and  
 prayer ?  
 Some brooding poet's, sure of deathless  
 fame,  
 Had not his epic perished in the flame ?  
 Or some gray wooer's, whom a girlish  
 frown  
 Chased from his solid friends and sober  
 town ?  
 Or some plain tradesman's, fond of shade  
 and ease,

Who sought them both beneath these  
 quiet trees ?  
 Why question mutes no question can  
 unlock,  
 Dumb as the legend on the Dighton rock ?  
 One thing at least these ruined heaps  
 declare, —  
 They were a shelter once ; a man lived  
 there.

But where the charred and crumbling  
 records fail,  
 Some breathing lips may piece the half-  
 told tale ;  
 No man may live with neighbors such  
 as these,  
 Though girt with walls of rock and angry  
 seas,  
 And shield his home, his children, or  
 his wife,  
 His ways, his means, his vote, his creed,  
 his life,  
 From the dread sovereignty of Ears and  
 Eyes  
 And the small member that beneath  
 them lies.  
 They told strange things of that mys-  
 terious man ;  
 Believe who will, deny them such as can ;  
 Why should we fret if every passing sail  
 Had its old seaman talking on the rail ?  
 The deep-sunk schooner stuffed with  
 Eastern lime,  
 Slow wedging on, as if the waves were  
 slime ;  
 The knife-edged clipper with her ruffled  
 spars,  
 The pawing steamer with her mane of  
 stars,  
 The bull-browed galliot butting through  
 the stream,  
 The wide-sailed yacht that slipped along  
 her beam,  
 The deck-piled sloops, the pinched che-  
 acco-boats,

The frigate, black with thunder-freighted  
throats,  
All had their talk about the lonely man ;  
And thus, in varying phrase, the story  
ran.

His name had cost him little care to  
seek,  
Plain, honest, brief, a decent name to  
speak,

Common, not vulgar, just the kind that  
slips

With least suggestion from a stranger's  
lips.

His birthplace England, as his speech  
might show,

Or his hale cheek, that wore the red-  
streak's glow ;

His mouth sharp-moulded ; in its mirth  
or scorn

There came a flash as from the milky corn,  
When from the ear you rip the rustling  
sheath,

And the white ridges show their even  
teeth.

His stature moderate, but his strength  
confessed,

In spite of broadcloth, by his ample  
breast ;

Full-armed, thick-handed ; one that  
had been strong,

And might be dangerous still, if things  
went wrong.

He lived at ease beneath his elm-trees'  
shade,

Did naught for gain, yet all his debts  
were paid ;

Rich, so 't was thought, but careful of  
his store ;

Had all he needed, claimed to have no  
more.

But some that lingered round the isle  
at night  
Spoke of strange stealthy doings in their  
sight ;

Of creeping lonely visits that he made  
To nooks and corners, with a torch and  
spade.

Some said they saw the hollow of a cave ;  
One, given to fables, swore it was a grave ;  
Whereat some shuddered, others boldly  
cried,

Those prowling boatmen lied, and knew  
they lied.

They said his house was framed with  
curious cares,

Lest some old friend might enter un-  
awares ;

That on the platform at his chamber's  
door

Hinged a loose square that opened  
through the floor ;

Touch the black silken tassel next the  
bell,

Down, with a crash, the flapping trap-  
door fell ;

Three stories deep the falling wretch  
would strike,

To writhe at leisure on a boarder's pike.

By day armed always ; double-armed  
at night,

His tools lay round him ; wake him  
such as might.

A carbine hung beside his India fan,  
His hand could reach a Turkish ataghan ;

Pistols, with quaint-carved stocks and  
barrels gilt,

Crossed a long dagger with a jewelled  
hilt ;

A slashing cutlass stretched along the  
bed ;—

All this was what those lying boatmen  
said.

Then some were full of wondrous sto-  
ries told

Of great oak chests and cupboards full of  
gold ;

Of the wedged ingots and the silver  
bars

That cost old pirates ugly sabre-scars ;

How his laced wallet often would dis-  
gorge  
The fresh-faced guinea of an English  
George,  
Or sweated ducat, palmed by Jews of  
yore,  
Or double Joe, or Portuguese moidore,  
And how his finger wore a rubied ring  
Fit for the white-necked play-girl of a  
king.  
But these fine legends, told with staring  
eyes,  
Met with small credence from the old  
and wise.

Why tell each idle guess, each whisper  
vain?  
Enough: the scorched and cindered  
beams remain.  
He came, a silent pilgrim to the West,  
Some old-world mystery throbbing in  
his breast;  
Close to the thronging mart he dwelt  
alone;  
He lived; he died. The rest is all un-  
known.

Stranger, whose eyes the shadowy isle  
survey,  
As the black steamer dashes through  
the bay,  
Why ask his buried secret to divine?  
He was thy brother; speak, and tell us  
thine!

**THE BANKER'S DINNER.**

THE Banker's dinner is the stateliest  
feast  
The town has heard of for a year, at  
least;  
The sparry lustres shed their broadest  
blaze,  
Damask and silver catch and spread the  
rays;

The florist's triumphs crown the daintier  
spoil  
Won from the sea, the forest, or the soil;  
The steaming hot-house yields its largest  
pines,  
The sunless vaults unearth their oldest  
wines;  
With one admiring look the scene sur-  
vey,  
And turn a moment from the bright dis-  
play.

Of all the joys of earthly pride or  
power,  
What gives most life, worth living, in  
an hour?  
When Victory settles on the doubtful  
fight  
And the last foeman wheels in panting  
flight,  
No thrill like this is felt beneath the  
sun;  
Life's sovereign moment is a battle won.  
But say what next? To shape a Senate's  
choice,  
By the strong magic of the master's  
voice;  
To ride the stormy tempest of debate  
That whirls the wavering fortunes of the  
state.

Third in the list, the happy lover's  
prize  
Is won by honeyed words from women's  
eyes.  
If some would have it first instead of  
third,  
So let it be, — I answer not a word.  
The fourth, — sweet readers, let the  
thoughtless half  
Have its small shrug and inoffensive  
laugh;  
Let the grave quarter wear its virtuous  
frown,  
The stern half-quarter try to scowl us  
down;

But the last eighth, the choice and  
sifted few,  
Will hear my words, and, pleased, con-  
fess them true.

Among the great whom Heaven has  
made to shine,  
How few have learned the art of arts, --  
to dine!

Nature, indulgent to our daily need,  
Kind-hearted mother! taught us all to  
feed;

But the chief art, — how rarely Nature  
flings

This choicest gift among her social  
kings!

Say, man of truth, has life a brighter  
hour

Than waits the chosen guest who knows  
his power?

He moves with ease, itself an angel  
charm, —

Lifts with light touch my lady's jewelled  
arm,

Slides to his seat, half leading and half  
led,

Smiling but quiet till the grace is said,  
Then gently kindles, while by slow de-  
grees

Creep softly out the little arts that  
please;

Bright looks, the cheerful language of  
the eye,

The neat, crisp question and the gay  
reply, —

Talk light and airy, such as well may  
pass

Between the rested fork and lifted  
glass; —

With play like this the earlier evening  
flies,

Till rustling silks proclaim the ladies  
rise.

His hour has come, — he looks along  
the chairs,

As the Great Duke surveyed his iron  
squares.

— That's the young traveller, — is n't  
much to show, —

Fast on the road, but at the table slow.

— Next him, — you see the author in  
his look, —

His forehead lined with wrinkles like a  
book, —

Wrote the great history of the ancient  
Huns, —

Holds back to fire among the heavy  
guns.

— O, there's our poet seated at his side,  
Beloved of ladies, soft, cerulean-eyed.

Poets are prosy in their common talk,  
As the fast trotters, for the most part,

walk.

— And there's our well-dressed gentle-  
man, who sits,

By right divine, no doubt, among the  
wits,

Who airs his tailor's patterns when he  
walks,

The man that often speaks, but never  
talks.

Why should he talk, whose presence  
lends a grace

To every table where he shows his face?  
He knows the manual of the silver fork,

Can name his claret — if he sees the  
cork, —

Remark that "White-top" was consid-  
ered fine,

But swear the "Juno" is the better  
wine; —

Is not this talking? Ask Quintilian's  
rules;

If they say No, the town has many fools.  
— Pause for a moment, — for our eyes

behold

The plain unseptred king, the man of  
gold,

The thrice illustrious threefold million-  
naire;



**Mark** his slow-creeping, dead, metallic  
stare ;

His eyes, dull glimmering, like the bal-  
ance-pan

That weighs its guinea as he weighs his  
man.

— Who's next ? An artist, in a satin tie  
Whose ample folds defeat the curious  
eye.

— And there's the cousin, — must be  
asked, you know, —

Looks like a spinster at a baby-show.

Hope he is cool, — they set him next  
the door, —

And likes his place, between the gap  
and bore.

— Next comes a Congress-man, distin-  
guished guest !

We don't count him, — they asked him  
with the rest ;

And then some white cravats, with well-  
shaped ties,

And heads above them which their  
owners prize.

Of all that cluster round the genial  
board,

Not one so radiant as the banquet's lord.  
Some say they fancy, but they know not  
why,

A shade of trouble brooding in his  
eye,

Nothing, perhaps, — the rooms are over-  
hot, —

Yet see his cheek, — the dull-red burn-  
ing spot, —

Taste the brown sherry which he does  
not pass, —

Ha ! That is brandy ; see him fill his  
glass !

But not forgetful of his feasting  
friends,

To each in turn some lively word he  
sends ;

See how he throws his baited lines about,

And plays his men as anglers play their  
trout.

With the dry sticks all bonfires are  
begun ;

Bring the first fagot, proser number one !  
A question drops among the listening  
crew

And hits the traveller, pat on Tim-  
buctoo.

We're on the Niger, somewhere near its  
source, —

Not the least hurry, take the river's  
course

Through Kissi, Foota, Kankan, Bamma-  
koo,

Bambarra, Sego, so to Timbuctoo,

Thence down to Youri ; — stop him if  
we can,

We can't fare worse, — wake up the  
Congress-man !

The Congress-man, once on his talking  
legs,

Stirs up his knowledge to its thickest  
dregs ;

Tremendous draught for dining men to  
quaff !

Nothing will choke him but a purpling  
laugh.

A word, — a shout, — a mighty roar, —  
't is done ;

Extinguished ; lassoed by a treacherous  
pun.

A laugh is priming to the loaded soul ;  
The scattering shots become a steady  
roll,

Broke by sharp cracks that run along  
the line,

The light artillery of the talker's wine.

The kindling goblets flame with golden  
dews,

The hoarded flasks their tawny fire dif-  
fuse,

And the Rhine's breast-milk gushes cold  
and bright,

Pale as the moon and maddening as her  
light ;

With crimson juice the thirsty southern  
sky

Sucks from the hills where buried armies  
lie,

So that the dreamy passion it imparts  
Is drawn from heroes' bones and lovers'  
hearts.

But lulls will come ; the flashing soul  
transmits

Its gleams of light in alternating fits.

The shower of talk that rattled down  
amain

Ends in small patterings like an April's  
rain ;

The voices halt ; the game is at a stand ;  
Now for a solo from the master-hand !

'T is but a story, — quite a simple  
thing, —

An *aria* touched upon a single string,  
But every accent comes with such a  
grace

The stupid servants listen in their place,  
Each with his waiter in his lifted hands,  
Still as a well-bred pointer when he  
stands.

A query checks him : "Is he quite ex-  
act ?" —

(This from a grizzled, square-jawed man  
of fact.)

The sparkling story leaves him to his  
fate,

Crushed by a witness, smothered with  
a date,

As a swift river, sown with many a  
star,

Runs brighter, rippling on a shallow  
bar.

The smooth divine suggests a graver  
doubt ;

A neat quotation bowls the parson out ;  
Then, sliding gayly from his own dis-  
play,

He laughs the learned dulness all away.

So, with the merry tale and jovial  
song,

The jocund evening whirls itself along,  
Till the last chorus shrieks its loud *en-  
cove*,

And the white neckcloths vanish  
through the door.

One savage word ! — The menials  
know its tone,

And slink away ; the master stands  
alone.

"Well played, by —"; breathe not  
what were best unheard ;

His goblet shivers while he speaks the  
word, —

"If wine tells truth, — and so have said  
the wise, —

It makes me laugh to think how brandy  
lies !

Bankrupt to-morrow, — millionaire to-  
day, —

The farce is over, — now begins the  
play !"

The spring he touches lets a panel  
glide ;

An iron closet lurks beneath the slide,  
Bright with such treasures as a search  
might bring

From the deep pockets of a truant king.  
Two diamonds, eyeballs of a God of  
bronze,

Bought from his faithful priest, a pious  
Bonze ;

A string of brilliants ; rubies, three or  
four ;

Bags of old coin and bars of virgin ore ;  
A jewelled poniard and a Turkish knife,  
Noiseless and useful if we come to strife.

Gone ! As a pirate flies before the  
wind,

And not one tear for all he leaves be-  
hind !

From all the love his better years have  
known

Fled like a felon, — ah ! but not alone !  
 The chariot flashes through a lantern's  
 glare, —  
 O the wild eyes ! the storm of sable  
 hair !  
 Still to his side the broken heart will  
 cling, —  
 The bride of shame, the wife without  
 the ring :  
 Hark, the deep oath, — the wail of fren-  
 zied woe, —  
 Lost ! lost to hope of Heaven and peace  
 below !

He kept his secret ; but the seed of  
 crime  
 Bursts of itself in God's appointed time.  
 The lives he wrecked were scattered far  
 and wide ;  
 One never blamed nor wept, — she only  
 died.  
 None knew his lot, though idle tongues  
 would say  
 He sought a lonely refuge far away,  
 And there, with borrowed name and al-  
 tered mien,  
 He died unheeded, as he lived unseen.  
 The moral market had the usual chills  
 Of Virtue suffering from protested bills ;  
 The White Cravats, to friendship's mem-  
 ory true,  
 Sighed for the past, surveyed the future  
 too ;  
 Their sorrow breathed in one expressive  
 line, —  
 "Gave pleasant dinners ; who has got  
 his wine ?"

**THE MYSTERIOUS ILLNESS.**

WHAT ailed young Lucius ? Art had  
 vainly tried  
 To guess his ill, and found herself defied.  
 The Augur plied his legendary skill ;

Useless ; the fair young Roman lan-  
 guished still.  
 His chariot took him every cloudless  
 day  
 Along the Pincian Hill or Appian Way ;  
 They rubbed his wasted limbs with sul-  
 phurous oil,  
 Oozed from the far-off Orient's heated  
 soil ;  
 They led him tottering down the steamy  
 path  
 Where bubbling fountains filled the ther-  
 mal bath ;  
 Borne in his litter to Egeria's cave,  
 They washed him, shivering, in her icy  
 wave.  
 They sought all curious herbs and costly  
 stones,  
 They scraped the moss that grew on dead  
 men's bones,  
 They tried all cures the votive tablets  
 taught,  
 Scoured every place whence healing  
 drugs were brought,  
 O'er Thracian hills his breathless couriers  
 ran,  
 His slaves waylaid the Syrian caravan.  
 At last a servant heard a stranger  
 speak  
 A new chirurgeon's name ; a clever  
 Greek,  
 Skilled in his art ; from Pergamus he  
 came  
 To Rome but lately ; GALEN was the  
 name.  
 The Greek was called : a man with pier-  
 cing eyes,  
 Who must be cunning, and who might  
 be wise.  
 He spoke but little, — if they pleased,  
 he said,  
 He 'd wait awhile beside the sufferer's  
 bed.  
 So by his side he sat, serene and  
 calm,

His very accents soft as healing balm ;  
Not curious seemed, but every movement  
spied,

His sharp eyes searching where they  
seemed to glide ;

Asked a few questions, — what he felt,  
and where ?

“A pain just here,” “A constant beat-  
ing there.”

Who ordered bathing for his aches and  
ails ?

“Charmis, the water-doctor from Mar-  
seilles.”

What was the last prescription in his  
case ?

“A draught of wine with powdered  
chrysopease.”

Had he no secret grief he nursed alone ?  
A pause ; a little tremor ; answer, —

“None.”

Thoughtful, a moment, sat the cun-  
ning leech,

And muttered “Eros !” in his native  
speech.

In the broad atrium various friends  
await

The last new utterance from the lips of  
fate ;

Men, matrons, maids, they talk the  
question o’er,

And, restless, pace the tessellated floor.

Not unobserved the youth so long had  
pined

By gentle-hearted dames and damsels  
kind ;

One with the rest, a rich Patrician’s  
pride,

The lady Hermia, called “the golden-  
eyed” ;

The same the old Proconsul fain must  
woo,

Whom, one dark night, a masked sicarius  
slew ;

The same black Crassus over roughly  
pressed

To hear his suit, — the Tiber knows the  
rest.

(Crassus was missed next morning by his  
set ;

Next week the fishers found him in their  
net.)

She with the others paced the ample  
hall,

Fairest, alas ! and saddest of them all.

At length the Greek declared, with  
puzzled face,

Some strange enchantment mingled in  
the case,

And naught would serve to act as counter-  
charm

Save a warm bracelet from a maiden’s  
arm.

Not every maiden’s, — many might be  
tried ;

Which not in vain, experience must de-  
cide.

Were there no damsels willing to at-  
tend

And do such service for a suffering friend ?

The message passed among the waiting  
crowd,

First in a whisper, then proclaimed  
aloud.

Some wore no jewels ; some were disin-  
clined,

For reasons better guessed at than de-  
fined ;

Though all were saints, — at least pro-  
fessed to be, —

The list all counted, there were named  
but three.

The leech, still seated by the patient’s  
side,

Held his thin wrist, and watched him,  
eagle-eyed.

Aurelia first, a fair-haired Tuscan girl,

Slipped off her golden asp, with eyes of  
pearl.

His solemn head the grave physician  
shook ;

The waxen features thanked her with a look.

Olympia next, a creature half divine,  
Sprung from the blood of old Evander's line,

Held her white arm, that wore a twisted chain

Clasped with an opal-sheeny cymophane.  
In vain, O daughter! said the baffled Greek.

The patient sighed the thanks he could not speak.

Last, Hermia entered; look, that sudden start!

The pallium heaves above his leaping heart;

The beating pulse, the cheek's rekindled flame,

Those quivering lips, the secret all proclaim.

The deep disease long throbbing in the breast,

The dread enchantment, all at once confessed!

The case was plain; the treatment was begun;

And Love soon cured the mischief he had done.

Young Love, too oft thy treacherous bandage slips

Down from the eyes it blinded to the lips!

Ask not the Gods, O youth, for clearer sight,

But the bold heart to plead thy cause aright.

And thou, fair maiden, when thy lovers sigh,

Suspect thy flattering ear, but trust thine eye;

And learn this secret from the tale of old:

No love so true as love that dies untold.

A MOTHER'S SECRET.

How sweet the sacred legend — if unblamed

In my slight verse such holy things are named —

Of Mary's secret hours of hidden joy,  
Silent, but pondering on her wondrous boy!

Ave, Maria! Pardon, if I wrong  
Those heavenly words that shame my earthly song!

The choral host had closed the Angel's strain

Sung to the listening watch on Bethlehem's plain,

And now the shepherds, hastening on their way,

Sought the still hamlet where the Infant lay.

They passed the fields that gleaning Ruth toiled o'er, —

They saw afar the ruined threshing-floor

Where Moab's daughter, homeless and forlorn,

Found Boaz slumbering by his heaps of corn;

And some remembered how the holy scribe,

Skilled in the lore of every jealous tribe,  
Traced the warm blood of Jesse's royal son

To that fair alien, bravely wooed and won.

So fared they on to seek the promised sign,

That marked the anointed heir of David's line.

At last, by forms of earthly semblance led,

They found the crowded inn, the oxen's shed.

No pomp was there, no glory shone around

On the coarse straw that strewed the  
 reeking ground ;  
 One dim retreat a flickering torch be-  
 trayed, —  
 In that poor cell the Lord of Life was  
 laid !  
 The wondering shepherds told their  
 breathless tale  
 Of the bright choir that woke the sleep-  
 ing vale ;  
 Told how the skies with sudden glory  
 flamed,  
 Told how the shining multitude pro-  
 claimed,  
 " Joy, joy to earth ! Behold the hal-  
 lowed morn !  
 In David's city Christ the Lord is born !  
 ' Glory to God ! ' let angels shout on high,  
 ' Good-will to men ! ' the listening earth  
 reply !"  
 They spoke with hurried words and  
 accents wild ;  
 Calm in his cradle slept the heavenly  
 child.  
 No trembling word the mother's joy re-  
 vealed, —  
 One sigh of rapture, and her lips were  
 sealed ;  
 Unmoved she saw the rustic train depart,  
 But kept their words to ponder in her  
 heart.  
 Twelve years had passed ; the boy was  
 fair and tall,  
 Growing in wisdom, finding grace with  
 all.  
 The maids of Nazareth, as they trooped  
 to fill  
 Their balanced urns beside the moun-  
 tain rill,  
 The gathered matrons, as they sat and  
 spun,  
 Spoke in soft words of Joseph's quiet  
 son.  
 No voice had reached the Galilean vale  
 Of star-led kings, or awe-struck shep-  
 herd's tale ;  
 In the meek, studious child they only saw  
 The future Rabbi, learned in Israel's law.  
 So grew the boy, and now the feast  
 was near  
 When at the Holy Place the tribes  
 appear.  
 Scarce had the home-bred child of  
 Nazareth seen  
 Beyond the hills that girt the village  
 green ;  
 Save when at midnight, o'er the starlit  
 sands,  
 Snatched from the steel of Herod's mur-  
 dering bands,  
 A babe, close folded to his mother's  
 breast,  
 Through Edom's wilds he sought the  
 sheltering West.  
 Then Joseph spake : " Thy boy hath  
 largely grown ;  
 Weave him fine raiment, fitting to be  
 shown ;  
 Fair robes beseem the pilgrim, as the  
 priest :  
 Goes he not with us to the holy feast ?"  
 And Mary culled the flaxen fibres  
 white ;  
 Till eve she spun ; she spun till morn-  
 ing light.  
 The thread was twined ; its parting  
 meshes through  
 From hand to hand her restless shuttle  
 flew,  
 Till the full web was wound upon the  
 beam ;  
 Love's curious toil, — a vest without a  
 seam !  
 They reach the Holy Place, fulfil the  
 days  
 To solemn feasting given, and grateful  
 praise.  
 At last they turn, and far Moriah's  
 height

Melts in the southern sky and fades  
from sight.

All day the dusky caravan has flowed  
In devious trails along the winding road ;  
(For many a step their homeward path  
attends,

And all the sons of Abraham are as  
friends.)

Evening has come, — the hour of rest  
and joy, —

Hush! Hush! That whisper, — “Where  
is Mary’s boy?”

O weary hour! O aching days that  
passed

Filled with strange fears each wilder  
than the last, —

The soldier’s lance, the fierce centurion’s  
sword,

The crushing wheels that whirl some  
Roman lord,

The midnight crypt that sucks the cap-  
tive’s breath,

The blistering sun on Hinnom’s vale of  
death!

Thrice on his cheek had rained the  
morning light ;

Thrice on his lips the mildewed kiss of  
night,

Crouched by a sheltering column’s shin-  
ing plinth,

Or stretched beneath the odorous tere-  
binth.

At last, in desperate mood, they  
sought once more

The Temple’s porches, searched in vain  
before ;

They found him seated with the ancient  
men, —

The grim old rufflers of the tongue and  
pen, —

Their bald heads glistening as they  
clustered near,

Their gray beards slanting as they  
turned to hear,

Lost in half-envious wonder and surprise

That lips so fresh should utter words so  
wise.

And Mary said, — as one who, tried  
too long,

Tells all her grief and half her sense of  
wrong, —

“What is this thoughtless thing which  
thou hast done ?

Lo, we have sought thee sorrowing, O  
my son!”

Few words he spake, and scarce of  
filial tone,

Strange words, their sense a mystery  
yet unknown ;

Then turned with them and left the  
holy hill,

To all their mild commands obedient  
still.

The tale was told to Nazareth’s sober  
men,

And Nazareth’s matrons told it oft  
again ;

The maids retold it at the fountain’s  
side,

The youthful shepherds doubted or  
denied ;

It passed around among the listening  
friends,

With all that fancy adds and fiction  
lends,

Till newer marvels dimmed the young  
renown

Of Joseph’s son, who talked the Rabbis  
down.

But Mary, faithful to its lightest word,  
Kept in her heart the sayings she had  
heard,

Till the dread morning rent the Tem-  
ple’s veil,

And shuddering earth confirmed the  
wondrous tale.

Youth fades ; love droops ; the leaves  
of friendship fall :

A mother’s secret hope outlives them all.

## THE DISAPPOINTED STATESMAN.

Who of all statesmen is his country's  
 pride,  
 Her councils' prompter and her leaders'  
 guide?  
 He speaks; the nation holds its breath  
 to hear;  
 He nods, and shakes the sunset hemi-  
 sphere.  
 Born where the primal fount of Nature  
 springs  
 By the rude cradles of her throneless  
 kings,  
 In his proud eye her royal signet flames,  
 By his own lips her Monarch she pro-  
 claims.  
 Why name his countless triumphs,  
 whom to meet  
 Is to be famous, envied in defeat?  
 The keen debaters, trained to brawls  
 and strife,  
 Who fire one shot, and finish with the  
 knife,  
 Tried him but once, and, cowering in  
 their shame,  
 Ground their hacked blades to strike at  
 meaner game.  
 The lordly chief, his party's central stay,  
 Whose lightest word a hundred votes  
 obey,  
 Found a new listener seated at his side,  
 Looked in his eye, and felt himself defied,  
 Flung his rash gauntlet on the startled  
 floor,  
 Met the all-conquering, fought — and  
 ruled no more.  
 See where he moves, what eager  
 crowds attend!  
 What shouts of thronging multitudes  
 ascend!  
 If this is life, — to mark with every hour  
 The purple deepening in his robes of  
 power,  
 To see the painted fruits of honor fall

Thick at his feet, and choose among  
 them all,  
 To hear the sounds that shape his  
 spreading name  
 Peal through the myriad organ-stops of  
 fame,  
 Stamp the lone isle that spots the sea-  
 man's chart,  
 And crown the pillared glory of the mart,  
 To count as peers the few supremely wise  
 Who mark their planet in the angels'  
 eyes, —  
 If this is life —  
 What savage man is he  
 Who strides alone beside the sounding  
 sea?  
 Alone he wanders by the murmuring  
 shore,  
 His thoughts as restless as the waves  
 that roar;  
 Looks on the sullen sky as stormy-  
 browed  
 As on the waves yon tempest-brooding  
 cloud,  
 Heaves from his aching breast a wailing  
 sigh,  
 Sad as the gust that sweeps the clouded  
 sky.  
 Ask him his griefs; what midnight de-  
 mons plough  
 The lines of torture on his lofty brow;  
 Unlock those marble lips, and bid them  
 speak  
 The mystery freezing in his bloodless  
 cheek.  
 His secret? Hid beneath a flimsy  
 word;  
 One foolish whisper that ambition heard;  
 And thus it spake: "Behold yon gilded  
 chair,  
 The world's one vacant throne, — thy  
 place is there!"  
 Ah, fatal dream! What warning  
 spectres meet  
 In ghastly circle round its shadowy seat!



Yet still the Tempter murmurs in his ear  
The maddening taunt he cannot choose  
but hear :

“ Meanest of slaves, by gods and men  
accurst,

He who is second when he might be first !

Climb with bold front the ladder's top-  
most round,

Or chain thy creeping footsteps to the  
ground ! ”

Illustrious Dupe ! Have those majes-  
tic eyes

Lost their proud fire for such a vulgar  
prize ?

Art thou the last of all mankind to know  
That party-fights are won by aiming low ?

Thou, stamped by Nature with her royal  
sign,

That party-hirelings hate a look like  
thine ?

Shake from thy sense the wild delusive  
dream !

Without the purple, art thou not su-  
preme ?

And soothed by love unbought, thy  
heart shall own

A nation's homage nobler than its throne !

### THE SECRET OF THE STARS.

Is man's the only throbbing heart that  
hides -

The silent spring that feeds its whisper-  
ing tides ?

Speak from thy caverns, mystery-breed-  
ing Earth,

Tell the half-hinted story of thy birth,  
And calm the noisy champions who have  
thrown

The book of types against the book of  
stone !

Have ye not secrets, ye refulgent  
spheres,

No sleepless listener of the starlight  
hears ?

In vain the sweeping equatorial pries  
Through every world-sown corner of the  
skies,

To the far orb that so remotely strays-  
Our midnight darkness is its noonday  
blaze ;

In vain the climbing soul of creeping  
man

Metes out the heavenly concave with a  
span,

Tracks into space the long-lost meteor's  
trail,

And weighs an unseen planet in the  
scale ;

Still o'er their doubts the waned  
watchers sigh,

And Science lifts her still unanswered  
cry :

“ Are all these worlds, that speed their  
circling flight,

Dumb, vacant, soulless, — bawbles of  
the night ?

Warmed with God's smile and wafted  
by his breath,

To weave in ceaseless round the dance  
of Death ?

Or rolls a sphere in each expanding zone,  
Crowned with a life as varied as our  
own ? ”

Maker of earth and stars ! If thou  
hast taught

By what thy voice hath spoke, thy hand  
hath wrought,

By all that Science proves, or guesses  
true,

More than thy Poet dreamed, thy prophet  
knew, —

The heavens still bow in darkness at thy  
feet,

And shadows veil thy cloud-pavilioned  
seat !

Not for ourselves we ask thee to reveal

<p>One awful word beneath the future's seal ;          What thou shalt tell us, grant us strength              to bear ;          What thou withholdest is thy single              care.          Not for ourselves ; the present clings too              fast,          Moored to the mighty anchors of the              past ;          But when, with angry snap, some cable              parts,          The sound re-echoing in our startled              hearts, —          When, through the wall that clasps the              harbor round,          And shuts the raving ocean from its              bound,          Shattered and rent by sacrilegious hands,          The first mad billow leaps upon the              sands, —          Then to the Future's awful page we              turn,          And what we question hardly dare to              learn.              Still let us hope ! for while we seem              to tread          The time-worn pathway of the nations              dead,          Though Sparta laughs at all our warlike              deeds,          And buried Athens claims our stolen              creeds,          Though Rome, a spectre on her broken              throne,          Beholds our eagle and recalls her own,          Though England fling her pennons on              the breeze          And reign before us Mistress of the              seas, —          While calm-eyed History tracks us cir-              cling round          Fate's iron pillar where they all were              bound,          She sees new beacons crowned with              brighter flame</p>	<p>Than the old watch-fires, like, but not              the same !          Still in our path a larger curve she              finds,          The spiral widening as the chain un-              winds !          No shameless haste shall spot with ban-              dit-crime          Our destined empire snatched before its              time.          Wait, — wait, undoubting, for the winds              have caught          From our bold speech the heritage of              thought ;          No marble form that sculptured truth              can wear          Vies with the image shaped in viewless              air ;          And thought unfettered grows through              speech to deeds,          As the broad forest marches in its              seeds.          What though we perish ere the day is              won ?          Enough to see its glorious work begun !          The thistle falls before a trampling              clown,          But who can chain the flying thistle-              down ?          Wait while the fiery seeds of freedom              fly,          The prairie blazes when the grass is              dry !              What arms might ravish, leave to              peaceful arts,          Wisdom and love shall win the roughest              hearts ;          So shall the angel who has closed for              man          The blissful garden since his woes be-              gan          Swing wide the golden portals of the              West,          And Eden's secret stand at length con-              fessed !</p>
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## A POEM.

DEDICATION OF THE PITTSFIELD CEMETERY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1850.

ANGEL of Death! extend thy silent reign!  
Stretch thy dark sceptre o'er this new domain!

No sable car along the winding road  
Has borne to earth its unresisting load;  
No sudden mound has risen yet to show  
Where the pale slumberer folds his arms below;

No marble gleams to bid his memory live  
In the brief lines that hurrying Time can give;

Yet, O Destroyer! from thy shrouded throne

Look on our gift; this realm is all thine own!

Fair is the scene; its sweetness oft beguiled

From their dim paths the children of the wild;

The dark-haired maiden loved its grassy dells,

The feathered warrior claimed its wooded swells,

Still on its slopes the ploughman's ridges show

The pointed flints that left his fatal bow,  
Chipped with rough art and slow barbarian toil, —

Last of his wrecks that strews the alien soil!

Here spread the fields that heaped their ripened store

Till the brown arms of Labor held no more;

The scythe's broad meadow with its dusky blush;

The sickle's harvest with its velvet flush;

The green-haired maize, her silken tresses laid,  
In soft luxuriance, on her harsh brocade;

The gourd that swells beneath her tossing plume;

The coarser wheat that rolls in lakes of bloom, —

Its coral stems and milk-white flowers alive

With the wide murmurs of the scattered hive;

Here glowed the apple with the pencilled streak

Of morning painted on its southern cheek;

The pear's long necklace strung with golden drops,

Arched, like the banian, o'er its pillared props;

Here crept the growths that paid the laborer's care

With the cheap luxuries wealth consents to spare;

Here sprang the healing herbs which could not save

The hand that reared them from the neighboring grave.

Yet all its varied charms, forever free  
From task and tribute, Labor yields to thee:

No more, when April sheds her fitful rain,

The sower's hand shall cast its flying grain;

No more, when Autumn strews the flaming leaves,

The reaper's band shall gird its yellow sheaves;

For thee alike the circling seasons flow  
Till the first blossoms heave the latest snow.

In the stiff clod below the whirling drifts,

In the loose soil the springing herbage lifts,

In the hot dust beneath the parching weeds,

Life's withering flower shall drop its  
shrivelled seeds ;  
Its germ entranced in thy unbreathing  
sleep  
Till what thou sowest mightier angels  
reap !

Spirit of Beauty ! let thy graces blend  
With loveliest Nature all that Art can  
lend.

Come from the bowers where Summer's  
life-blood flows  
Through the red lips of June's half-open  
rose,

Dressed in bright hues, the loving sun-  
shine's dower ;  
For tranquil Nature owns no mourning  
flower.

Come from the forest where the beech's  
screen

Bars the fierce noonbeam with its flakes  
of green ;

Stay the rude axe that bares the shadowy  
plains,

Stanch the deep wound that dries the  
maple's veins.

Come with the stream whose silver-  
braided rills

Fling their unclasping bracelets from the  
hills,

Till in one gleam, beneath the forest's  
wings,

Melts the white glitter of a hundred  
springs.

Come from the steeps where look ma-  
jestic forth

From their twin thrones the Giants of  
the North

On the huge shapes, that, crouching at  
their knees,

Stretch their broad shoulders, rough with  
shaggy trees.

Through the wide waste of ether, not in  
vain,

Their softened gaze shall reach our dis-  
tant plain ;

There, while the mourner turns his ach-  
ing eyes

On the blue mounds that print the bluer  
skies,

Nature shall whisper that the fading  
view

Of mightiest grief may wear a heavenly  
hue.

Cherub of Wisdom ! let thy marble page  
Leave its sad lesson, new to every age ;  
Teach us to live, not grudging every  
breath

To the chill winds that waft us on to  
death,

But ruling calmly every pulse it warms,  
And tempering gently every word it  
forms.

Seraph of Love ! in heaven's adoring  
zone,

Nearest of all around the central throne,  
While with soft hands the pillowed turf  
we spread

That soon shall hold us in its dreamless  
bed,

With the low whisper, — Who shall first  
be laid

In the dark chamber's yet unbroken  
shade ? —

Let thy sweet radiance shine rekindled  
here,

And all we cherish grow more truly dear.  
Here in the gates of Death's o'erhanging  
vault,

O, teach us kindness for our brother's  
fault ;

Lay all our wrongs beneath this peaceful  
sod,

And lead our hearts to Mercy and its  
God.

FATHER of all ! in Death's relentless  
claim

We read thy mercy by its sterner name;  
In the bright flower that decks the sol-  
emn bier,

We see thy glory in its narrowed sphere;  
In the deep lessons that affliction draws,  
We trace the curves of thy encircling  
laws ;

In the long sigh that sets our spirits free,  
We own the love that calls us back to  
Thee !

Through the hushed street, along the  
silent plain,

The spectral future leads its mourning  
train,

Dark with the shadows of uncounted  
bands,

Where man's white lips and woman's  
wringing hands

Track the still burden, rolling slow be-  
fore,

That love and kindness can protect no  
more ;

The smiling babe that, called to mortal  
strife,

Shuts its meek eyes and drops its little  
life ;

The drooping child who prays in vain to  
live,

And pleads for help its parent cannot  
give ;

The pride of beauty stricken in its flower ;  
The strength of manhood broken in an  
hour ;

Age in its weakness, bowed by toil and  
care,

Traced in sad lines beneath its silvered  
hair.

The sun shall set, and heaven's re-  
splendent spheres

Gild the smooth turf unhallowed yet by  
tears,

But ah ! how soon the evening stars will  
shed

Their sleepless light around the slum-  
bering dead !

Take them, O Father, in immortal  
trust !

Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,  
Till the last angel rolls the stone away,  
And a new morning brings eternal day !

### TO GOVERNOR SWAIN.

DEAR GOVERNOR, if my skiff might  
brave

The winds that lift the ocean wave,  
The mountain stream that loops and  
swerves

Through my broad meadow's channelled  
curves

Should waft me on from bound to bound  
To where the River weds the Sound,  
The Sound should give me to the Sea,  
That to the Bay, the Bay to Thee.

It may not be ; too long the track  
To follow down or struggle back.  
The sun has set on fair Naushon  
Long ere my western blaze is gone ;  
The ocean disk is rolling dark  
In shadows round your swinging bark,  
While yet the yellow sunset fills  
The stream that scarfs my spruce-clad  
hills ;

The day-star wakes your island deer  
Long ere my barnyard chanticleer ;  
Your mists are soaring in the blue  
While mine are sparks of glittering dew.

It may not be ; O would it might,  
Could I live o'er that glowing night !  
What golden hours would come to life,  
What goodly feats of peaceful strife, —  
Such jests, that, drained of every joke,  
The very bank of language broke, —  
Such deeds, that Laughter nearly died  
With stitches in his belted side ;

While Time, caught fast in pleasure's  
chain,  
His double goblet snapped in twain,  
And stood with half in either hand, —  
Both brimming full, — but not of sand !

It may not be ; I strive in vain  
To break my slender household chain, —  
Three pairs of little clasping hands,  
One voice, that whispers, not commands.  
Even while my spirit flies away,  
My gentle jailers murmur nay ;  
All shapes of elemental wrath  
They raise along my threatened path ;  
The storm grows black, the waters rise,  
The mountains mingle with the skies,  
The mad tornado scoops the ground,  
The midnight robber prowls around, —  
Thus, kissing every limb they tie,  
They draw a knot and heave a sigh,  
Till, fairly netted in the toil,  
My feet are rooted to the soil.  
Only the soaring wish is free ! —  
And that, dear Governor, flies to thee !

PITTSFIELD, 1851.

#### TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND.

THE seed that wasteful autumn cast  
To waver on its stormy blast,  
Long o'er the wintry desert tost,

Its living germ has never lost.  
Dropped by the weary tempest's wing,  
It feels the kindling ray of spring,  
And, starting from its dream of death,  
Pours on the air its perfumed breath.

So, parted by the rolling flood,  
The love that springs from common  
blood

Needs but a single sunlit hour  
Of mingling smiles to bud and flower ;  
Unharm'd its slumbering life has flown,  
From shore to shore, from zone to  
zone,

Where summer's falling roses stain  
The tepid waves of Pontchartrain,  
Or where the lichen creeps below  
Katahdin's wreaths of whirling snow.

Though fiery sun and stiffening cold  
May change the fair ancestral mould,  
No winter chills, no summer drains  
The life-blood drawn from English  
veins,

Still bearing wheresoe'er it flows  
The love that with its fountain rose,  
Unchanged by space, unwronged by  
time,

From age to age, from clime to clime !

1852.

## VIGNETTES.

1853.

**AFTER A LECTURE ON WORDSWORTH.**

COME, spread your wings, as I spread  
mine,

And leave the crowded hall  
For where the eyes of twilight shine  
O'er evening's western wall.

These are the pleasant Berkshire hills,  
Each with its leafy crown ;  
Hark ! from their sides a thousand rills  
Come singing sweetly down.

A thousand rills ; they leap and shine,  
Strained through the shadowy nooks,  
Till, clasped in many a gathering twine,  
They swell a hundred brooks.

A hundred brooks, and still they run  
With ripple, shade, and gleam,  
Till, clustering all their braids in one,  
They flow a single stream.

A bracelet spun from mountain mist,  
A silvery sash unwound,  
With ox-bow curve and sinuous twist  
It writhes to reach the Sound.

This is my bark, — a pygmy's ship ;  
Beneath a child it rolls ;  
Fear not, — one body makes it dip,  
But not a thousand souls.

Float we the grassy banks between ;  
Without an oar we glide ;

The meadows, drest in living green,  
Unroll on either side.

— Come, take the book we love so well,  
And let us read and dream  
We see whate'er its pages tell,  
And sail an English stream.

Up to the clouds the lark has sprung,  
Still trilling as he flies ;  
The linnet sings as there he sung ;  
The unseen cuckoo cries,

And daisies strew the banks along,  
And yellow kingcups shine,  
With cowslips, and a primrose throng,  
And humble celandine.

Ah foolish dream ! when Nature nursed  
Her daughter in the West,  
The fount was drained that opened first ;  
She bared her other breast.

On the young planet's orient shore  
Her morning hand she tried ;  
Then turned the broad medallion o'er  
And stamped the sunset side.

Take what she gives, her pine's tall stem,  
Her elm with hanging spray ;  
She wears her mountain diadem  
Still in her own proud way.

Look on the forests' ancient kings,  
The hemlock's towering pride :  
Yon trunk had thrice a hundred rings,  
And fell before it died.

Nor think that Nature saves her bloom  
And slights our grassy plain ;  
For us she wears her court costume, —  
Look on its brodered train ;

The lily with the sprinkled dots,  
Brands of the noontide beam ;  
The cardinal, and the blood-red spots,  
Its double in the stream,

As if some wounded eagle's breast,  
Slow throbbing o'er the plain,  
Had left its airy path impressed  
In drops of scarlet rain.

And hark ! and hark ! the woodland rings ;  
There thrilled the thrush's soul ;  
And look ! that flash of flamy wings, —  
The fire-plumed oriole !

Above, the hen-hawk swims and swoops,  
Flung from the bright, blue sky ;  
Below, the robin hops, and whoops  
His piercing, Indian cry.

Beauty runs virgin in the woods  
Robed in her rustic green,  
And oft a longing thought intrudes,  
As if we might have seen

Her every finger's every joint  
Ringed with some golden line,  
Poet whom Nature did anoint !  
Had our wild home been thine.

Yet think not so ; Old England's blood  
Runs warm in English veins ;  
But wafted o'er the icy flood  
Its better life remains :

Our children know each wildwood smell,  
The bayberry and the fern,  
The man who does not know them well  
Is all too old to learn.

Be patient ! On the breathing page  
Still pants our hurried past ;  
Pilgrim and soldier, saint and sage, —  
The poet comes the last !

Though still the lark-voiced matins ring  
The world has known so long ;  
The wood-thrush of the West shall sing  
Earth's last sweet even-song !

#### AFTER A LECTURE ON MOORE.

SHINE soft, ye trembling tears of light  
That strew the mourning skies ;  
Hushed in the silent dews of night  
The harp of Erin lies.

What though her thousand years have  
past  
Of poets, saints, and kings, —  
Her echoes only hear the last  
That swept those golden strings.

Fling o'er his mound, ye star-lit bowers,  
The balmiest wreaths ye wear,  
Whose breath has lent your earth-born  
flowers  
Heaven's own ambrosial air.

Breathe, bird of night, thy softest tone,  
By shadowy grove and rill ;  
Thy song will soothe us while we own  
That his was sweeter still.

Stay, pitying Time, thy foot for him  
Who gave thee swifter wings,  
Nor let thine envious shadow dim  
The light his glory flings.

If in his cheek unholy blood  
Burned for one youthful hour,  
'T was but the flushing of the bud  
That blooms a milk-white flower.



Take him, kind mother, to thy breast,  
 Who loved thy smiles so well,  
 And spread thy mantle o'er his rest  
 Of rose and asphodel.

— The bark has sailed the midnight sea,  
 The sea without a shore,  
 That waved its parting sign to thee, —  
 “A health to thee, Tom Moore !”

And thine, long lingering on the strand,  
 Its bright-hued streamers furled,  
 Was loosed by age, with trembling hand,  
 To seek the silent world.

Not silent ! no, the radiant stars  
 Still singing as they shine,  
 Unheard through earth's imprisoning  
 bars,  
 Have voices sweet as thine.

Wake, then, in happier realms above,  
 The songs of bygone years,  
 Till angels learn those airs of love  
 That ravished mortal ears !

#### AFTER A LECTURE ON KEATS.

“Purpureos spargam flores.”

THE wreath that star-crowned Shelley  
 gave  
 Is lying on thy Roman grave,  
 Yet on its turf young April sets  
 Her store of slender violets ;  
 Though all the Gods their garlands  
 shower,

I too may bring one purple flower.  
 — Alas ! what blossom shall I bring,  
 That opens in my Northern spring ?  
 The garden beds have all run wild,  
 So trim when I was yet a child ;  
 Flat plantains and unseemly stalks  
 Have crept across the gravel walks ;  
 The vines are dead, long, long ago,  
 The almond buds no longer blow.

No more upon its mound I see  
 The azure, plume-bound fleur-de-lis ;  
 Where once the tulips used to show,  
 In straggling tufts the pansies grow ;  
 The grass has quenched my white-rayed  
 gem,

The flowering “Star of Bethlehem,”  
 Though its long blade of glossy green  
 And pallid stripe may still be seen.  
 Nature, who treads her nobles down,  
 And gives their birthright to the clown,  
 Has sown her base-born weedy things  
 Above the garden's queens and kings.

— Yet one sweet flower of ancient race  
 Springs in the old familiar place.  
 When snows were melting down the  
 vale,

And Earth unlaced her icy mail,  
 And March his stormy trumpet blew,  
 And tender green came peeping through,  
 I loved the earliest one to seek  
 That broke the soil with emerald beak,  
 And watch the trembling bells so blue  
 Spread on the column as it grew.

Meek child of earth ! thou wilt not shame  
 The sweet, dead poet's holy name ;  
 The God of music gave thee birth,  
 Called from the crimson-spotted earth,  
 Where, sobbing his young life away,  
 His own fair Hyacinthus lay.

— The hyacinth my garden gave  
 Shall lie upon that Roman grave !

#### AFTER A LECTURE ON SHELLEY.

ONE broad, white sail in Spezzia's treach-  
 erous bay ;

On comes the blast ; too daring bark,  
 beware !

The cloud has clasped her ; lo ! it melts  
 away ;

The wide, waste waters, but no sail is  
 there.

Morning : a woman looking on the sea ;  
 Midnight : with lamps the long veranda  
 burns ;  
 Come, wandering sail, they watch, they  
 burn for thee !  
 Suns come and go, alas ! no bark  
 returns.

And feet are thronging on the pebbly  
 sands,  
 And torches flaring in the weedy caves,  
 Where'er the waters lay with icy hands  
 The shapes uplifted from their coral  
 graves.

Vainly they seek ; the idle quest is o'er ;  
 The coarse, dark women, with their  
 hanging locks,  
 And lean, wild children gather from the  
 shore  
 To the black hovels bedded in the  
 rocks.

But Love still prayed, with agonizing  
 wail,  
 "One, one last look, ye heaving  
 waters, yield !"  
 Till Ocean, clashing in his jointed mail,  
 Raised the pale burden on his level  
 shield.

Slow from the shore the sullen waves  
 retire ;  
 His form a nobler element shall  
 claim ;  
 Nature baptized him in ethereal fire,  
 And Death shall crown him with a  
 wreath of flame.

Fade, mortal semblance, never to return ;  
 Swift is the change within thy crimson  
 shroud ;  
 Seal the white ashes in the peaceful urn ;  
 All else has risen in yon silvery cloud.

Sleep where thy gentle Adonais lies,  
 Whose open page lay on thy dying  
 heart,  
 Both in the smile of those blue-vaulted  
 skies,  
 Earth's fairest dome of all divinest  
 art.

Breathe for his wandering soul one pass-  
 ing sigh,  
 O happier Christian, while thine eye  
 grows dim, —  
 In all the mansions of the house on high,  
 Say not that Mercy has not one for  
 him !

#### AT THE CLOSE OF A COURSE OF LECTURES.

As the voice of the watch to the mari-  
 ner's dream ;  
 As the footstep of Spring on the ice-  
 girdled stream,  
 There comes a soft footstep, a whisper,  
 to me, —  
 The vision is over, — the rivulet free !

We have trod from the threshold of tur-  
 bulent March,  
 Till the green scarf of April is hung on  
 the larch,  
 And down the bright hillside that wel-  
 comes the day,  
 We hear the warm panting of beautiful  
 May.

We will part before Summer has opened  
 her wing,  
 And the bosom of June swells the bodice  
 of Spring,  
 While the hope of the season lies fresh  
 in the bud,  
 And the young life of Nature runs warm  
 in our blood.

It is but a word, and the chain is un-  
bound,  
The bracelet of steel drops unclasped to  
the ground ;  
No hand shall replace it, — it rests  
where it fell, —  
It is but one word that we all know too  
well.

Yet the hawk with the wildness un-  
tamed in his eye,  
If you free him, stares round ere he  
springs to the sky ;  
The slave whom no longer his fetters  
restrain  
Will turn for a moment and look at his  
chain.

Our parting is not as the friendship of  
years,  
That chokes with the blessing it speaks  
through its tears ;  
We have walked in a garden, and, looking  
around,  
Have plucked a few leaves from the  
myrtles we found.

But now at the gate of the garden we  
stand,  
And the moment has come for unclasp-  
ing the hand ;  
Will you drop it like lead, and in silence  
retreat  
Like the twenty crushed forms from an  
omnibus seat ?

Nay ! hold it one moment, — the last  
we may share, —  
I stretch it in kindness, and not for my  
fare ;  
You may pass through the doorway in  
rank or in file,  
If your ticket from Nature is stamped  
with a smile.

For the sweetest of smiles is the smile  
as we part,  
When the light round the lips is a ray  
from the heart ;  
And lest a stray tear from its fountain  
might swell,  
We will seal the bright spring with a  
quiet farewell.

### THE HUDSON.

AFTER A LECTURE AT ALBANY.

'T WAS a vision of childhood that came  
with its dawn,  
Ere the curtain that covered life's day-  
star was drawn ;  
The nurse told the tale when the shad-  
ows grew long,  
And the mother's soft lullaby breathed  
it in song.

"There flows a fair stream by the hills  
of the west," —  
She sang to her boy as he lay on her  
breast ;  
"Along its smooth margin thy fathers  
have played ;  
Beside its deep waters their ashes are  
laid."

I wandered afar from the land of my  
birth,  
I saw the old rivers, renowned upon  
earth,  
But fancy still painted that wide-flow-  
ing stream  
With the many-hued pencil of infancy's  
dream.

I saw the green banks of the castle-  
crowned Rhine,  
Where the grapes drink the moonlight  
and change it to wine ;

I stood by the Avon, whose waves as  
they glide  
Still whisper his glory who sleeps at  
their side.

But my heart would still yearn for the  
sound of the waves  
That sing as they flow by my fore-  
fathers' graves ;  
If manhood yet honors my cheek with a  
tear,

I care not who sees it, — no blush for it  
here !

Farewell to the deep-bosomed stream of  
the West !

I fling this loose blossom to float on its  
breast ;

Nor let the dear love of its children  
grow cold,

Till the channel is dry where its waters  
have rolled !

December, 1854.

### A POEM

FOR THE MEETING OF THE AMERICAN  
MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AT NEW YORK,  
MAY 5, 1853.

I HOLD a letter in my hand, —  
A flattering letter—more's the pity,—  
By some contriving junto planned,  
And signed *per order of Committee* ;  
It touches every tenderest spot, —  
My patriotic predilections,  
My well-known — something — don't  
ask what,  
My poor old songs, my kind affec-  
tions.

They make a feast on Thursday next,  
And hope to make the feasters merry ;  
They own they're something more per-  
plexed

For poets than for port and sherry ; —  
They want the men of—(word torn  
out) ;

Our friends will come with anxious  
faces

(To see our blankets off, no doubt,  
And trot us out and show our paces).

They hint that papers by the score  
Are rather musty kind of rations ;  
They don't exactly mean a bore,  
But only trying to the patience ;  
That such as — you know who I mean —  
Distinguished for their — what d'ye  
call 'em —

Should bring the dews of Hippocrene  
To sprinkle on the faces solemn.

— The same old story ; that's the chaff  
To catch the birds that sing the dit-  
ties ;

Upon my soul, it makes me laugh  
To read these letters from Commit-  
tees !

They're all *so* loving and *so* fair, —  
All for *your* sake such kind compunc-  
tion, —

'T would save your carriage half its wear  
To touch its wheels with such an unct-  
tion !

Why, who am I, to lift me here  
And beg such learned folk to listen, —  
To ask a smile, or coax a tear  
Beneath these stoic lids to glisten !

As well might some arterial thread  
 Ask the whole frame to feel it gushing,  
 While throbbing fierce from heel to head  
 The vast aortic tide was rushing.

As well some hair-like nerve might strain  
 To set its special streamlet going,  
 While through the myriad-channelled  
 brain  
 The burning flood of thought was  
 flowing ;  
 Or trembling fibre strive to keep  
 The springing haunches gathered  
 shorter,  
 While the scourged racer, leap on leap,  
 Was stretching through the last hot  
 quarter !

Ah me ! you take the bud that came  
 Self-sown in your poor garden's bor-  
 ders,  
 And hand it to the stately dame  
 That florists breed for, all she orders ;  
*She thanks you — it was kindly meant—*  
*(A pale affair, not worth the keep-*  
*ing,) —*  
*Good morning ; —* and your bud is sent  
 To join the tea-leaves used for sweep-  
 ing.

Not always so, kind hearts and true, —  
 For such I know are round me beat-  
 ing ;  
 Is not the bud I offer you, —  
 Fresh gathered for the hour of meet-  
 ing, —  
 Pale though its outer leaves may be,  
 Rose-red in all its inner petals,  
 Where the warm life we cannot see —  
 The life of love that gave it — settles.

We meet from regions far away,  
 Like rills from distant mountains  
 streaming ;

The sun is on Francisco's bay,  
 O'er Chesapeake the lighthouse gleam-  
 ing ;

While summer girds the still bayou  
 In chains of bloom, her bridal token,  
 Monadnock sees the sky grow blue,  
 His crystal bracelet yet unbroken.

Yet Nature bears the selfsame heart  
 Beneath her russet-mantled bosom,  
 As where with burning lips apart  
 She breathes, and white magnolias  
 blossom ;

The selfsame founts her chalice fill  
 With showery sunlight running over,  
 On fiery plain and frozen hill,  
 On myrtle-beds and fields of clover.

I give you *Home* ! its crossing lines  
 United in one golden suture,  
 And showing every day that shines  
 The present growing to the future, —  
 A flag that bears a hundred stars  
 In one bright ring, with love for  
 centre,  
 Fenced round with white and crimson  
 bars,  
 No prowling treason dares to enter !

O brothers, home may be a word  
 To make affection's living treasure —  
 The wave an angel might have stirred —  
 A stagnant pool of selfish pleasure ;  
 HOME ! It is where the day-star springs  
 And where the evening sun reposes,  
 Where'er the eagle spreads his wings,  
 From northern pines to southern  
 roses !

## A SENTIMENT.

A TRIPLE health to Friendship, Sci-  
 ence, Art,  
 From heads and hands that own a com-  
 mon heart !

Each in its turn the others' willing  
slave, —

Each in its season strong to heal and save.

Friendship's blind service, in the hour  
of need,

Wipes the pale face — and lets the vic-  
tim bleed.

Science must stop to reason and explain ;  
ART claps his finger on the streaming  
vein.

But Art's brief memory fails the hand  
at last ;

Then SCIENCE lifts the flambeau of the  
past.

When both their equal impotence de-  
plore, —

When Learning sighs, and Skill can do  
no more, —

The tear of FRIENDSHIP pours its heav-  
enly balm,

And soothes the pang no anodyne may  
calm !

May 1, 1855.

#### THE NEW EDEN.

MEETING OF THE BERKSHIRE HORTI-  
CULTURAL SOCIETY, AT STOCKBRIDGE,  
SEPT. 13, 1854.

SCARCE could the parting ocean close,  
Seamed by the Mayflower's cleaving  
bow,

When o'er the rugged desert rose  
The waves that tracked the Pilgrim's  
plough.

Then sprang from many a rock-strewn  
field

The rippling grass, the nodding grain,  
Such growths as English meadows yield  
To scanty sun and frequent rain.

But when the fiery days were done,  
And Autumn brought his purple haze,  
Then, kindling in the slanted sun,  
The hillsides gleamed with golden  
maize.

The food was scant, the fruits were few :  
A red-streak glistening here and there ;  
Perchance in statelier precincts grew  
Some stern old Puritanic pear.

Austere in taste, and tough at core,  
Its unrelenting bulk was shed,  
To ripen in the Pilgrim's store  
When all the summer sweets were fled.

Such was his lot, to front the storm  
With iron heart and marble brow,  
Nor ripen till his earthly form  
Was cast from life's autumnal bough.

— But ever on the bleakest rock  
We bid the brightest beacon glow,  
And still upon the thorniest stock  
The sweetest roses love to blow.

So on our rude and wintry soil  
We feed the kindling flame of art,  
And steal the tropic's blushing spoil  
To bloom on Nature's ice-clad heart.

See how the softening Mother's breast  
Warms to her children's patient  
wiles, —

Her lips by loving Labor pressed  
Break in a thousand dimpling smiles,

From when the flushing bud of June  
Dawns with its first auroral hue,  
Till shines the rounded harvest-moon,  
And velvet dahlias drink the dew.

Nor these the only gifts she brings ;  
Look where the laboring orchard  
groans,  
And yields its beryl-threaded strings  
For chestnut burs and hemlock cones.

Dear though the shadowy maple be,  
 And dearer still the whispering pine,  
 Dearest yon russet-laden tree  
 Brownd by the heavy rubbing kine !

There childhood flung its rustling stone,  
 There venturous boyhood learned to  
 climb, —

How well the early graft was known  
 Whose fruit was ripe ere harvest-time !

Nor be the Fleming's pride forgot,  
 With swinging drops and drooping  
 bells,

Freckled and splashed with streak and  
 spot,  
 On the warm-breasted, sloping swells ;

Nor Persia's painted garden-queen, —  
 Frail Houri of the trellised wall, —  
 Her deep-cleft bosom scarfed with  
 green, —  
 Fairest to see, and first to fall.

When man provoked his mortal doom,  
 And Eden trembled as he fell,  
 When blossoms sighed their last per-  
 fume,  
 And branches waved their long fare-  
 well,

One sucker crept beneath the gate,  
 One seed was wafted o'er the wall,  
 One bough sustained his trembling  
 weight ;  
 These left the garden, — these were all.

And far o'er many a distant zone  
 These wrecks of Eden still are flung :  
 The fruits that Paradise hath known  
 Are still in earthly gardens hung.

Yes, by our own unstoried stream  
 The pink-white apple-blossoms burst

That saw the young Euphrates gleam, —  
 That Gihou's circling waters nursed.

For us the ambrosial pear displays  
 The wealth its arching branches hold,  
 Bathed by a hundred summery days  
 In floods of mingling fire and gold.

And here, where beauty's cheek of flame  
 With morning's earliest beam is fed,  
 The sunset-painted peach may claim  
 To rival its celestial red.

— What though in some unmoistened  
 vale

The summer leaf grow brown and sere,  
 Say, shall our star of promise fail  
 That circles half the rolling sphere,

From beaches salt with bitter spray,  
 O'er prairies green with softest rain,  
 And ridges bright with evening's ray,  
 To rocks that shade the stormless  
 main ?

If by our slender-threaded streams  
 The blade and leaf and blossom die,  
 If, drained by noontide's parching  
 beans,  
 The milky veins of Nature dry,

See, with her swelling bosom bare,  
 Yon wild-eyed Sister in the West, —  
 The ring of Empire round her hair,  
 The Indian's wampum on her breast !

We saw the August sun descend,  
 Day after day, with blood-red stain,  
 And the blue mountains dimly blend  
 With smoke-wreaths from the burning  
 plain ;

Beneath the hot Sirocco's wings  
 We sat and told the withering hours,

Till Heaven unsealed its hoarded springs,  
And bade them leap in flashing showers.

Yet in our Ishmael's thirst we knew  
The mercy of the Sovereign hand  
Would pour the fountain's quickening  
dew  
To feed some harvest of the land.

No flaming swords of wrath surround  
Our second Garden of the Blest ;  
It spreads beyond its rocky bound,  
It climbs Nevada's glittering crest.

God keep the tempter from its gate !  
God shield the children, lest they fall  
From their stern fathers' free estate, —  
Till Ocean is its only wall !

**SEMICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF  
THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY,**

NEW YORK, DEC. 22, 1855.

NEW ENGLAND, we love thee ; no time  
can erase  
From the hearts of thy children the smile  
on thy face.  
'T is the mother's fond look of affection  
and pride,  
As she gives her fair son to the arms of  
his bride.

His bride may be fresher in beauty's  
young flower ;  
She may blaze in the jewels she brings  
with her dower.  
But passion must chill in Time's pitiless  
blast ;  
The one that first loved us will love to  
the last.

You have left the dear land of the lake  
and the hill,  
But its winds and its waters will talk  
with you still.

"Forget not," they whisper, "your love  
is our debt,"

And echo breathes softly, "We never  
forget."

The banquet's gay splendors are gleam-  
ing around,  
But your hearts have flown back o'er the  
waves of the Sound ;  
They have found the brown home where  
their pulses were born ;  
They are throbbing their way through  
the trees and the corn.

There are roofs you remember, — their  
glory is fled ;  
There are mounds in the churchyard, —  
one sigh for the dead.

There are wrecks, there are ruins, all  
scattered around ;  
But Earth has no spot like that corner  
of ground.

Come, let us be cheerful, — remember  
last night,  
How they cheered us, and — never mind  
— meant it all right ;  
To-night, we harm nothing, — we love  
in the lump ;  
Here's a bumper to Maine, in the juice  
of the pump !

Here's to all the good people, wherever  
they be,  
Who have grown in the shade of the lib-  
erty-tree ;  
We all love its leaves, and its blossoms  
and fruit,  
But pray have a care of the fence round  
its root.

We should like to talk big ; it's a kind  
of a right,  
When the tongue has got loose and the  
waistband grown tight ;



But, as pretty Miss Prudence remarked  
to her beau,  
On its own heap of compost, no bidder  
should crow.

Enough! There are gentlemen waiting  
to talk,  
Whose words are to mine as the flower  
to the stalk.  
Stand by your old mother whatever be-  
fall;  
God bless all her children! Good night  
to you all!

**FAREWELL.**

TO J. R. LOWELL.

FAREWELL, for the bark has her breast  
to the tide,  
And the rough arms of Ocean are  
stretched for his bride;  
The winds from the mountain stream  
over the bay;  
One clasp of the hand, then away and  
away!

I see the tall mast as it rocks by the  
shore;  
The sun is declining, I see it once more;  
To-day like the blade in a thick-waving  
field,  
To-morrow the spike on a Highlander's  
shield.

Alone, while the cloud pours its treach-  
erous breath,  
With the blue lips all round her whose  
kisses are death;  
Ah, think not the breeze that is urging  
her sail  
Has left her unaided to strive with the  
gale.

There are hopes that play round her,  
like fires on the mast,

That will light the dark hour till its  
danger has past;  
There are prayers that will plead with  
the storm when it raves,  
And whisper "Be still!" to the turbu-  
lent waves.

Nay, think not that Friendship has  
called us in vain  
To join the fair ring ere we break it  
again;  
There is strength in its circle, — you  
lose the bright star,  
But its sisters still chain it, though  
shining afar.

I give you one health in the juice of the  
vine,  
The blood of the vineyard shall mingle  
with mine;  
Thus, thus let us drain the last dew-  
drops of gold,  
As we empty our hearts of the blessings  
they hold.

April 29, 1855.

**FOR THE MEETING OF THE BURNS CLUB.**

1856.

THE mountains glitter in the snow  
A thousand leagues asunder;  
Yet here, amid the banquet's glow,  
I hear their voice of thunder;  
Each giant's ice-bound goblet clinks;  
A flowing stream is summoned;  
Wachusett to Ben Nevis drinks;  
Monadnock to Ben Lomond!

Though years have clipped the eagle's  
plume  
That crowned the chieftain's bonnet,  
The sun still sees the heather bloom,  
The silver mists lie on it;

With tartan kilt and philibeg,  
 What stride was ever bolder  
 Than his who showed the naked leg  
 Beneath the plaided shoulder?

The echoes sleep on Cheviot's hills,  
 That heard the bugles blowing  
 When down their sides the crimson rills  
 With mingled blood were flowing;  
 The hunts where gallant hearts were  
 game,  
 The slashing on the border,  
 The raid that swooped with sword and  
 flame,  
 Give place to "law and order."

Not while the rocking steeples reel  
 With midnight tocsins ringing,  
 Not while the crashing war-notes peal,  
 God sets his poets singing;  
 The bird is silent in the night,  
 Or shrieks a cry of warning  
 While fluttering round the beacon-  
 light, —  
 But hear him greet the morning!

The lark of Scotia's morning sky!  
 Whose voice may sing his praises?  
 With Heaven's own sunlight in his eye,  
 He walked among the daisies,  
 Till through the cloud of fortune's wrong  
 He soared to fields of glory;  
 But left his land her sweetest song  
 And earth her saddest story.

'T is not the forts the builder piles  
 That chain the earth together;  
 The wedded crowns, the sister isles,  
 Would laugh at such a tether;  
 The kindling thought, the throbbing  
 words,  
 That set the pulses beating,  
 Are stronger than the myriad swords  
 Of mighty armies meeting.

Thus while within the banquet glows,  
 Without, the wild winds whistle,  
 We drink a triple health, — the Rose,  
 The Shamrock, and the Thistle!  
 Their blended hues shall never fade  
 Till War has hushed his cannon, —  
 Close-twined as ocean-currents braid  
 The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon!

#### ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

CELEBRATION OF THE MERCANTILE LI-  
 BRARY ASSOCIATION, FEB. 22, 1856.

WELCOME to the day returning,  
 Dearer still as ages flow,  
 While the torch of Faith is burning,  
 Long as Freedom's altars glow!  
 See the hero whom it gave us  
 Slumbering on a mother's breast;  
 For the arm he stretched to save us,  
 Be its morn forever blest!

Hear the tale of youthful glory,  
 While of Britain's rescued band  
 Friend and foe repeat the story,  
 Spread his fame o'er sea and land,  
 Where the red cross, proudly streaming,  
 Flaps above the frigate's deck,  
 Where the golden lilies, gleaming,  
 Star the watch-towers of Quebec.

Look! The shadow on the dial  
 Marks the hour of deadlier strife;  
 Days of terror, years of trial,  
 Scourge a nation into life.  
 Lo, the youth, become her leader!  
 All her baffled tyrants yield;  
 Through his arm the Lord hath freed  
 her;  
 Crown him on the tented field!

Vain is Empire's mad temptation!  
 Not for him an earthly crown!

He whose sword hath freed a nation !  
 Strikes the offered sceptre down.  
 See the throneless Conqueror seated,  
 Ruler by a people's choice ;  
 See the Patriot's task completed ;  
 Hear the Father's dying voice !

“ By the name that you inherit,  
 By the sufferings you recall,  
 Cherish the fraternal spirit ;  
 Love your country first of all !  
 Listen not to idle questions  
 If its bands may be untied ;  
 Doubt the patriot whose suggestions  
 Strive a nation to divide ! ”

Father ! We, whose ears have tingled  
 With the discord-notes of shame, —  
 We, whose sires their blood have mingled  
 In the battle's thunder-flame, —  
 Gathering, while this holy morning  
 Lights the land from sea to sea,  
 Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning ;  
 Trust us, while we honor thee !

### BIRTHDAY OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

JANUARY 18, 1856.

WHEN life hath run its largest round  
 Of toil and triumph, joy and woe,  
 How brief a storied page is found  
 To compass all its outward show !

The world-tried sailor tires and droops ;  
 His flag is rent, his keel forgot ;  
 His farthest voyages seem but loops  
 That float from life's entangled knot.

But when within the narrow space  
 Some larger soul hath lived and  
 wrought,  
 Whose sight was open to embrace  
 The boundless realms of deed and  
 thought, —

When, stricken by the freezing blast,  
 A nation's living pillars fall,  
 How rich the storied page, how vast,  
 A word, a whisper, can recall !

No medal lifts its fretted face,  
 Nor speaking marble cheats your eye,  
 Yet, while these pictured lines I trace,  
 A living image passes by :

A roof beneath the mountain pines ;  
 The cloisters of a hill-girt plain ;  
 The front of life's embattled lines ;  
 A mound beside the heaving main.

These are the scenes: a boy appears ;  
 Set life's round dial in the sun,  
 Count the swift arc of seventy years,  
 His frame is dust ; his task is done.

Yet pause upon the noontide hour,  
 Ere the declining sun has laid  
 His bleaching rays on manhood's power,  
 And look upon the mighty shade.

No gloom that stately shape can hide,  
 No change uncrown its brow ; behold !  
 Dark, calm, large-fronted, lightning-  
 eyed,  
 Earth has no double from its mould !

Ere from the fields by valor won  
 The battle-smoke had rolled away,  
 And bared the blood-red setting sun,  
 His eyes were opened on the day.

His land was but a shelving strip  
 Black with the strife that made it free ;  
 He lived to see its banners dip  
 Their fringes in the Western sea.

The boundless prairies learned his name,  
 His words the mountain echoes knew,  
 The Northern breezes swept his fame  
 From icy lake to warm bayou.

In toil he lived ; in peace he died ;  
When life's full cycle was complete,  
Put off his robes of power and pride,  
And laid them at his Master's feet.

His rest is by the storm-swept waves  
Whom life's wild tempests roughly  
tried,  
Whose heart was like the streaming caves  
Of ocean, throbbing at his side.

Death's cold white hand is like the snow  
Laid softly on the furrowed hill,  
It hides the broken seams below,  
And leaves the summit brighter  
still.

In vain the envious tongue upbraids ;  
His name a nation's heart shall keep  
Till morning's latest sunlight fades  
On the blue tablet of the deep !

## II.—1857—1861.

## THE VOICELESS.

WE count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet wailing singers  
slumber,

But o'er their silent sister's breast  
The wild-flowers who will stoop to  
number?

A few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy Fame is proud to win  
them:—

Alas for those that never sing,  
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone  
Whose song has told their hearts' sad  
story,—

Weep for the voiceless, who have known  
The cross without the crown of glory!  
Not where Lencadian breezes sweep

O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,  
But where the glistening night-dews  
weep

On nameless sorrow's churchyard pil-  
low.

O hearts that break and give no sign  
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,  
Till Death pours out his cordial wine  
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing  
presses,—

If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were poured,  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

## THE TWO STREAMS.

BEHOLD the rocky wall  
That down its sloping sides

Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as  
they fall,  
In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run  
Turned by a pebble's edge,  
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun  
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,  
But for the slanting stone,  
To evening's ocean, with the tangled  
braid  
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will  
Life's parting stream descends,  
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,  
Each widening torrent bends,—

From the same cradle's side,  
From the same mother's knee,—  
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,  
One to the Peaceful Sea!

## THE PROMISE.

NOR charity we ask,  
Nor yet thy gift refuse;  
Please thy light fancy with the easy task  
Only to look and choose.

The little-headed toy  
That wins thy treasured gold  
May be the dearest memory, holiest joy,  
Of coming years untold.

Heaven rains on every heart,  
But there its showers divide,

The drops of mercy choosing as they part  
The dark or glowing side.

One kindly deed may turn  
The fountain of thy soul

To love's sweet day-star, that shall o'er  
thee burn  
Long as its currents roll !

The pleasures thou hast planned, —  
Where shall their memory be  
When the white angel with the freezing  
hand  
Shall sit and watch by thee ?

Living, thou dost not live,  
If mercy's spring run dry ;  
What Heaven has lent thee wilt thou  
freely give,  
Dying, thou shalt not die !

HE promised even so !  
To thee His lips repeat, —  
Behold, the tears that soothed thy  
sister's woe  
Have washed thy Master's feet !

March 20, 1859.

### AVIS.

I MAY not rightly call thy name, —  
Alas ! thy forehead never knew  
The kiss that happier children claim,  
Nor glistened with baptismal dew.

Daughter of want and wrong and woe,  
I saw thee with thy sister-band,  
Snatched from the whirlpool's narrowing  
flow  
By Mercy's strong yet trembling hand.

— "Avis !" — With Saxon eye and cheek,  
At once a woman and a child,  
The saint uncrowned I came to seek  
Drew near to greet us, — spoke, and  
smiled.

God gave that sweet sad smile she wore  
All wrong to shame, all souls to win, —  
A heavenly sunbeam sent before  
Her footsteps through a world of sin.

— "And who is Avis ?" — Hear the tale  
The calm-voiced matrons gravely  
tell, —

The story known through all the vale  
Where Avis and her sisters dwell.

With the lost children running wild,  
Strayed from the hand of human care,  
They find one little refuse child  
Left helpless in its poisoned lair.

The primal mark is on her face, —  
The chattel-stamp, — the pariah-stain  
That follows still her hunted race, —  
The curse without the crime of Cain.

How shall our smooth-turned phrase re-  
late  
The little suffering outcast's ail ?  
Not Lazarus at the rich man's gate  
So turned the rose-wreathed revellers  
pale.

Ah, veil the living death from sight  
That wounds our beauty-loving eye !  
The children turn in selfish fright,  
The white-lipped nurses hurry by.

Take her, dread Angel ! Break in love  
This bruised reed and make it thine ! —  
No voice descended from above,  
But Avis answered, "She is mine."

The task that dainty menials spurn  
The fair young girl has made her own ;  
Her heart shall teach, her hand shall  
learn  
The toils, the duties yet unknown.

So Love and Death in lingering strife  
Stand face to face from day to day,

Still battling for the spoil of Life  
While the slow seasons creep away.

Love conquers Death ; the prize is won ;  
See to her joyous bosom pressed  
The dusky daughter of the sun, —  
The bronze against the marble breast !

Her task is done ; no voice divine  
Has crowned her deeds with saintly  
fame.

No eye can see the aureole shine  
That rings her brow with heavenly  
flame.

Yet what has holy page more sweet,  
Or what had woman's love more fair,  
When Mary clasped her Saviour's feet  
With flowing eyes and streaming hair ?

Meek child of sorrow, walk unknown,  
The Angel of that earthly throng,  
And let thine image live alone  
To hallow this unstudied song !

#### THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Nor in the world of light alone,  
Where God has built his blazing throne  
Nor yet alone in earth below,  
With belted seas that come and go,  
And endless isles of sunlit green,  
Is all thy Maker's glory seen :  
Look in upon thy wondrous frame, —  
Eternal wisdom still the same !

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like  
waves  
Flows murmuring through its hidden  
caves,  
Whose streams of brightening purple  
rush,  
Fired with a new and livelier blush,  
While all their burden of decay  
The ebbing current steals away,

And red with Nature's flame they start  
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,  
Forever quivering o'er his task,  
While far and wide a crimson jet  
Leaps forth to fill the woven net  
Which in unnumbered crossing tides  
The flood of burning life divides,  
Then, kindling each decaying part,  
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame  
Behold the outward moving frame,  
Its living marbles jointed strong  
With glistening band and silvery thong,  
And linked to reason's guiding reins  
By myriad rings in trembling chains,  
Each graven with the threaded zone  
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white  
Is braided out of seven-hued light,  
Yet in those lucid globes no ray  
By any chance shall break astray.  
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,  
Arches and spirals circling round,  
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine  
ear  
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds  
All thought in its mysterious folds.  
That feels sensations faintest thrill,  
And flashes forth the sovereign will ;  
Think on the stormy world that dwells  
Locked in its dim and clustering cells !  
The lightning gleams of power it sheds  
Along its hollow glassy threads !

O Father ! grant thy love divine  
To make these mystic temples thine !  
When wasting age and wearying strife  
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,

When darkness gathers over all,  
And the last tottering pillars fall,  
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,  
And mould it into heavenly forms !

### AT A BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL

TO J. R. LOWELL.

WE will not speak of years to-night, —  
For what have years to bring  
But larger floods of love and light,  
And sweeter songs to sing ?

We will not drown in wordy praise  
The kindly thoughts that rise ;  
If Friendship own one tender phrase,  
He reads it in our eyes.

We need not waste our school-boy art  
To gild this notch of Time ; —  
Forgive me if my wayward heart  
Has throbbled in artless rhyme.

Enough for him the silent grasp  
That knits us hand in hand,  
And he the bracelet's radiant clasp  
That locks our circling band.

Strength to his hours of manly toil !  
Peace to his starlit dreams !  
Who loves alike the furrowed soil,  
The music-haunted streams !

Sweet smiles to keep forever bright  
The sunshine on his lips,  
And faith that sees the ring of light  
Round nature's last eclipse !

February 22, 1859.

### A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE.

TO J. F. CLARKE.

WHO is the shepherd sent to lead,  
Through pastures green, the Master's  
sheep ?

What guileless " Israelite indeed "  
The folded flock may watch and keep ?

He who with manliest spirit joins  
The heart of gentlest human mould,  
With burning light and girded loins,  
To guide the flock, or watch the fold ;

True to all Truth the world denies,  
Not tongue-tied for its gilded sin ;  
Not always right in all men's eyes,  
But faithful to the light within ;

Who asks no meed of earthly fame,  
Who knows no earthly master's call,  
Who hopes for man, through guilt and  
shame,  
Still answering, " God is over all " ;

Who makes another's grief his own,  
Whose smile lends joy a double cheer ;  
Where lives the saint, if such be  
known ? —  
Speak softly, — such an one is here !

O faithful shepherd ! thou hast borne  
The heat and burden of the day ;  
Yet, o'er thee, bright with beams un-  
shorn,  
The sun still shows thine onward way.

To thee our fragrant love we bring,  
In buds that April half displays,  
Sweet first-born angels of the spring,  
Caught in their opening hymn of  
praise.

What though our faltering accents fail,  
Our captives know their message well,  
Our words unbreathed their lips exhale,  
And sigh more love than ours can tell.

April 4, 1860.



## THE GRAY CHIEF.

FOR THE MEETING OF THE MASSACHU-  
SETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY, 1859.

'T IS sweet to fight our battles o'er,  
And crown with honest praise  
The gray old chief, who strikes no  
more  
The blow of better days.

Before the true and trusted sage  
With willing hearts we bend,  
When years have touched with hallowing  
age  
Our Master, Guide, and Friend.

For all his manhood's labor past,  
For love and faith long tried,  
His age is honored to the last,  
Though strength and will have died.

But when, untamed by toil and strife,  
Full in our front he stands,  
The torch of light, the shield of life,  
Still lifted in his hands,

No temple, though its walls resound  
With bursts of ringing cheers,  
Can hold the honors that surround  
His manhood's twice-told years !

## THE LAST LOOK.

W. W. SWAIN.

BEHOLD — not him we knew !  
This was the prison which his soul  
looked through,  
Tender, and brave, and true.

His voice no more is heard ;  
And his dead name — that dear familiar  
word —  
Lies on our lips unstirred.

He spake with poet's tongue ;  
Living, for him the minstrel's lyre was  
strung :  
He shall not die unsung !

Grief tried his love, and pain ;  
And the long bondage of his martyr-  
chain  
Vexed his sweet soul, — in vain !

It felt life's surges break,  
As, girt with stormy seas, his island  
lake,  
Smiling while tempests wake.

How can we sorrow more ?  
Grieve not for him whose heart had  
gone before  
To that untrodden shore !

Lo, through its leafy screen,  
A gleam of sunlight on a ring of green,  
Untrodden, half unseen !

Here let his body rest,  
Where the calm shadows that his soul  
loved best  
May slide above his breast.

Smooth his uncurtained bed ;  
And if some natural tears are softly shed,  
It is not for the dead.

Fold the green turf aright  
For the long hours before the morning's  
light,  
And say the last Good Night !

And plant a clear white stone  
Close by those mounds which hold his  
loved, his own, —  
Lonely, but not alone.

Here let him sleeping lie,  
Till Heaven's bright watchers slumber  
in the sky  
And Death himself shall die !

NAUSHON, September 22, 1858.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES WENT-  
WORTH UPHAM, JR.

HE was all sunshine ; in his face  
The very soul of sweetness shone ;  
Fairest and gentlest of his race ;  
None like him we can call our own.

Something there was of one that died  
In her fresh spring-time long ago,  
Our first dear Mary, angel-eyed,  
Whose smile it was a bliss to know.

Something of her whose love imparts  
Such radiance to her day's decline,  
We feel its twilight in our hearts  
Bright as the earliest morning-shine.

Yet richer strains our eye could trace  
That made our plainer mould more  
fair,  
That curved the lip with happier grace,  
That waved the soft and silken hair.

Dust unto dust ! the lips are still  
That only spoke to cheer and bless ;  
The folded hands lie white and chill  
Unclasped from sorrow's last caress.

Leave him in peace ; he will not heed  
These idle tears we vainly pour,  
Give back to earth the fading weed  
Of mortal shape his spirit wore.

"Shall I not weep my heartstrings torn,  
My flower of love that falls half blown,  
My youth uncrowned, my life forlorn,  
A thorny path to walk alone ?"

O Mary ! one who bore thy name,  
Whose Friend and Master was divine,  
Sat waiting silent till He came,  
Bowed down in speechless grief like  
thine.

"Where have ye laid him ?" "Come,"  
they say,  
Pointing to where the loved one slept ;  
Weeping, the sister led the way, —  
And, seeing Mary, "Jesus wept."

He weeps with thee, with all that mourn,  
And He shall wipe thy streaming eyes  
Who knew all sorrows, woman-born, —  
Trust in his word ; thy dead shall rise !

April 15, 1860.

MARTHA.

DIED JANUARY 7, 1861.

SEXTON ! Martha's dead and gone ;  
Toll the bell ! toll the bell !  
Her weary hands their labor cease ;  
Good night, poor Martha, — sleep in  
peace !  
Toll the bell !

Sexton ! Martha's dead and gone ;  
Toll the bell ! toll the bell !  
For many a year has Martha said,  
"I'm old and poor, — would I were  
dead !"  
Toll the bell !

Sexton ! Martha's dead and gone ;  
Toll the bell ! toll the bell !  
She'll bring no more, by day or night,  
Her basket full of linen white.  
Toll the bell !

Sexton ! Martha's dead and gone ;  
Toll the bell ! toll the bell !  
'T is fitting she should lie below  
A pure white sheet of drifted snow.  
Toll the bell !

Sexton ! Martha's dead and gone ;  
Toll the bell ! toll the bell !

Sleep, Martha, sleep, to wake in light,  
Where all the robes are stainless white.  
Toll the bell!

MEETING OF THE ALUMNI OF HAR-  
VARD COLLEGE.

1857.

I THANK you, MR. PRESIDENT, you 've  
kindly broke the ice ;  
Virtne should always be the first, — I 'm  
only SECOND VICE —  
(A vice is something with a screw that 's  
made to hold its jaw  
Till some old file has played away upon  
an ancient saw).

Sweet brothers by the Mother's side,  
the babes of days gone by,  
All nurslings of her Juno breasts whose  
milk is never dry,  
We come again, like half-grown boys,  
and gather at her beck  
About her knees, and on her lap, and  
clinging round her neck.

We find her at her stately door, and in  
her ancient chair,  
Dressed in the robes of red and green  
she always loved to wear.  
Her eye has all its radiant youth, her  
cheek its morning flame ;  
We drop our roses as we go, hers flourish  
still the same.

We have been playing many an hour,  
and far away we 've strayed,  
Some laughing in the cheerful sun, some  
lingering in the shade ;  
And some have tired, and laid them down  
where darker shadows fall, —  
Dear as her loving voice may be, they  
cannot hear its call.

What miles we 've travelled since we  
shook the dew-drops from our shoes

We gathered on this classic green, so  
famed for heavy dues !  
How many boys have joined the game,  
how many slipped away,  
Since we 've been running up and down,  
and having out our play !

One boy at work with book and brief,  
and one with gown and band,  
One sailing vessels on the pool, one dig-  
ging in the sand,  
One flying paper kites on change, one  
planting little pills, —  
The seeds of certain annual flowers well  
known as little bills.

What maidens met us on our way, and  
clasped us hand in hand !  
What cherubs, — not the legless kind,  
that fly, but never stand !  
How many a youthful head we 've seen  
put on its silver crown !  
What sudden changes back again to  
youth's empurpled brown !

But fairer sights have met our eyes, and  
broader lights have shone,  
Since others lit their midnight lamps  
where once we trimmed our own ;  
A thousand trains that flap the sky with  
flags of rushing fire,  
And, throbbing in the Thunderer's hand,  
Thought's million-chorded lyre.

We 've seen the sparks of Empire fly  
beyond the mountain bars,  
Till, glittering o'er the Western wave,  
they joined the setting stars ;  
And ocean trodden into paths that  
trampling giants ford,  
To find the planet's vertebræ and sink  
its spinal cord.

We 've tried reform, — and chloroform,  
— and both have turned our brain ;

When France called up the photograph,  
we roused the foe to pain ;  
Just so those earlier sages shared the  
chaplet of renown, —  
Hers sent a bladder to the clouds, ours  
brought their lightning down.

We 've seen the little tricks of life, its  
varnish and veneer,  
Its stucco-fronts of character flake off  
and disappear,  
We 've learned that oft the brownest  
hands will heap the biggest pile,  
And met with many a "perfect brick"  
beneath a rimless "tile."

What dreams we 've had of deathless  
name, as scholars, statesmen, bards,  
While Fame, the lady with the trump,  
held up her picture cards !  
Till, having nearly played our game, she  
gayly whispered, "Ah !  
I said you should be something grand, —  
you 'll soon be grandpapa."

Well, well, the old have had their day,  
the young must take their turn ;  
There 's something always to forget, and  
something still to learn ;  
But how to tell what 's old or young,  
the tap-root from the sprigs,  
Since Florida revealed her fount to  
Ponce de Leon Twigg's ?

The wisest was a Freshman once, just  
freed from bar and bolt,  
As noisy as a kettle-drum, as leggy as a  
colt ;  
Don't be too savage with the boys, —  
the Primer does not say  
The kitten ought to go to church because  
the cat doth prey.

The law of merit and of age is not the  
rule of three ;

*Non constat* that A. M. must prove as  
busy as A. B.

When Wise the father tracked the son,  
ballooning through the skies,  
He taught a lesson to the old, — go thou  
and do like Wise !

Now then, old boys, and reverend youth,  
of high of low degree,  
Remember how we only get one annual  
out of three,  
And such as dare to simmer down three  
dinners into one  
Must cut their salads mighty short, and  
pepper well with fun.

I 've passed my zenith long ago, it's time  
for me to set ;  
A dozen planets wait to shine, and I am  
lingering yet,  
As sometimes in the blaze of day a milk-  
and-watery moon  
Stains with its dim and fading ray the  
lustrous blue of noon.

Farewell ! yet let one echo rise to shake  
our ancient hall ;  
God save the Queen, — whose throne is  
here, — the Mother of us all !  
Till dawns the great commencement-day  
on every shore and sea,  
And "Expectantur" all mankind, to  
take their last Degree !

### THE PARTING SONG.

FESTIVAL OF THE ALUMNI, 1857.

THE noon of summer sheds its ray  
On Harvard's holy ground ;  
The Matron calls, the sons obey,  
And gather smiling round.

### CHORUS.

Then old and young together stand,  
The sunshine and the snow,

As heart to heart, and hand in hand,  
We sing before we go !

Her hundred opening doors have swung ;  
Through every storied hall  
The pealing echoes loud have rung,  
"Thrice welcome one and all !"  
Then old and young, etc.

We floated through her peaceful bay,  
To sail life's stormy seas ;  
But left our anchor where it lay  
Beneath her green old trees.  
Then old and young, etc.

As now we lift its lengthening chain,  
That held us fast of old,  
The rusted rings grow bright again, —  
Their iron turns to gold.  
Then old and young, etc.

Though scattered ere the setting sun,  
As leaves when wild winds blow,  
Our home is here, our hearts are one,  
Till Charles forgets to flow.  
Then old and young, etc.

**FOR THE MEETING OF THE NATIONAL  
SANITARY ASSOCIATION.**

1860.

WHAT makes the Healing Art divine ?  
The bitter drug we buy and sell,  
The brands that scorch, the blades that  
shine,  
The scars we leave, the "cures" we  
tell ?

Are these thy glories, holiest Art, —  
The trophies that adorn thee best, —  
Or but thy triumph's meanest part, —  
Where mortal weakness stands con-  
fessed ?

We take the arms that Heaven supplies  
For Life's long battle with Disease,  
Taught by our various need to prize  
Our frailest weapons, even these.

But ah ! when Science drops her shield —  
Its peaceful shelter proved in vain —  
And bares her snow-white arm to wield  
The sad, stern ministry of pain ;

When shuddering o'er the fount of life,  
She folds her heaven-anointed wings,  
To lift unmoved the glittering knife  
That searches all its crimson springs ;

When, faithful to her ancient lore,  
She thrusts aside her fragrant balm  
For blistering juice, or cankering ore,  
And tames them till they cure or  
calm ;

When in her gracious hand are seen  
The dregs and scum of earth and seas,  
Her kindness counting all things clean  
That lend the sighing sufferer ease ;

Though on the field that Death has won,  
She save some stragglers in retreat ; —  
These single acts of mercy done  
Are but confessions of defeat.

What though our tempered poisons save  
Some wrecks of life from aches and  
ails ;  
Those grand specifics Nature gave  
Were never poised by weights or  
scales !

God lent his creatures light and air,  
And waters open to the skies ;  
Man locks him in a stifling lair,  
And wonders why his brother dies !

In vain our pitying tears are shed,  
In vain we rear the sheltering pile

Where Art weeds out from bed to bed  
The plagues we planted by the mile !

Be that the glory of the past ;  
With these our sacred toils begin :  
So flies in tatters from its mast  
The yellow flag of sloth and sin,

And lo ! the starry folds reveal  
The blazoned truth we hold so dear :  
To guard is better than to heal, —  
The shield is nobler than the spear !

**FOR THE BURNS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.**

JANUARY 25, 1859.

His birthday. — Nay, we need not speak  
The name each heart is beating, —  
Each glistening eye and flushing cheek  
In light and flame repeating !

We come in one tumultuous tide, —  
One surge of wild emotion, —  
As crowding through the Frith of Clyde  
Rolls in the Western Ocean ;

As when yon cloudless, quartered moon  
Hangs o'er each storied river,  
The swelling breasts of Ayr and Doon  
With sea-green wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll, —  
The past becomes the present, —  
And face to face, and soul to soul,  
We greet the monarch-peasant.

While Shenstone strained in feeble flights  
With Corydon and Phillis, —  
While Wolfe was climbing Abraham's  
heights  
To snatch the Bourbon lilies, —

Who heard the wailing infant's cry,  
The babe beneath the sheeling,

Whose song to-night in every sky  
Will shake earth's starry ceiling, —

Whose passion-breathing voice ascends  
And floats like incense o'er us,  
Whose ringing lay of friendship blends  
With labor's anvil chorus ?

We love him, not for sweetest song,  
Though never tone so tender ;  
We love him, even in his wrong, —  
His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him, not for gifts divine, —  
His Muse was born of woman, —  
His manhood breathes in every line, —  
Was ever heart more human ?

We love him, praise him, just for this :  
In every form and feature,  
Through wealth and want, through woe  
and bliss,  
He saw his fellow-creature !

No soul could sink beneath his love, —  
Not even angel blasted ;  
No mortal power could soar above  
The pride that all outlasted !

Ay ! Heaven had set one living man  
Beyond the pedant's tether, —  
His virtues, frailties, HE may scan,  
Who weighs them all together !

I fling my pebble on the cairn  
Of him, though dead, undying ;  
Sweet Nature's nursling, bonniest bairn  
Beneath her daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe,  
Shall spare the minstrel's story, —  
The centuries weave his purple robe,  
The mountain-mist of glory !

**BOSTON COMMON.—THREE PICTURES.**

FOR THE FAIR IN AID OF THE FUND  
TO PROCURE BALL'S STATUE OF WASH-  
INGTON.

1630.

ALL overgrown with bush and fern,  
And straggling clumps of tangled  
trees,  
With trunks that lean and boughs that  
turn,  
Bent eastward by the mastering  
breeze, —  
With spongy bogs that drip and fill  
A yellow pond with muddy rain,  
Beneath the shaggy southern hill  
Lies wet and low the Shawmut plain.  
And hark ! the trodden branches crack ;  
A crow flaps off with startled scream ;  
A straying woodchuck canters back ;  
A bittern rises from the stream ;  
Leaps from his lair a frightened deer ;  
An otter plunges in the pool ;—  
Here comes old Shawmut's pioneer,  
The parson on his brindled bull !

1774.

THE streets are thronged with trampling  
feet,  
The northern hill is ridged with graves,  
But night and morn the drum is beat  
To frighten down the "rebel knaves."  
The stones of King Street still are red,  
And yet the bloody red-coats come :  
I hear their pacing sentry's tread,  
The click of steel, the tap of drum,  
And over all the open green,  
Where grazed of late the harmless  
kine,  
The cannon's deepening ruts are seen,  
The war-horse stamps, the bayonets  
shine.  
The clouds are dark with crimson rain  
Above the murderous hirelings' den,

And soon their whistling showers shall  
stain  
The pipe-clayed belts of Gage's men.

186 . . .

AROUND the green, in morning light,  
The spired and palaced summits blaze,  
And, sunlike, from her Beacon-height  
The dome-crowned city spreads her  
rays ;  
They span the waves, they belt the plains,  
They skirt the roads with bands of  
white,  
Till with a flash of gilded panes  
You farthest hillside bounds the sight.  
Peace, Freedom, Wealth ! no fairer view,  
Though with the wild-bird's restless  
wings  
We sailed beneath the noontide's blue  
Or chased the moonlight's endless  
rings !  
Here, fitly raised by grateful hands  
His holiest memory to recall,  
The Hero's, Patriot's image stands ;  
He led our sires who won them all !

November 14, 1859.

**THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.**

A NIGHTMARE DREAM BY DAYLIGHT.

Do you know the Old Man of the Sea,  
of the Sea ?  
Have you met with that dreadful old  
man ?  
If you have n't been caught, you will be,  
you will be ;  
For catch you he must and he can.  
He does n't hold on by your throat, by  
your throat,  
As of old in the terrible tale ;  
But he grapples you tight by the coat,  
by the coat,  
Till its buttons and button-holes fail.

There's the charm of a snake in his eye,  
in his eye,

And a polypus-grip in his hands ;  
You cannot go back, nor get by, nor get  
by,

If you look at the spot where he  
stands.

O, you're grabbed ! See his claw on  
your sleeve, on your sleeve !

It is Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea !  
You're a Christian, no doubt you be-  
lieve, you believe :

You're a martyr, whatever you be !

— Is the breakfast-hour past ? They  
must wait, they must wait,

While the coffee boils sullenly down,  
While the Johnny-cake burns on the  
grate, on the grate,

And the toast is done frightfully  
brown.

— Yes, your dinner will keep ; let it  
cool, let it cool,

And Madam may worry and fret,  
And children half-starved go to school,  
go to school ;

He can't think of sparing you yet.

— Hark ! the bell for the train ! " Come  
along ! Come along !

For there isn't a second to lose."

" ALL ABOARD ! " (He holds on.) " Fsht !  
ding-dong ! Fsht ! ding-dong ! " —

You can follow on foot, if you choose.

— There's a maid with a cheek like a  
peach, like a peach,

That is waiting for you in the  
church ; —

But he clings to your side like a leech,  
like a leech,

And you leave your lost bride in the  
lurch.

— There's a babe in a fit, — hurry  
quick ! hurry quick !

To the doctor's as fast as you can !  
The baby is off, while you stick, while  
you stick,

In the grip of the dreadful Old Man !

— I have looked on the face of the Bore,  
of the Bore ;

The voice of the Simple I know ;  
I have welcomed the Flat at my door, at  
my door ;

I have sat by the side of the Slow ;

I have walked like a lamb by the friend,  
by the friend,

That stuck to my skirts like a bur ;  
I have borne the stale talk without end,  
without end,

Of the sitter whom nothing could stir :

But my hamstrings grow loose, and I  
shake, and I shake,

At the sight of the dreadful Old Man ;  
Yea, I quiver and quake, and I take,  
and I take,

To my legs with what vigor I can !

O the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of  
the Sea !

He's come back like the Wandering  
Jew !

He has had his cold claw upon me, upon  
me, —

And be sure that he'll have it on you !

#### INTERNATIONAL ODE.

#### OUR FATHERS' LAND.<sup>1</sup>

God bless our Fathers' Land !  
Keep her in heart and hand  
One with our own !

<sup>1</sup> Sung in unison by twelve hundred chil-  
dren of the public schools, at the visit of the  
Prince of Wales to Boston, October 18, 1880.  
Air, " God save the Queen."



From all her foes defend,  
 Be her brave People's Friend,  
 On all her realms descend,  
 Protect her Throne !

Father, with loving care  
 Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,  
 Guide all his ways :  
 Thine arm his shelter be,  
 From him by land and sea  
 Bid storm and danger flee,  
 Prolong his days !

Lord, let War's tempest cease,  
 Fold the whole Earth in peace  
 Under thy wings !  
 Make all Thy nations one,  
 All hearts beneath the sun,  
 Till Thou shalt reign alone,  
 Great King of kings !

**VIVE LA FRANCE !**

A SENTIMENT OFFERED AT THE DINNER  
 TO H. I. H. THE PRINCE NAPOLEON, AT  
 THE REVERE HOUSE, SEPT. 25, 1861.

THE land of sunshine and of song !  
 Her name your hearts divine ;  
 To her the banquet's vows belong  
 Whose breasts have poured its  
 wine ;  
 Our trusty friend, our true ally  
 Through varied change and chance :  
 So, fill your flashing goblets high, —  
 I give you, VIVE LA FRANCE !

Above our hosts in triple folds  
 The selfsame colors spread,  
 Where Valor's faithful arm upholds  
 The blue, the white, the red ;  
 Alike each nation's glittering crest  
 Reflects the morning's glance, —  
 Twin eagles, soaring east and west :  
 Once more, then, VIVE LA FRANCE !

Sister in trial ! who shall count  
 Thy generous friendship's claim,  
 Whose blood ran mingling in the fount  
 That gave our land its name,  
 Till Yorktown saw in blended line  
 Our conquering arms advance,  
 And victory's double garlands twine  
 Our banners? VIVE LA FRANCE !

O land of heroes ! in our need  
 One gift from Heaven we crave  
 To stanch these wounds that vainly  
 bleed, —  
 The wise to lead the brave !  
 Call back one Captain of thy past  
 From glory's marble trance,  
 Whose name shall be a bugle-blast  
 To rouse us ! VIVE LA FRANCE !

Pluck Condé's baton from the trench,  
 Wake up stout Charles Martel,  
 Or find some woman's hand to clench  
 The sword of La Pucelle !  
 Give us one hour of old Turenne, —  
 One lift of Bayard's lance, —  
 Nay, call Marengo's Chief again  
 To lead us ! VIVE LA FRANCE !

Ah, hush ! our welcome Guest shall hear  
 But sounds of peace and joy ;  
 No angry echo vex thine ear,  
 Fair Daughter of Savoy !  
 Once more ! the land of arms and arts,  
 Of glory, grace, romance ;  
 Her love lies warm in all our hearts :  
 God bless her ! VIVE LA FRANCE !

**BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR  
 SISTER CAROLINE.**

SHE has gone, — she has left us in pas-  
 sion and pride, —  
 Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our  
 side !

She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,  
And turned on her brother the face of a foe !

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,  
We can never forget that our hearts  
have been one, —  
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's  
name,  
From the fountain of blood with the finger  
of flame !

You were always too ready to fire at a  
touch ;  
But we said, "She is hasty, — she does  
not mean much."  
We have scowled, when you uttered  
some turbulent threat ;  
But Friendship still whispered, "For-  
give and forget !"

Has our love all died out ? Have its  
altars grown cold ?  
Has the curse come at last which the  
fathers foretold ?  
Then Nature must teach us the strength  
of the chain  
That her petulant children would sever  
in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are  
gorged with their spoil,  
Till the harvest grows black as it rots  
in the soil,  
Till the wolves and the catamounts  
troop from their caves,  
And the shark tracks the pirate, the  
lord of the waves :

In vain is the strife ! When its fury is  
past,  
Their fortunes must flow in one channel  
at last,

As the torrents that rush from the  
mountains of snow  
Roll mingled in peace through the val-  
leys below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and  
sky :  
Man breaks not the medal, when God  
cuts the die !  
Though darkened with sulphur, though  
cloven with steel,  
The blue arch will brighten, the waters  
will heal !

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,  
There are battles with Fate that can  
never be won !  
The star-flowering banner must never  
be furled,  
For its blossoms of light are the hope of  
the world !

Go, then, our rash sister ! afar and aloof,  
Run wild in the sunshine away from our  
roof ;  
But when your heart aches and your feet  
have grown sore,  
Remember the pathway that leads to our  
door !

March 25, 1861.

#### UNDER THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAM- BRIDGE.

April 27, 1861.

EIGHTY years have passed, and more,  
Since under the brave old tree  
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore  
They would follow the sign their ban-  
ners bore,  
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,  
Half is left to do, —

Cambridge, and Concord, and Lexington !

When the battle is fought and won,  
What shall be told of you ?

Hark !—'t is the south-wind moans,—  
Who are the martyrs down ?  
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's bones  
That sprinkled with blood the cursed stones  
Of the murder-haunted town !

What if the storm-clouds blow ?  
What if the green leaves fall ?  
Better the crashing tempest's throe  
Than the army of worms that gnawed below ;  
Trample them one and all !

Then, when the battle is won,  
And the land from traitors free,  
Our children shall tell of the strife begun  
When Liberty's second April sun  
Was bright on our brave old tree !

**FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN.**

LAND where the banners wave last in  
the sun,

Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one,  
Floating o'er prairie and mountain and  
sea ;

Hark ! 't is the voice of thy children to  
thee !

Here at thine altar our vows we re-  
new

Still in thy cause to be loyal and  
true, —

True to thy flag on the field and the  
wave,

Living to honor it, dying to save !

Mother of heroes ! if perfidy's blight  
Fall on a star in thy garland of light,  
Sound but one bugle-blast ! Lo ! at the  
sign  
Armies all panoplied wheel into line !

Hope of the world ! thou hast broken its  
chains, —  
Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant  
remains,  
Stand for the right till the nations shall  
own  
Freedom their sovereign, with Law for  
her throne !

Freedom ! sweet Freedom ! our voices  
resound,  
Queen by God's blessing, unseptr'd, un-  
crowned !  
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses  
repeat,  
Warm with her life-blood, as long as  
they beat !

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her  
breast, —  
Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the  
West !  
Earth for her heritage, God for her  
friend,  
She shall reign over us, world without  
end !

**ARMY HYMN.**

*"Old Hundred."*

O LORD of Hosts ! Almighty King !  
Behold the sacrifice we bring !  
To every arm Thy strength impart,  
Thy spirit shed through every heart !

Wake in our breasts the living fires,  
The holy faith that warmed our sires ;  
Thy hand hath made our Nation free ;  
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show  
The midnight snare, the silent foe ;  
And when the battle thunders loud,  
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations ! Sovereign Lord !  
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,  
We lift the starry flag on high  
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall  
reign, —  
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!

#### PARTING HYMN.

*"Dundee."*

FATHER of Mercies, Heavenly Friend,  
We seek Thy gracious throne ;  
To Thee our faltering prayers ascend,  
Our fainting hearts are known !

From blasts that chill, from suns that  
smite,  
From every plague that harms ;  
In camp and march, in siege and fight,  
Protect our men-at-arms !

Though from our darkened lives they  
take  
What makes our life most dear,  
We yield them for their country's sake  
With no relenting tear.

Our blood their flowing veins will shed,  
Their wounds our breasts will share ;  
O, save us from the woes we dread,  
Or grant us strength to bear !

Let each unhallowed cause that brings  
The stern destroyer cease,  
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,  
And seraphs whisper Peace !

Thine are the sceptre and the sword,  
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand, —  
Reign Thou our kingless nation's Lord,  
Rule Thou our throneless land !

#### THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,  
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born ?  
With burning star and flaming band  
It kindles all the sunset land :  
O tell us what its name may be, —  
Is this the Flower of Liberty ?  
It is the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

In savage Nature's far abode  
Its tender seed our fathers sowed ;  
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,  
Its opening leaves were streaked with  
blood,  
Till lo ! earth's tyrants shook to see  
The full-blown Flower of Liberty !  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

Behold its streaming rays unite,  
One mingling flood of braided light, —  
The red that fires the Southern rose,  
With spotless white from Northern snows,  
And, spangled o'er its azure, see  
The sister Stars of Liberty !  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

The blades of heroes fence it round,  
Where'er it springs is holy ground ;  
From tower and dome its glories spread ;  
It waves where lonely sentries tread ;  
It makes the land as ocean free,  
And plants an empire on the sea !  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,  
Shall ever float on dome and tower,

To all their heavenly colors true,  
 In blackening frost or crimson dew, —  
 And God love us as we love thee,  
 Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!  
 Then hail the banner of the free,  
 The starry FLOWER OF LIBERTY!

### THE SWEET LITTLE MAN.

DEDICATED TO THE STAY-AT-HOME  
 RANGERS.

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our  
 battles,  
 Each at his post to do all that he can,  
 Down among rebels and contraband  
 chattels,  
 What are you doing, my sweet little  
 man?

All the brave boys under canvas are  
 sleeping,  
 All of them pressing to march with  
 the van,  
 Far from the home where their sweet-  
 hearts are weeping;  
 What are you waiting for, sweet little  
 man?

You with the terrible warlike mus-  
 taches,  
 Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,  
 You with the waist made for sword-belts  
 and sashes,  
 Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet  
 little man?

Bring him the buttonless garment of  
 woman!  
 Cover his face lest it freckle and tan;  
 Muster the Apron-string Guards on the  
 Common,  
 That is the corps for the sweet little  
 man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,  
 Each of them armed with a deadly  
 rattan;  
 They shall defend him from laughter  
 and hisses,  
 Aimed by low boys at the sweet little  
 man.

All the fair maidens about him shall  
 cluster,  
 Pluck the white feathers from bonnet  
 and fan,  
 Make him a plume like a turkey-wing  
 duster, —  
 That is the crest for the sweet little  
 man!

O, but the Apron-string Guards are the  
 fellows!  
 Drilling each day since our troubles  
 began, —  
 "Handle your walking-sticks!"  
 "Shoulder umbrellas!"  
 That is the style for the sweet little  
 man.

Have we a nation to save? In the first  
 place  
 Saving ourselves is the sensible  
 plan, —  
 Surely the spot where there's shooting's  
 the worst place  
 Where I can stand, says the sweet little  
 man.

Catch me confiding my person with  
 strangers!  
 Think how the cowardly Bull-Run-  
 ners ran!  
 In the brigade of the Stay-at-home  
 Rangers  
 Marches my corps, says the sweet  
 little man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-  
 takers,

Such were the soldiers that scaled  
the Redan ;  
Truculent housemaids and bloodthirsty  
Quakers,  
Brave not the wrath of the sweet  
little man !

Yield him the sidewalk, ye nursery  
maidens !

*Sauve qui peut !* Bridget, and right  
about ! Ann ; —

Fierce as a shark in a school of men-  
hadens,  
See him advancing, the sweet little  
man !

When the red flails of the battle-field's  
threshers

Beat out the continent's wheat from  
its bran,

While the wind scatters the chaffy  
seceshers,

What will become of our sweet little  
man ?

When the brown soldiers come back  
from the borders,

How will he look while his features  
they scan ?

How will he feel when he gets marching  
orders,

Signed by his lady love ? sweet little  
man !

Fear not for him, though the rebels ex-  
pect him, —

Life is too precious to shorten its span ;  
Woman her broomstick shall raise to  
protect him,

Will she not fight for the sweet little  
man !

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-  
home Ranger !

Blow the great fish-horn and beat the  
big pan !

First in the field that is farthest from  
danger,  
Take your white-feather plume, sweet  
little man !

### UNION AND LIBERTY.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their  
glory,

Born through their battle-fields' thun-  
der and flame,

Blazoned in song and illumined in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their  
fame !

Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from moun-  
tain to shore,

While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —

UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVER-  
MORE !

Light of our firmament, guide of our  
Nation,

Pride of her children, and honored  
afar,

Let the wide beams of thy full constel-  
lation

Scatter each cloud that would darken  
a star !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unscathed ! what foe shall assail  
thee,

Bearing the standard of Liberty's  
van ?

Think not the God of thy fathers shall  
fail thee,

Striving with men for the birthright  
of man !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery  
blighted,

Dawns the dark hour when the sword  
 thou must draw,  
 Then with the arms of thy millions  
 united,  
 Smite the bold traitors to Freedom  
 and Law!  
 Up with our banner bright, etc.

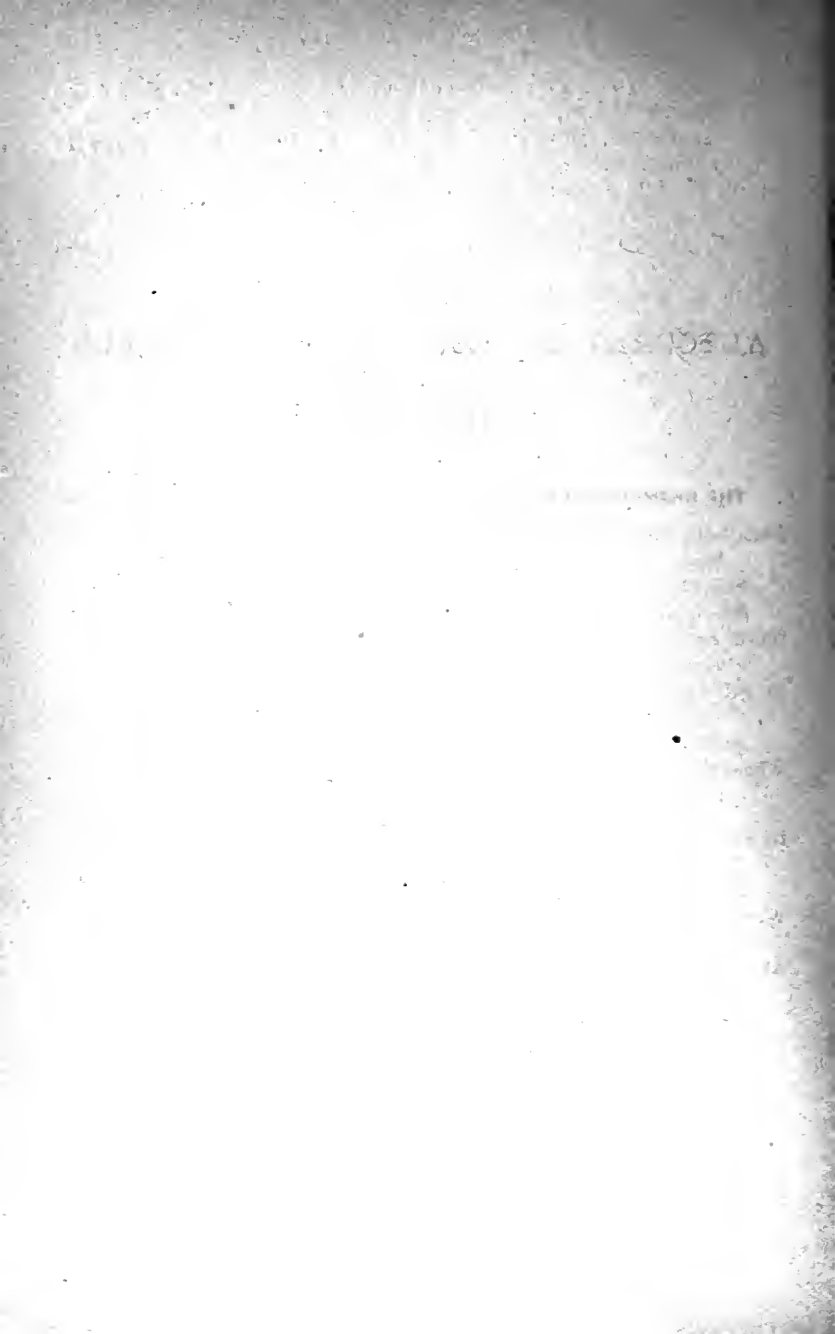
Lord of the Universe! shield us and  
 guide us,  
 Trusting thee always, through shadow  
 and sun!

Thou hast united us, who shall divide  
 us?

Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN  
 ONE!

Up with our banner bright,  
 Sprinkled with starry light,  
 Spread its fair emblems from moun-  
 tain to shore,

While through the sounding sky  
 Loud rings the Nation's cry, —  
 UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVER-  
 MORE!





# P O E M S

FROM THE

## AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

1857-1858.

### THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets  
feign,

Sails the unshadowed main, —  
The venturous bark that flings

On the sweet summer wind its purpled  
wings

In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren  
sings,

And coral reefs lie bare,

Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun  
their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !

And every chambered cell,

Where its dim dreaming life was wont to  
dwell,

As the frail tenant shaped his growing  
shell,

Before thee lies revealed, —

Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt  
unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil ;

Still, as the spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the  
new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway  
through,

Built up its idle door,

Stretched in his last-found home, and  
knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought  
by thee,

Child of the wandering sea,

Cast from her lap, forlorn !

From thy dead lips a clearer note is  
born

Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd  
horn !

While on mine ear it rings,

Through the deep caves of thought I  
hear a voice that sings : —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my  
soul,

As the swift seasons roll !

Leave thy low-vaulted past !

Let each new temple, nobler than the  
last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more  
vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's  
unresting sea !

**SUN AND SHADOW.**

As I look from the isle, o'er its billows  
of green,

To the billows of foam-crested blue,  
Yon bark, that afar in the distance is  
seen,

Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue :  
Now dark in the shadow, she scatters  
the spray

As the chaff in the stroke of the flail ;  
Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on  
her way,

The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to  
shun, —

Of breakers that whiten and roar ;  
How little he cares, if in shadow or sun  
They see him who gaze from the shore !  
He looks to the beacon that looms from  
the reef,

To the rock that is under his lee,  
As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-  
wifted leaf,

O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted  
caves

Where life and its ventures are laid,  
The dreamers who gaze while we battle  
the waves

May see us in sunshine or shade ;  
Yet true to our course, though the  
shadows grow dark,

We'll trim our broad sail as before,  
And stand by the rudder that governs  
the bark,

Nor ask how we look from the shore !

**THE TWO ARMIES.**

As Life's unending column pours,  
Two marshalled hosts are seen, —  
Two armies on the trampled shores  
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,  
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,  
And bears upon a crimson scroll,  
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,  
With sad, yet watchful eyes,  
Calm as the patient planet's gleam  
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,  
No blood-red pennons wave ;  
Its banner bears the single line,  
"Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingeringshade ;  
At Honor's trumpet-call,  
With knitted brow and lifted blade  
In Glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,  
No stirring battle-cry ;  
The bloodless stabber calls by night, —  
Each answers, "Here am I !"

For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,  
The builder's marble piles,  
The anthems pealing o'er their dust  
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf  
That floods the lonely graves  
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf  
In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,  
And angels wait above,  
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,  
Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast  
Her pulses Freedom drew,  
Though the white lilies in her crest  
Sprang from that scarlet dew, —

While Valor's haughty champions wait  
Till all their scars are shown,  
Love walks unchallenged through the  
gate,  
To sit beside the Throne!

## MUSA.

O MY lost beauty! — hast thou folded  
quite  
Thy wings of morning light  
Beyond those iron gates  
Where Life crowds hurrying to the hag-  
gard Fates,  
And Age upon his mound of ashes waits  
To chill our fiery dreams,  
Hot from the heart of youth plunged in  
his icy streams?

Leave me not fading in these weeds of  
care,  
Whose flowers are silvered hair!  
Have I not loved thee long,  
Though my young lips have often done  
thee wrong,  
And vexed thy heaven-tuned ear with  
careless song?  
Ah, wilt thou yet return,  
Bearing thy rose-hued torch, and bid  
thine altar burn?

Come to me! — I will flood thy silent  
shrine  
With my soul's sacred wine,  
And heap thy marble floors  
As the wild spice-trees waste their fra-  
grant stores,  
In leafy islands walled with madrepores  
And lapped in Orient seas,  
When all their feathery palms toss,  
plume-like, in the breeze.

Come to me! — thou shalt feed on hon-  
eyed words,  
Sweeter than song of birds; —

No wailing bulbul's throat,  
No melting dulcimer's melodious note  
When o'er the midnight wave its mur-  
murs float,  
Thy ravished sense might soothe  
With flow so liquid-soft, with strain so  
velvet-smooth.

Thou shalt be decked with jewels, like  
a queen,  
Sought in those bowers of green  
Where loop the clustered vines  
And the close-clinging dulcamara<sup>1</sup>  
twines, —  
Pure pearls of Maydew where the moon-  
light shines,  
And Summer's fruited gems,  
And coral pendants shorn from Autumn's  
berried stems.

Sit by me drifting on the sleepy waves, —  
Or stretched by grass-grown graves,  
Whose gray, high-shouldered stones,  
Carved with old names Life's time-worn  
roll disowns,  
Lean, lichen-spotted, o'er the crumbled  
bones  
Still slumbering where they lay,  
While the sad Pilgrim watched to scare  
the wolf away.

Spread o'er my couch thy visionary  
wing!  
Still let me dream and sing, —  
Dream of that winding shore  
Where scarlet cardinals bloom — for me  
no more, —  
The stream with heaven beneath its  
liquid floor,  
And clustering nenuphars  
Sprinkling its mirrored blue like golden-  
chaliced stars!

<sup>1</sup> The "bitter-sweet" of New England is the  
*Celastrus scandens*, — "Bourreau des arbres"  
of the Canadian French.

Come while their balms the linden-blossoms shed! —

Come while the rose is red, —

While blue-eyed Summer smiles

On the green ripples round yon sunken piles

Washed by the moon-wave warm from Indian isles,

And on the sultry air

The chestnuts spread their palms like holy men in prayer!

O for thy burning lips to fire my brain

With thrills of wild, sweet pain! —

On life's autumnal blast,

Like shrivelled leaves, youth's passion-flowers are cast, —

Once loving thee, we love thee to the last! —

Behold thy new-decked shrine,

And hear once more the voice that breathed "Forever thine!"

### A PARTING HEALTH.

TO J. L. MOTLEY.

YES, we knew we must lose him, —  
though friendship may claim

To blend her green leaves with the laurels of fame;

Though fondly, at parting, we call him  
our own,

'Tis the whisper of love when the bugle  
has blown.

As the rider that rests with the spur on  
his heel,

As the guardsman that sleeps in his  
corselet of steel,

As the archer that stands with his shaft  
on the string,

He stoops from his toil to the garland  
we bring.

What pictures yet slumber unborn in  
his loom,

Till their warriors shall breathe and  
their beauties shall bloom,

While the tapestry lengthens the life-  
glowing dyes

That caught from our sunsets the stain  
of their skies!

In the alcoves of death, in the charnels  
of time,

Where flit the gaunt spectres of passion  
and crime,

There are triumphs untold, there are  
martyrs unsung,

There are heroes yet silent to speak with  
his tongue!

Let us hear the proud story which time  
has bequeathed!

From lips that are warm with the free-  
dom they breathed!

Let him summon its tyrants, and tell us  
their doom,

Though he sweep the black past like  
Van Tromp with his broom!

\* \* \*

The dream flashes by, for the west-winds  
awake

On pampas, on prairie, o'er mountain  
and lake,

To bathe the swift bark, like a sea-  
girdled shrine,

With incense they stole from the rose  
and the pine.

So fill a bright cup with the sunlight  
that gushed

When the dead summer's jewels were  
trampled and crushed:

THE TRUE KNIGHT OF LEARNING, —  
the world holds him dear, —

Love bless him, Joy crown him, God  
speed his career!

## WHAT WE ALL THINK.

THAT age was older once than now,  
 In spite of locks untimely shed,  
 Or silvered on the youthful brow ;  
 That babes make love and children  
 wed.

That sunshine had a heavenly glow,  
 Which faded with those "good old  
 days"

When winters came with deeper snow,  
 And autumns with a softer haze.

That — mother, sister, wife, or child —  
 The "best of women" each has  
 known.

Were school-boys ever half so wild ?  
 How young the grandpapas have  
 grown !

That *but for this* our souls were free,  
 And *but for that* our lives were blest ;  
 That in some season yet to be  
 Our cares will leave us time to rest.

Whene'er we groan with ache or pain, —  
 Some common ailment of the race, —  
 Though doctors think the matter  
 plain, —  
 That ours is "a peculiar case."

That when like babes with fingers burned  
 We count one bitter maxim more,  
 Our lesson all the world has learned,  
 And men are wiser than before.

That when we sob o'er fancied woes,  
 The angels hovering overhead  
 Count every pitying drop that flows,  
 And love us for the tears we shed.

That when we stand with tearless eye  
 And turn the beggar from our door,  
 They still approve us when we sigh,  
 "Ah, had I but *one thousand more!*"

Though temples crowd the crumbled  
 brink

O'erhanging truth's eternal flow,  
 Their tablets bold with *what we think*,  
 Their echoes dumb to *what we know* ;

That one unquestioned text we read,  
 All doubt beyond, all fear above,  
 Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed  
 Can burn or blot it : GOD IS LOVE !

## SPRING HAS COME.

## INTRA MUROS.

THE sunbeams, lost for half a year,  
 Slant through my pane their morning  
 rays ;

For dry northwesterners cold and clear,  
 The east blows in its thin blue haze.

And first the snowdrop's bells are seen,  
 Then close against the sheltering wall  
 The tulip's horn of dusky green,  
 The peony's dark unfolding ball.

The golden-chaliced crocus burns ;  
 The long narcissus-blades appear ;  
 The cone-beaked hyacinth returns  
 To light her blue-flamed chandelier.

The willow's whistling lashes, wrung  
 By the wild winds of gusty March,  
 With sallow leaflets lightly strung,  
 Are swaying by the tufted larch.

The elms have robbed their slender spray  
 With full-blown flower and embryo  
 leaf ;

Wide o'er the clasping arch of day  
 Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.

See the proud tulip's flaunting cup,  
 That flames in glory for an hour, —  
 Behold it withering, — then look up, —  
 How meek the forest monarch's flower !

When wake the violets, Winter dies ;  
When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is  
near ;

When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,  
“ Bud, little roses ! Spring is here ! ”

The windows blush with fresh bouquets,  
Cut with the May-dew on their lips ;  
The radish all its bloom displays,  
Pink as Aurora's finger-tips.

Nor less the flood of light that showers  
On beauty's changed corolla-shades, —  
The walks are gay as bridal bowers  
With rows of many-petalled maids.

The scarlet shell-fish click and clash  
In the blue barrow where they slide ;  
The horseman, proud of streak and  
splash,  
Creeps homeward from his morning  
ride.

Here comes the dealer's awkward string,  
With neck in rope and tail in knot, —  
Rough colts, with careless country-swing,  
In lazy walk or slouching trot.

Wild filly from the mountain-side,  
Doomed to the close and chafing thills,  
Lend me thy long, untiring stride  
To seek with thee thy western hills !

I hear the whispering voice of Spring,  
The thrush's trill, the robin's cry,  
Like some poor bird with prisoned wing  
That sits and sings, but longs to fly.

O for one spot of living green, —  
One little spot where leaves can  
grow, —  
To love unblamed, to walk unseen,  
To dream above, to sleep below !

## PROLOGUE.

A PROLOGUE ? Well, of course the ladies  
know ; —

I have my doubts. No matter, — here  
we go !

What is a Prologue ? Let our Tutor  
teach :

*Pro* means beforehand ; *logos* stands for  
speech.

'T is like the harper's prelude on the  
strings,

The prima donna's courtesy ere she  
sings : —

Prologues in metre are to other *pros*  
As worsted stockings are to engine-hose.

“The world's a stage,” — as Shake-  
speare said, one day ;

The stage a world — was what he meant  
to say.

The outside world's a blunder, that is  
clear ;

The real world that Nature meant is here.  
Here every foundling finds its lost  
mamma ;

Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern  
papa ;

Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts  
are paid,

The cheats are taken in the traps they  
laid ;

One after one the troubles all are past  
Till the fifth act comes right side up at  
last,

When the young couple, old folks,  
rogues, and all,

Join hands, so happy at the curtain's fall.  
Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,  
And black-browed ruffians always come  
to grief.

When the lorn damsel, with a frantic  
screech,

And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,  
Cries, “ Help, kyind Heaven ! ” and  
drops upon her knees

On the green — baize, — beneath the  
(canvas) trees, —

See to her side avenging Valor fly : —  
“Ha! Villain! Draw! Now, Terrai-  
torr, yield or die!”

When the poor hero flounders in despair,  
Some dear lost uncle turns up million-  
naire,

Clasps the young scrapegrace with pater-  
nal joy,

Sobs on his neck, “*My boy!* MY BOY!!  
MY BOY!!!”

Ours, then, sweet friends, the real world  
to-night,

Of love that conquers in disaster’s spite.  
Ladies, attend! While woful cares and  
doubt

Wrong the soft passion in the world  
without,

Though fortune scowl, though prudence  
interfere,

One thing is certain : Love will triumph  
here!

Lords of creation, whom your ladies  
rule, —

The world’s great masters, when you’re  
out of school, —

Learn the brief moral of our evening’s  
play:

Man has his will, — but woman has her  
way!

While man’s dull spirit toils in smoke  
and fire,

Woman’s swift instinct threads the elec-  
tric wire, —

The magic bracelet stretched beneath  
the waves

Beats the black giant with his score of  
slaves.

All earthly powers confess your sov-  
ereign art

But that one rebel, — woman’s wilful  
heart.

All foes you master, but a woman’s wit

Lets daylight through you ere you know  
you’re hit.

So, just to picture what her art can do,  
Hear an old story, made as good as new.

Rudolph, professor of the headsman’s  
trade,

Alike was famous for his arm and blade.  
One day a prisoner Justice had to kill  
Knelled at the block to test the artist’s  
skill.

Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and  
shaggy-browed,

Rudolph the headsman rose above the  
crowd.

His falchion lighted with a sudden  
gleam,

As the pike’s armor flashes in the  
stream.

He sheathed his blade; he turned as  
if to go;

The victim knelt, still waiting for the  
blow.

“Why strikest not? Perform thy mur-  
derous act,”

The prisoner said. (His voice was  
slightly cracked.)

“Friend, I *have* struck,” the artist  
straight replied;

“Wait but one moment, and yourself  
decide.”

He held his snuff-box, — “Now then,  
if you please!”

The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crash-  
ing sneeze,

Off his head tumbled, — bowled along  
the floor, —

Bounced down the steps; — the pris-  
oner said no more!

Woman! thy falchion is a glittering eye;  
If death lurk in it, O how sweet to die!

Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the  
head;

We die with love, and never dream  
we’re dead!

## LATTER-DAY WARNINGS.

WHEN legislators keep the law,  
 When banks dispense with bolts and  
 locks, —  
 When berries — whortle, rasp, and  
 straw —  
 Grow bigger *downwards* through the  
 box, —

When he that selleth house or land  
 Shows leak in roof or flaw in right, —  
 When haberdashers choose the stand  
 Whose window hath the broadest  
 light, —

When preachers tell us all they think,  
 And party leaders all they mean, —  
 When what we pay for, that we drink,  
 From real grape and coffee-bean, —

When lawyers take what they would  
 give,  
 And doctors give what they would  
 take, —

When city fathers eat to live,  
 Save when they fast for conscience'  
 sake, —

When one that hath a horse on sale  
 Shall bring his merit to the proof,  
 Without a lie for every nail  
 That holds the iron on the hoof, —

When in the usual place for rips  
 Our gloves are stitched with special  
 care,  
 And guarded well the whalebone tips  
 Where first umbrellas need repair, —

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot  
 The power of suction to resist,  
 And claret-bottles harbor not  
 Such dimples as would hold your  
 fist, —

When publishers no longer steal,  
 And pay for what they stole before, ~  
 When the first locomotive's wheel  
 Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's  
 bore ; —

*Till* then let Cumming blaze away,  
 And Miller's saints blow up the globe ;  
 But when you see that blessed day,  
*Then* order your ascension robe !

## ALBUM VERSES.

WHEN Eve had led her lord away,  
 And Cain had killed his brother,  
 The stars and flowers, the poets say,  
 Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,  
 And teach the race its duty,  
 By keeping on its wicked heart  
 Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,  
 Will be at least a warning ;  
 And so the flowers would watch by day,  
 The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,  
 Their dewy eyes upturning,  
 The flowers still watch from reddening  
 dawn  
 Till western skies are burning.

Alas ! each hour of daylight tells  
 A tale of shame so crushing,  
 That some turn white as sea-bleached  
 shells,  
 And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down  
 On all their light discovers,  
 The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,  
 The lips of lying lovers,



They try to shut their saddening eyes,  
 And in the vain endeavor  
 We see them twinkling in the skies,  
 And so they wink forever.

## A GOOD TIME GOING!

BRAVE singer of the coming time,  
 Sweet minstrel of the joyous present,  
 Crowned with the noblest wreath of  
 rhyme,

The holly-leaf of Ayrshire's peasant,  
 Good by! Good by!— Our hearts and  
 hands,

Our lips in honest Saxon phrases,  
 Cry, God be with him, till he stands  
 His feet among the English daisies!

'T is here we part;— for other eyes  
 The busy deck, the fluttering streamer,  
 The dripping arms that plunge and rise,  
 The waves in foam, the ship in tremor,  
 The kerchiefs waving from the pier,  
 The cloudy pillar gliding o'er him,  
 The deep blue desert, lone and drear,  
 With heaven above and home before  
 him!

His home!— the Western giant smiles,  
 And twirls the spotty globe to find  
 it;—

This little speck the British Isles?

'T is but a freckle, — never mind it!  
 He laughs, and all his prairies roll,  
 Each gurgling cataract roars and  
 chuckles,

And ridges stretched from pole to pole  
 Heave till they crack their iron  
 knuckles!

But Memory blushes at the sneer,  
 And Honor turns with frown defiant,  
 And Freedom, leaning on her spear,  
 Laughs louder than the laughing  
 giant:

“An islet is a world,” she said,  
 “When glory with its dust has  
 blended,  
 And Britain keeps her noble dead  
 Till earth and seas and skies are  
 rended!”

Beneath each swinging forest-bough  
 Some arm as stout in death reposes, —  
 From wave-washed foot to heaven-kissed  
 brow

Her valor's life-blood runs in roses;  
 Nay, let our brothers of the West  
 Write smiling in their florid pages,  
 One half her soil has walked the rest  
 In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages!

Hugged in the clinging billow's clasp,  
 From sea-weed fringe to mountain  
 heather,

The British oak with rooted grasp  
 Her slender handful holds together;—  
 With cliffs of white and bowers of green,  
 And Ocean narrowing to caress her,  
 And hills and threaded streams be-  
 tween, —

Our little mother isle, God bless her!

In earth's broad temple where we stand,  
 Fanned by the eastern gales that  
 brought us,

We hold the missal in our hand,  
 Bright with the lines our Mother  
 taught us.

Where'er its blazoned page betrays  
 The glistening links of gilded fetters,  
 Behold, the half-turned leaf displays  
 Her rubric stained in crimson letters!

Enough! To speed a parting friend  
 'T is vain alike to speak and listen;—  
 Yet stay, — these feeble accents blend  
 With rays of light from eyes that  
 glisten.

Good by! once more, — and kindly tell

In words of peace the young world's  
 story, —  
 And say, besides, we love too well  
 Our mothers' soil, our fathers' glory !

### THE LAST BLOSSOM.

THOUGH young no more, we still would  
 dream

Of beauty's dear deluding wiles ;  
 The leagues of life to graybeards seem  
 Shorter than boyhood's lingering miles.

Who knows a woman's wild caprice ?  
 It played with Goethe's silvered hair,  
 And many a Holy Father's "niece"  
 Has softly smoothed the papal chair.

When sixty bids us sigh in vain  
 To melt the heart of sweet sixteen,  
 We think upon those ladies twain  
 Who loved so well the tough old Dean.

We see the Patriarch's wintry face,  
 The maid of Egypt's dusky glow,  
 And dream that Youth and Age embrace,  
 As April violets fill with snow.

Tranced in her lord's Olympian smile  
 His lotus-loving Memphian lies, —  
 The musky daughter of the Nile,  
 With plaited hair and almond eyes.

Might we but share one wild caress  
 Ere life's autumnal blossoms fall,  
 And Earth's brown, clinging lips impress  
 The long cold kiss that waits us all !

My bosom heaves, remembering yet  
 The morning of that blissful day,  
 When Rose, the flower of spring, I met,  
 And gave my raptured soul away.

Flung from her eyes of purest blue,  
 A lasso, with its leaping chain,

Light as a loop of larkspurs, flew  
 O'er sense and spirit, heart and brain.

Thou com'st to cheer my waning age,  
 Sweet vision, waited for so long !  
 Dove that would seek the poet's cage  
 Lured by the magic breath of song !

She blushes ! Ah, reluctant maid,  
 Love's *drapeau rouge* the truth has  
 told !

O'er girlhood's yielding barricade.  
 Floats the great Leveller's crimson  
 fold !

Come to my arms ! — love heeds not  
 years ;  
 No frost the bud of passion knows. —  
 Ha ! what is this my frenzy hears ?  
 A voice behind me uttered, — Rose !

Sweet was her smile, — but not for me ;  
 Alas ! when woman looks *too* kind,  
 Just turn your foolish head and see, —  
 Some youth is walking close behind !

### CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few ;  
 I only wish a hut of stone,  
 (A *very plain* brown stone will do,) —  
 That I may call my own ; —  
 And close at hand is such a one,  
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;  
 Three courses are as good as ten ; —  
 If Nature can subsist on three,  
 Thank Heaven for three. Amen !  
 I always thought cold victual nice ; —  
 My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land ; —  
 Give me a mortgage here and there, —

Some good bank-stock, some note of  
hand,

Or trifling railroad share, —  
I only ask that Fortune send  
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,  
And titles are but empty names ;  
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —  
But only near St. James ;  
I'm very sure I should not care  
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are bawbles ; 't is a sin  
To care for such unfruitful things ; —  
One good-sized diamond in a pin, —  
Some, *not so large*, in rings, —  
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,  
Will do for me ; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire ;  
(Good, heavy silks are never dear ; ) —  
I own perhaps I *might* desire  
Some shawls of true Cashmere, —  
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,  
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive  
So fast that folks must stop and stare ;  
An easy gait — two, forty-five —  
Suits me ; I do not care ; —  
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,  
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own  
Titians and Raphaels three or four, —  
I love so much their style and tone, —  
One Turner, and no more,  
(A landscape, — foreground golden  
dirt, —  
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score  
For daily use, and bound for wear ;  
The rest upon an upper floor ; —  
Some *little* luxury *there*

Of red morocco's gilded gleam,  
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as  
these,

Which others often show for pride,  
I value for their power to please,  
And selfish churls deride ; —  
One Stradivarius, I confess,  
Two Meerschauts, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn  
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool ; —  
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,  
But *all* must be of buhl ?  
Give grasping pomp its double share, —  
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,  
Nor long for Midas' golden touch ;  
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,  
I shall not miss them *much*, —  
Too grateful for the blessing lent  
Of simple tastes and mind content !

## ÆSTIVATION.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY MY LATE  
LATIN TUTOR.

IN candent ire the solar splendor flames ;  
The foles, languescent, pend from arid  
rames ;  
His humid front the cive, anhelng,  
wipes,  
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,  
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,  
Carp the suave berries from the crescent  
vine,  
And bibe the flow from longicaudate  
kine !

To me, alas ! no verdurous visions come,  
Save yon exiguous pool's conferva-  
scum, —

No concave vast repeats the tender hue  
That laves my milk-jug with celestial  
blue!

Me wretched! Let me curr to quercine  
shades!

Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous  
- maids!

O, might I vole to some umbrageous  
clump, —

Depart, — be off, — excede, — evade, —  
erump!

### THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE;

OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

#### A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-  
hoss shay,

That was built in such a logical way

It ran a hundred years to a day,

And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but  
stay,

I'll tell you what happened without delay,

Scaring the parson into fits,

Frightening people out of their wits, —

Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.

*Georgius Secundus* was then alive, —

Snuffy old drone from the German hive.

That was the year when Lisbon-town

Saw the earth open and gulp her down,

And Braddock's army was done so brown,

Left without a scalp to its crown.

It was on the terrible Earthquake-day

That the Deacon finished the one-hoss  
shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you  
what,

There is always *somewhere* a weakest  
spot, —

In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,

In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurk-  
ing still,

Find it somewhere you must and will, —

Above or below, or within or without, —

And that 's the reason, beyond a doubt,

That a chaise *breaks down*, but does n't  
*wear out*.

But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,  
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell  
*yeou*,")

He would build one shay to beat the  
taown

'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun' ;

It should be so built that it *couldn'* break  
daown :

— "Fur," said the Deacon, "t 's mighty  
plain

That the weakes' place mus' stan' the  
strain ;

'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,

Is only jest

T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village  
folk

Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That could n't be split nor bent nor  
broke, —

That was for spokes and floor and  
sills ;

He sent for lancewood to make the thills ;

The crossbars were ash, from the straight-  
est trees,

The panels of white-wood, that cuts like  
cheese,

But lasts like iron for things like these ;

The hubs of logs from the "Settler's  
ellum," —

Last of its timber, — they could n't sell  
'em,

Never an axe had seen their chips,

And the wedges flew from between their  
lips,

Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips ;

Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;  
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;

Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide  
Found in the pit when the tanner died.  
That was the way he "put her through." —

"There !" said the Deacon, "naow she 'll dew !"

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wonder, and nothing less !  
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,  
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,  
Children and grandchildren — where were they ?

But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay  
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ; — it came and found  
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.  
Eighteen hundred increased by ten ; —  
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.

Eighteen hundred and twenty came ; —  
Running as usual ; much the same.  
Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
Without both feeling and looking queer.  
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,  
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
(This is a moral that runs at large ;  
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day —

There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,  
A general flavor of mild decay,  
But nothing local, as one may say.  
There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art

Had made it so like in every part  
That there was n't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,

And the floor was just as strong as the sills,

And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,

And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,

And spring and axle and hub *encore*.

And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt  
In another hour it will be *worn out* !

First of November, 'Fifty-five !

This morning the parson takes a drive.

Now, small boys, get out of the way !

Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.

"Huddup !" said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —

Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed

At what the — Moses — was coming next.

All at once the horse stood still,

Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.

— First a shiver, and then a thrill,

Then something decidedly like a spill, —

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,

At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —

Just the hour of the Earthquake shock !

— What do you think the parson found,  
When he got up and stared around ?  
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
As if it had been to the mill and ground!  
You see, of course, if you 're not a dunce,  
How it went to pieces all at once, —  
All at once, and nothing first, —  
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.  
Logic is logic. That 's all I say.

### PARSON TURELL'S LEGACY.

OR, THE PRESIDENT'S OLD ARM-CHAIR.

#### A MATHEMATICAL STORY.

FACTS respecting an old arm-chair.  
At Cambridge. Is kept in the College  
there.

Seems but little the worse for wear.  
That 's remarkable when I say  
It was old in President Holyoke's day.  
(One of his boys, perhaps you know,  
Died, *at one hundred*, years ago.)  
*He* took lodgings for rain or shine  
Under green bed-clothes in '69.

Know old Cambridge? Hope you do. —  
Born there? Don't say so! I was, too.  
(Born in a house with a gambrel-roof, —  
Standing still, if you must have proof. —  
"Gambrel?— Gambrel?" — Let me beg  
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg, —  
First great angle above the hoof, —  
That's the gambrel; hence gambrel-  
roof.)

— Nicest place that ever was seen, —  
Colleges red and Common green,  
Sidewalks brownish with trees between.  
Sweetest spot beneath the skies  
When the canker-worms don't rise, —  
When the dust, that sometimes flies  
Into your mouth and ears and eyes,  
In a quiet slumber lies,

*Not* in the shape of unbaked pies  
Such as barefoot children prize.

A kind of harbor it seems to be,  
Facing the flow of a boundless sea.  
Rows of gray old Tutors stand  
Ranged like rocks above the sand ;  
Rolling beneath them, soft and green,  
Breaks the tide of bright sixteen, —  
One wave, two waves, three waves,  
four, —

Sliding up the sparkling floor :  
Then it ebbs to flow no more,  
Wandering off from shore to shore  
With its freight of golden ore !  
— Pleasant place for boys to play ; —  
Better keep your girls away ;  
Hearts get rolled as pebbles do  
Which countless fingering waves pursue,  
And every classic beach is strown  
With heart-shaped pebbles of blood-red  
stone.

But this is neither here nor there ; —  
I'm talking about an old arm-chair.  
You've heard, no doubt, of PARSON  
TURELL?

Over at Medford he used to dwell ;  
Married one of the Mathers' folk ;  
Got with his wife a chair of oak, —  
Funny old chair with seat like wedge,  
Sharp behind and broad front edge, —  
One of the oddest of human things,  
Turned all over with knobs and rings, —  
But heavy, and wide, and deep, and  
grand, —

Fit for the worthies of the land, —  
Chief Justice Sewall a cause to try in,  
Or Cotton Mather to sit — and lie — in.  
— Parson Turell bequeathed the same  
To a certain student, — SMITH by name ;  
These were the terms, as we are told :  
"Saide Smith saide Chaire to have and  
holde ;  
When he doth graduate, then to passe

To y<sup>e</sup> oldest Youth in y<sup>e</sup> Senior Classe.  
On Payment of" — naming a certain  
sum) —

"By him to whom y<sup>e</sup> Chaire shall come;  
He to y<sup>e</sup> oldest Senior next,  
And soe forever," — (thus runs the  
text,) —

"But one Crown lesse then he gave to  
claime,  
That being his Debte for use of same."

*Smith* transferred it to one of the  
BROWNS,  
And took his money, — five silver  
crowns.

*Brown* delivered it up to MOORE,  
Who paid, it is plain, not five, but four.

*Moore* made over the chair to LEE,  
Who gave him crowns of silver three.

*Lee* conveyed it unto DREW,  
And now the payment, of course, was two.

*Drew* gave up the chair to DUNN, —  
All he got, as you see, was one.

*Dunn* released the chair to HALL,  
And got by the bargain no crown at all.

— And now it passed to a second BROWN,  
Who took it and likewise *claimed a  
crown.*

When *Brown* conveyed it unto WARE,  
Having had one crown, to make it fair,  
He paid him two crowns to take the  
chair ;

And *Ware*, being honest, (as all Wares  
be,)

He paid one POTTER, who took it, three.  
Four got ROBINSON ; five got DIX ;

JOHNSON *primus* demanded six ;  
And so the sum kept gathering still  
Till after the battle of Bunker's Hill.

— When paper money became so  
cheap,  
Folks would n't count it, but said "a  
heap,"

A certain RICHARDS, — the books de-  
clare, —

(A. M. in '90? I 've looked with care  
Through the Triennial, — *name not  
there,*) —

This person, Richards, was offered then  
Eightscore pounds, but would have  
ten ;

Nine, I think, was the sum he took, —  
Not quite certain, — but see the book.

— By and by the wars were still,  
But nothing had altered the Parson's  
will.

The old arm-chair was solid yet,  
But saddled with such a monstrous  
debt !

Things grew quite too bad to bear,  
Paying such sums to get rid of the  
chair !

But dead men's fingers hold awful tight,  
And there was the will in black and  
white,

Plain enough for a child to spell.  
What should be done no man could tell,  
For the chair was a kind of nightmare  
curse,

And every season but made it worse.

As a last resort, to clear the doubt,  
They got old GOVERNOR HANCOCK out.  
The Governor came with his Light-  
horse Troop

And his mounted truckmen, all cock-a-  
hoop ;

Halberds glittered and colors flew,  
French horns whinnied and trumpets  
blew,

The yellow fifes whistled between their  
teeth

And the bumble-bee bass-drums boomed  
beneath ;

So he rode with all his band,  
Till the President met him, cap in hand.  
— The Governor "hefted" the crowns,  
and said, —

"A will is a will, and the Parson's  
dead."

The Governor hefted the crowns. Said  
he, —

“There is your p'int. And here's my  
fee.

These are the terms you must fulfil, —

On such conditions I BREAK THE  
WILL!”

The Governor mentioned what these  
should be.

(Just wait a minute and then you'll see.)

The President prayed. Then all was  
still,

And the Governor rose and BROKE THE  
WILL!

— “About those conditions?” Well,  
now you go

And do as I tell you, and then you'll  
know.

Once a year, on Commencement day,

If you'll only take the pains to stay,

You'll see the President in the CHAIR,

Likewise the Governor sitting there.

The President rises; both old and young

May hear his speech in a foreign tongue,

The meaning whereof, as lawyers swear,

Is this: Can I keep this old arm-chair?

And then his Excellency bows,

As much as to say that he allows.

The Vice-Gub. next is called by name;

He bows like t'other, which means the  
same.

And all the officers round 'em bow,

As much as to say that *they* allow.

And a lot of parchments about the chair

Are handed to witnesses then and there,

And then the lawyers hold it clear

That the chair is safe for another year.

God bless you, Gentlemen! Learn to  
give

Money to colleges while you live.

Don't be silly and think you'll try

To bother the colleges, when you die,

With codicil this, and codicil that,

That Knowledge may starve while Law  
grows fat;

For there never was pitcher that  
would n't spill,

And there's always a flaw in a donkey's  
will!

### ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING.

WITH SLIGHT ALTERATIONS BY A TEETOTALER.

COME! fill a fresh bumper, for why should we go

While the <sup>logwood</sup> ~~nectar~~ still reddens our cups as they flow?

Pour out the <sup>decoction</sup> ~~rich-juices~~ still bright with the sun,

Till o'er the brimmed crystal the <sup>dye stuff</sup> ~~rubies~~ shall run.

The <sup>half-ripened apples</sup> ~~purple-globed clusters~~ their life-dews have bled;

How sweet is the <sup>taste</sup> ~~breath~~ of the <sup>sugar of lead</sup> ~~fragrance~~ they ched!

For summer's <sup>rank poisons</sup> ~~last roses~~ lie hid in the <sup>wines!!!</sup> ~~wines~~

That were garnered by <sup>stable-boys smoking long-pines</sup> ~~maidens who laughed thro' the vines~~.

Then a <sup>scowl</sup> ~~smile~~, and a <sup>howl</sup> ~~glass~~, and a <sup>scoff</sup> ~~toast~~, and a <sup>sneer</sup> ~~cheer~~,

For all the good wine, and we've some of it here!

In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,

Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!  
Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!



# P O E M S

FROM THE

## PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

1858 - 1859.

### UNDER THE VIOLETS.

HER hands are cold ; her face is white ;  
No more her pulses come and go ;  
Her eyes are shut to life and light ; —  
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,  
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,  
To plead for tears with alien eyes ;  
A slender cross of wood alone  
Shall say, that here a maiden lies  
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb  
Shall wheel their circling shadows  
round  
To make the scorching sunlight dim  
That drinks the greenness from the  
ground,  
And drop their dead leaves on her  
mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels  
run,  
And through their leaves the robins  
call,

And, ripening in the autumn sun,  
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,  
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing  
Its matins from the branches high,  
And every minstrel-voice of Spring,  
That trills beneath the April sky,  
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,  
Eastward the lengthening shadows  
pass,  
Her little mourners, clad in black,  
The crickets, sliding through the  
grass,  
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees  
Shall find the prison where she lies,  
And bear the buried dust they seize  
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.  
So may the soul that warmed it rise !

If any, born of kindlier blood,  
Should ask, What maiden lies below ?  
Say only this: A tender bud,  
That tried to blossom in the snow,  
Lies withered where the violets blow.

### HYMN OF TRUST.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,

On Thee we cast each earth-born care,  
We smile at pain while Thou art near !

Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art  
near !

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, forever dear,  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near !

#### A SUN-DAY HYMN.

LORD of all being ! throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;  
Centre and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;  
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;  
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine !

Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is  
love,  
Before thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame !

#### THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.

AH, here it is ! the sliding rail  
That marks the old remembered  
spot, —  
The gap that struck our school-boy  
trail, —  
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,  
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,  
That parted from the silver-birch  
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan ;  
With frequent bends to left or right,  
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,  
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine  
green, —  
The broken millstone at the sill, —  
Though many a rood might stretch be-  
tween,  
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie, —  
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown, —  
And yet it winds, we know not why,  
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way  
With shaking knees and leaping  
heart, —  
And so it often runs astray  
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain  
From some unholy banquet reeled, —  
And since, our devious steps maintain  
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus, — no earthborn will  
Could ever trace a faultless line ;  
Our truest steps are human still, —  
To walk unswerving were divine !

Truants from love, we dream of wrath; —  
 O, rather let us trust the more!  
 Through all the wanderings of the path,  
 We still can see our Father's door!

## IRIS, HER BOOK.

I PRAY thee by the soul of her that bore  
 thee,  
 By thine own sister's spirit I implore  
 thee,  
 Deal gently with the leaves that lie be-  
 fore thee!

For Iris had no mother to infold her,  
 Nor ever leaned upon a sister's shoulder,  
 Telling the twilight thoughts that Na-  
 ture told her.

She had not learned the mystery of  
 awaking  
 Those chorded keys that soothe a sor-  
 row's aching,  
 Giving the dumb heart voice, that else  
 were breaking.

Yet lived, wrought, suffered. Lo, the  
 pictured token!  
 Why should her fleeting day-dreams  
 fade unspoken,  
 Like daffodils that die with sheaths un-  
 broken?

She knew not love, yet lived in maiden  
 fancies, —  
 Walked simply clad, a queen of high  
 romances,  
 And talked strange tongues with angels  
 in her trances.

Tyin-souled she seemed, a twofold na-  
 ture wearing, —  
 Sometimes a flashing falcon in her dar-  
 ing,  
 Then a poor mateless dove that droops  
 despairing.

Questioning all things: Why her Lord  
 had sent her?  
 What were these torturing gifts, and  
 wherefore lent her?  
 Scornful as spirit fallen, its own tor-  
 mentor.

And then all tears and anguish: Queen  
 of Heaven,  
 Sweet Saints, and Thou by mortal sor-  
 rows riven,  
 Save me! O, save me! Shall I die  
 forgiven?

And then — Ah, God! But nay, it  
 little matters:  
 Look at the wasted seeds that autumn  
 scatters,  
 The myriad germs that Nature shapes  
 and shatters!

If she had — Well! She longed, and  
 knew not wherefore.  
 Had the world nothing she might live  
 to care for?  
 No second self to say her evening prayer  
 for?

She knew the marble shapes that set  
 men dreaming,  
 Yet with her shoulders bare and tresses  
 streaming  
 Showed not unlovely to her simple  
 seeming.

Vain? Let it be so! Nature was her  
 teacher.  
 What if a lonely and unsistered creature  
 Loved her own harmless gift of pleasing  
 feature,

Saying, unsaddened, — This shall soon  
 be faded,  
 And double-hued the shining tresses  
 braided,

And all the sunlight of the morning  
shaded?

— This her poor book is full of sad-  
dest follies,  
Of tearful smiles and laughing melan-  
cholies,  
With summer roses twined and wintry  
hollies.

In the strange crossing of uncertain  
chances,  
Somewhere, beneath some maiden's tear-  
dimmed glances  
May fall her little book of dreams and  
fancies.

Sweet sister! Iris, who shall never  
name thee,  
Trembling for fear her open heart may  
shame thee,  
Speaks from this vision-haunted page  
to claim thee.

Spare her, I pray thee! If the maid is  
sleeping,  
Peace with her! she has had her hour  
of weeping.  
No more! She leaves her memory in  
thy keeping.

#### ROBINSON OF LEYDEN.

HE sleeps not here; in hope and prayer  
His wandering flock had gone before,  
But he, the shepherd, might not share  
Their sorrows on the wintry shore.

Before the Speedwell's anchor swung,  
Ere yet the Mayflower's sail was  
spread,

While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,  
The pastor spake, and thus he said:—

“Men, brethren, sisters, children dear!  
God calls you hence from over sea;

Ye may not build by Haerlem Meer,  
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

“Ye go to bear the saving word  
To tribes unnamed and shores untrod:  
Heed well the lessons ye have heard  
From those old teachers taught of God.

“Yet think not unto them was lent  
All light for all the coming days,  
And Heaven's eternal wisdom spent  
In making straight the ancient ways:

“The living fountain overflows  
For every flock, for every lamb,  
Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose  
With Luther's dike or Calvin's dam.”

He spake: with lingering, long embrace,  
With tears of love and partings fond,  
They floated down the creeping Maas,  
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,  
The “Hook of Holland's” shelf of  
sand,  
And grated soon with lifting keel  
The sullen shores of Fatherland.

No home for these!— too well they knew  
The mitred king behind the throne;—  
The sails were set, the pennons flew,  
And westward ho! for worlds un-  
known.

— And these were they who gave us  
birth,  
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,  
Who won for us this virgin earth,  
And freedom with the soil they gave.

The pastor slumbers by the Rhine, —  
In alien earth the exiles lie, —  
Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,  
His words our noblest battle-cry!

Still cry them, and the world shall hear,  
 Ye dwellers by the storm-swept sea!  
 Ye *have* not built by Haerlem Meer,  
 Nor on the land-locked Zuyder-Zee!

**ST. ANTHONY THE REFORMER.**

HIS TEMPTATION.

No fear lest praise should make us proud!  
 We know how cheaply that is won;  
 The idle homage of the crowd  
 Is proof of tasks as idly done.

A surface-smile may pay the toil  
 That follows still the conquering  
 Right,  
 With soft, white hands to dress the spoil  
 That sun-browned valor clutched in  
 fight.

Sing the sweet song of other days,  
 Serenely placid, safely true,  
 And o'er the present's parching ways  
 The verse distils like evening dew.

But speak in words of living power, —  
 They fall like drops of scalding rain  
 That plashed before the burning shower  
 Swept o'er the cities of the plain!

Then scowling Hate turns deadpale, —  
 Then Passion's half-coiled adders  
 spring,  
 And, smitten through their leprous mail,  
 Strike right and left in hope to sting.

If thou, unmoved by poisoning wrath,  
 Thy feet on earth, thy heart above,  
 Canst walk in peace thy kingly path,  
 Unchanged in trust, unchilled in  
 love, —

Too kind for bitter words to grieve,  
 Too firm for clamor to dismay,  
 When Faith forbids thee to believe,  
 And Meekness calls to disobey, —

Ah, then beware of mortal pride!  
 The smiling pride that calmly scorns  
 Those foolish fingers, crimson dyed  
 In laboring on thy crown of thorns!

**THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.**

In the little southern parlor of the house  
 you may have seen  
 With the gambrel-roof, and the gable  
 looking westward to the green,  
 At the side toward the sunset, with the  
 window on its right,  
 Stood the London-made piano I am  
 dreaming of to-night!

Ah me! how I remember the evening  
 when it came!  
 What a cry of eager voices, what a group  
 of cheeks in flame,  
 When the wondrous box was opened  
 that had come from over seas,  
 With its smell of mastic-varnish and  
 its flash of ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the  
 restlessness of joy;  
 For the boy would push his sister, and  
 the sister crowd the boy,  
 Till the father asked for quiet in his  
 grave paternal way,  
 But the mother hushed the tumult with  
 the words, "Now, Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was  
 a very sovereign balm;  
 She had sprinkled it over Sorrow and  
 seen its brow grow calm,  
 In the days of slender harpsichords with  
 tapping tinkling quills,  
 Or carolling to her spinet with its thin  
 metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who  
 always loved to please,

Sat down to the new "Clementi," and  
struck the glittering keys.

Hushed were the children's voices, and  
every eye grew dim,  
As, floating from lip and finger, arose  
the "Vesper Hymn."

— Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly  
and rosy-red,

(Wedded since, and a widow, — some-  
thing like ten years dead,)

Hearing a gush of music such as none  
before,

Steals from her mother's chamber and  
peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded  
whisper dies,

"Open it! open it, lady!" the little  
maiden cries,

(For she thought 't was a singing crea-  
ture caged in a box she heard,)

"Open it! open it, lady! and let me  
see the *bird!*"

### MIDSUMMER.

HERE! sweep these foolish leaves away,  
I will not crush my brains to-day!  
Look! are the southern curtains drawn?  
Fetch me a fan, and so begone!

Not that, — the palm-tree's rustling leaf  
Brought from a parching coral-reef!  
Its breath is heated; — I would swing  
The broad gray plumes, — the eagle's  
wing.

I hate these roses' feverish blood! —  
Pluck me a half-blown lily-bud,  
A long-stemmed lily from the lake,  
Cold as a coiling water-snake.

Rain me sweet odors on the air,  
And wheel me up my Indian chair,

And spread some book not otherwise  
Flat out before my sleepy eyes.

— Who knows it not, — this dead recoil  
Of weary fibres stretched with toil, —  
The pulse that flutters faint and low  
When Summer's seething breezes blow!

O Nature! bare thy loving breast,  
And give thy child one hour of rest, —  
One little hour to lie unseen  
Beneath thy scarf of leafy green!

So, curtained by a singing pine,  
Its murmuring voice shall blend with  
mine,  
Till, lost in dreams, my faltering lay  
In sweeter music dies away.

### DE SAUTY.

AN ELECTRO-CHEMICAL ECLOGUE.

*Professor.*                      *Blue-Nose.*

PROFESSOR.

TELL me, O Provincial! speak, Ceruleo-  
Nasal!  
Lives there one De Sauty extant now  
among you,  
Whispering Boanerges, son of silent  
thunder,  
Holding talk with nations?

Is there a De Sauty ambulant on Tellus,  
Bifid-cleft like mortals, dormant in  
nightcap,  
Having sight, smell, hearing, food-re-  
ceiving feature  
Three times daily patent?

Breathes there such a being, O Ceruleo-  
Nasal?  
Or is he a *mythus*, — ancient word for  
"humbug," —

Such as Livy told about the wolf that  
wet-nursed  
Romulus and Remus ?

Was he born of woman, this alleged De  
Sauty ?  
Or a living product of galvanic action,  
Like the *acarus* bred in Crosse's flint-so-  
lution ?  
Speak, thou Cyano-Rhinal !

## BLUE-NOSE.

Many things thou askest, jackknife-  
bearing stranger,  
Much-conjecturing mortal, pork-and-  
treacle-waster !  
Prepermit thy whittling, wheel thine  
ear-flap toward me,  
Thou shalt hear them answered.

When the charge galvanic tingled  
through the cable,  
At the polar focus of the wire electric  
Suddenly appeared a white-faced man  
among us :  
Called himself "DE SAUTY."

As the small opossum held in pouch  
maternal  
Grasps the nutrient organ whence the  
term *mammalia*,  
So the unknown stranger held the wire  
electric,  
Sucking in the current.

When the current strengthened, bloomed  
the pale-faced stranger, —  
Took no drink nor victual, yet grew fat  
and rosy, —

And from time to time, in sharp articu-  
lation,  
Said, "*All right ! DE SAUTY.*"

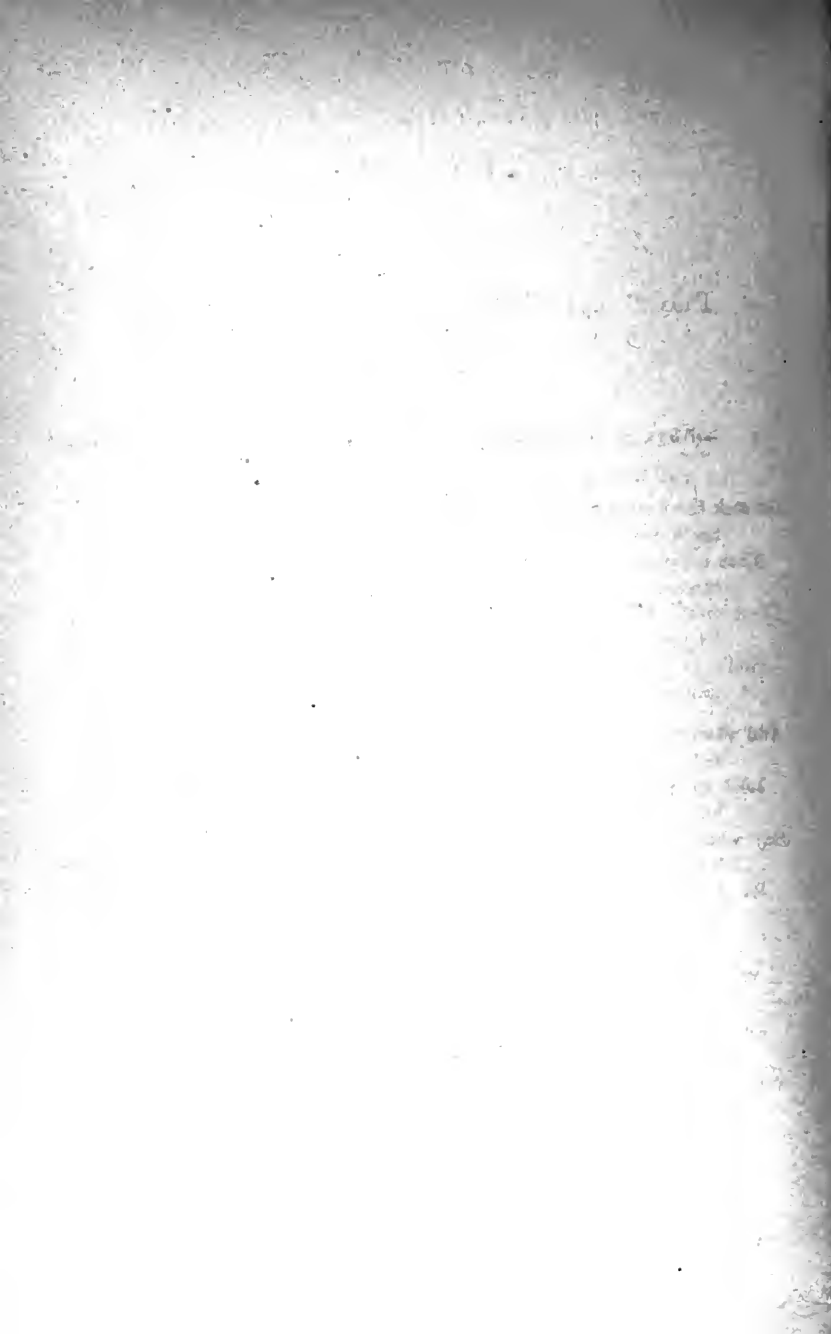
From the lonely station passed the utter-  
ance, spreading  
Through the pines and hemlocks to the  
groves of steeples,  
Till the land was filled with loud rever-  
berations  
Of "*All right ! DE SAUTY.*"

When the current slackened, drooped  
the mystic stranger, —  
Faded, faded, faded, as the stream grew  
weaker, —  
Wasted to a shadow, with a hartshorn  
odor  
Of disintegration.

Drops of deliquescence glistened on his  
forehead,  
Whitened round his feet the dust of  
efflorescence,  
Till one Monday morning, when the flow  
suspended,  
There was no De Sauty.

Nothing but a cloud of elements organic,  
C. O. H. N. Ferrum, Chlor. Flu. Sil.  
Potassa,  
Calc. Sod. Phosph. Mag. Sulphur,  
Mang. (?) Alumin. (?) Cuprum, (?)  
Such as man is made of.

Born of stream galvanic, with it he had  
perished !  
There is no De Sauty now there is no  
current !  
Give us a new cable, then again we 'll  
hear him  
Cry, "*All right ! DE SAUTY.*"





# P O E M S

FROM THE .

## POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

1871-1872.

### HOMESICK IN HEAVEN.

#### THE DIVINE VOICE.

Go seek thine earth-born sisters, — thus  
the Voice

That all obey, — the sad and silent  
three ;

These only, while the hosts of Heaven  
rejoice,

Smile never : ask them what their  
sorrows be :

And when the secret of their griefs they  
tell,

Look on them with thy mild, half-  
human eyes ;

Say what thou wast on earth ; thou  
knowest well ;

So shall they cease from unavailing  
sighs.

#### THE ANGEL.

— Why thus, apart, — the swift-winged  
herald spake, —

Sit ye with silent lips and unstrung  
lyres

While the trisagion's blending chords  
awake

In shouts of joy from all the heavenly  
choirs ?

#### THE FIRST SPIRIT.

— Chide not thy sisters, — thus the an-  
swer came ; —

Children of earth, our half-weaned  
nature clings

To earth's fond memories, and her whis-  
pered name

Untunes our quivering lips, our sad-  
dened strings ;

For there we loved, and where we love  
is home,

Home that our feet may leave, but not  
our hearts,

Though o'er us shine the jasper-lighted  
dome : —

The chain may lengthen, but it never  
parts !

Sometimes a sunlit sphere comes rolling  
by,

And then we softly whisper, — *can it  
be ?*

And leaning toward the silvery orb, we  
try

To hear the music of its murmuring  
sea ;

To catch, perchance, some flashing  
glimpse of green,

Or breathe some wild-wood fragrance,  
wafted through

The opening gates of pearl, that fold  
between

The blindingsplendors and the change-  
less blue.

## THE ANGEL.

— Nay, sister, nay! a single healing leaf  
 Plucked from the bough of yon twelve-  
 fruited tree,  
 Would soothe such anguish, — deeper  
 stabbing grief  
 Has pierced thy throbbing heart —

## THE FIRST SPIRIT.

— Ah, woe is me!

I from my clinging babe was rudely  
 torn ;  
 His tender lips a loveless bosom  
 pressed ;  
 Can I forget him in my life new born ?  
 O that my darling lay upon my breast !

## THE ANGEL.

— And thou? —

## THE SECOND SPIRIT.

I was a fair and youthful bride,  
 The kiss of love still burns upon my  
 cheek,  
 He whom I worshipped, ever at my  
 side, —  
 Him through the spirit realm in vain  
 I seek.

Sweet faces turn their beaming eyes on  
 mine ;  
 Ah! not in these the wished-for look  
 I read ;  
 Still for that one dear human smile I  
 pine ;  
*Thou and none other!* — is the lover's  
 creed.

## THE ANGEL.

— And whence *thy* sadness in a world  
 of bliss  
 Where never parting comes, nor  
 mourner's tear ?  
 Art thou, too, dreaming of a mortal's kiss  
 Amid the seraphs of the heavenly  
 sphere ?

## THE THIRD SPIRIT.

— Nay, tax not me with passion's wast-  
 ing fire ;  
 When the swift message set my spirit  
 free,  
 Blind, helpless, lone, I left my gray-  
 haired sire ;  
 My friends were many, he had none  
 save me.

I left him, orphaned, in the starless  
 night ;  
 Alas, for him no cheerful morning's  
 dawn !  
 I wear the ransomed spirit's robe of  
 white,  
 Yet still I hear him moaning, *She is  
 gone!*

## THE ANGEL.

— Ye know me not, sweet sisters? — All  
 in vain  
 Ye seek your lost ones in the shapes  
 they wore ;  
 The flower once opened may not bud  
 again,  
 The fruit once fallen finds the stem  
 no more.

Child, lover, sire, — yea, all things  
 loved below, —  
 Fair pictures damasked on a vapor's  
 fold, —  
 Fade like the roseate flush, the golden  
 glow,  
 When the bright curtain of the day  
 is rolled.

I was the babe that slumbered on *thy*  
 breast.  
 — And, sister, mine the lips that called  
*thee* bride.  
 — Mine were the silvered locks *thy* hand  
 caressed,  
 That faithful hand, my faltering foot-  
 step's guide !

Each changing form, frail vesture of  
 decay,  
 The soul unclad forgets it once hath  
 worn,  
 Stained with the travel of the weary day,  
 And shamed with rents from every  
 wayside thorn.

To lie, an infant, in *thy* fond embrace,—  
 To come with love's warm kisses back  
 to *thee*, —  
 To show *thine* eyes thy gray-haired fa-  
 ther's face,  
 Not Heaven itself could grant; this  
 may not be!

Then spread your folded wings, and  
 leave to earth  
 The dust once breathing ye have  
 mourned so long,  
 Till Love, new risen, owns his heavenly  
 birth,  
 And sorrow's discords sweeten into  
 song!

## FANTASIA.

## THE YOUNG GIRL'S POEM.

Kiss mine eyelids, beauteous Morn,  
 Blushing into life new-born!  
 Lend me violets for my hair,  
 And thy russet robe to wear,  
 And thy ring of rosiest hue  
 Set in drops of diamond dew!

Kiss my cheek, thou noontide ray,  
 From my Love so far away!  
 Let thy splendor streaming down  
 Turn its pallid lilies brown,  
 Till its darkening shades reveal  
 Where his passion pressed its seal!

Kiss my lips, thou Lord of light,  
 Kiss my lips a soft good-night!

Westward sinks thy golden car;  
 Leave me but the evening star,  
 And my solace that shall be,  
 Borrowing all its light from *thee*!

## AUNT TABITHA.

## THE YOUNG GIRL'S POEM.

WHATEVER I do, and whatever I say,  
 Aunt Tabitha tells me that is n't the  
 way;  
 When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago)  
 Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her  
 advice!  
 But I like my own way, and I find it *so*  
 nice!  
 And besides, I forget half the things I  
 am told;  
 But they all will come back to me—  
 when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no  
 doubt,  
 He may chance to look in as I chance to  
 look out;  
*She* would never endure an impertinent  
 stare, —  
 It is *horrid*, she says, and I must n't sit  
 there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures,  
 I own,  
 But it is n't quite safe to be walking  
 alone;  
 So I take a lad's arm, — just for safety,  
 you know, —  
 But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* did n't  
 do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they  
 were then!  
 They kept at arm's length those detesta-  
 ble men;

What an era of virtue she lived in! —  
 But stay —  
 Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt  
 Tabitha's day?

If the men *were* so wicked, I'll ask my  
 papa  
 How he dared to propose to my darling  
 mamma ;  
 Was he like the rest of them? Good-  
 ness! Who knows?  
 And what shall *I* say, if a wretch should  
 propose?

I am thinking if Aunt knew so little of  
 sin,  
 What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt  
 must have been!  
 And her grand-aunt — it scares me —  
 how shockingly sad  
 That we girls of to-day are so frightfully  
 bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else  
 can ;  
 Let *me* perish — to rescue some wretched  
 young man!  
 Though when to the altar a victim I go,  
 Aunt Tabitha'll tell me *she* never did so!

#### WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

FROM THE YOUNG ASTRONOMER'S POEM.

#### I.

#### AMBITION.

ANOTHER clouded night; the stars are  
 hid,  
 The orb that waits my search is hid with  
 them.  
 Patience! Why grudge an hour, a  
 month, a year,  
 To plant my ladder and to gain the  
 round

That leads my footsteps to the heaven  
 of fame;  
 Where waits the wreath my sleepless  
 midnights won?  
 Not the stained laurel such as heroes  
 wear  
 That withers when some stronger con-  
 queror's heel  
 Treads down their shrivelling trophies  
 in the dust;  
 But the fair garland whose undying  
 green  
 Not time can change, nor wrath of gods  
 or men!

With quickened heart-beats I shall  
 hear the tongues  
 That speak my praise; but better far  
 the sense  
 That in the unshaped ages, buried deep  
 In the dark mines of unaccomplished  
 time  
 Yet to be stamped with morning's royal  
 die  
 And coined in golden days, — in those  
 dim years  
 I shall be reckoned with the undying  
 dead,  
 My name emblazoned on the fiery arch,  
 Unfading till the stars themselves shall  
 fade.

Then, as they call the roll of shining  
 worlds,  
 Sages of race unborn in accents new  
 Shall count me with the Olympian ones  
 of old,  
 Whose glories kindle through the mid-  
 night sky:  
 Here glows the God of Battles; this  
 recalls  
 The Lord of Ocean, and yon far-off sphere  
 The Sire of Him who gave his ancient  
 name  
 To the dim planet with the wondrous  
 rings;

Here flames the Queen of Beauty's silver  
lamp,  
And there the moon-girt orb of mighty  
Jove ;

But *this*, unseen through all earth's æons  
past,

A youth who watched beneath the west-  
ern star

Sought in the darkness, found, and  
shewed to men ;

Linked with his name thenceforth and  
evermore !

So shall that name be syllabled anew

In all the tongues of all the tribes of  
men :

I that have been through immemorial  
years

Dust in the dust of my forgotten time  
Shall live in accents shaped of blood-  
warm breath,

Yea, rise in mortal semblance, newly  
born

In shining stone, in undecaying bronze,  
And stand on high, and look serenely  
down

On the new race that calls the earth its  
own.

Is this a cloud, that, blown athwart  
my soul,

Wears a false seeming of the pearly stain  
Where worlds beyond the world their  
mingling rays

Blend in soft white, — a cloud that, born  
of earth,

Would cheat the soul that looks for light  
from heaven ?

Must every coral-insect leave his sign  
On each poor grain he lent to build the  
reef,

As Babel's builders stamped their sun-  
burnt clay,

Or deem his patient service all in vain ?

What if another sit beneath the shade  
Of the broad elm I planted by the way, —

What if another heed the beacon light  
I set upon the rock that wrecked my  
keel, —

Have I not done my task and served my  
kind ?

Nay, rather act thy part, unnamed, un-  
known,

And let Fame blow her trumpet through  
the world

With noisy wind to swell a fool's re-  
nown,

Joined with some truth he stumbled  
blindly o'er,

Or coupled with some single shining  
deed

That in the great account of all his  
days

Will stand alone upon the bankrupt  
sheet

His pitying angel shows the clerk of  
Heaven.

The noblest service comes from nameless  
hands,

And the best servant does his work un-  
seen.

Who found the seeds of fire and made  
them shoot,

Fed by his breath, in buds and flowers  
of flame ?

Who forged in roaring flames the pon-  
derous stone,

And shaped the moulded metal to his  
need ?

Who gave the dragging car its rolling  
wheel,

And tamed the steed that whirls its  
circling round ?

All these have left their work and not  
their names, —

Why should I murmur at a fate like  
theirs ?

This is the heavenly light ; the pearly  
stain

Was but a wind-cloud drifting o'er the  
stars !

## II.

## REGRETS.

BRIEF glimpses of the bright celestial spheres,  
 False lights, false shadows, vague, uncertain gleams,  
 Pale vaporous mists, wan streaks of lurid flame,  
 The climbing of the upward-sailing cloud,  
 The sinking of the downward-falling star, —  
 All these are pictures of the changing moods  
 Borne through the midnight stillness of my soul.

Here am I, bound upon this pillared rock,  
 Prey to the vulture of a vast desire  
 That feeds upon my life. I burst my bands  
 And steal a moment's freedom from the beak,  
 The clinging talons and the shadowing plumes ;  
 Then comes the false enchantress, with her song ;  
 "Thou wouldst not lay thy forehead in the dust  
 Like the base herd that feeds and breeds and dies !  
 Lo, the fair garlands that I weave for thee,  
 Unchanging as the belt Orion wears,  
 Bright as the jewels of the seven-starred Crown,  
 The spangled stream of Berenice's hair !"  
 And so she twines the fetters with the flowers  
 Around my yielding limbs, and the fierce bird  
 Stoops to his quarry, — then to feed his rage

Of ravening hunger I must drain my blood  
 And let the dew-drenched, poison-breeding night  
 Steal all the freshness from my fading cheek,  
 And leave its shadows round my caver-  
 erned eyes.  
 All for a line in some unheeded scroll ;  
 All for a stone that tells to gaping clowns,  
 "Here lies a restless wretch beneath a clod  
 Where squats the jealous nightmare men  
 call Fame !"

I marvel not at him who scorns his kind  
 And thinks not sadly of the time fore-  
 told  
 When the old hulk we tread shall be a wreck,  
 A slag, a cinder drifting through the sky  
 Without its crew of fools ! We live too long  
 And even so are not content to die,  
 But load the mould that covers up our bones  
 With stones that stand like beggars by the road  
 And show death's grievous wound and ask for tears ;  
 Write our great books to teach men who we are,  
 Sing our fine songs that tell in artful phrase  
 The secrets of our lives, and plead and pray  
 For alms of memory with the after time,  
 Those few swift seasons while the earth shall wear  
 Its leafy summers, ere its core grows cold  
 And the moist life of all that breathes shall die ;

Or as the new-born seer, perchance more  
wise,  
Would have us deem, before its growing  
mass,

Pelted with star-dust, stoned with me-  
teor-balls,  
Heats like a hammered anvil, till at last  
Man and his works and all that stirred  
itself

Of its own motion, in the fiery glow  
Turns to a flaming vapor, and our orb  
Shines a new sun for earths that shall be  
born.

I am as old as Egypt to myself,  
Brother to them that squared the pyra-  
mids

By the same stars I watch. I read the  
page

Where every letter is a glittering world,  
With them who looked from Shinar's  
clay-built towers,

Ere yet the wanderer of the Midland  
sea

Had missed the fallen sister of the seven.  
I dwell in spaces vague, remote, un-  
known,

Save to the silent few, who, leaving  
earth,

Quit all communion with their living  
time.

I lose myself in that ethereal void,  
Till I have tired my wings and long to  
fill

My breast with denser air, to stand, to  
walk

With eyes not raised above my fellow-  
men.

Sick of my unwall'd, solitary realm,  
I ask to change the myriad lifeless  
worlds

I visit as mine own for one poor patch  
Of this dull spheroid and a little breath  
To shape in word or deed to serve my  
kind.

Was ever giant's dungeon dug so deep,  
Was ever tyrant's fetter forged so strong,  
Was e'er such deadly poison in the  
draught

The false wife mingles for the trusting  
fool,

As he whose willing victim is himself,  
Digs, forges, mingles, for his captive  
soul?

### III.

#### SYMPATHIES.

THE snows that glittered on the disk of  
Mars

Have melted, and the planet's fiery orb  
Rolls in the crimson summer of its year;  
But what to me the summer or the snow  
Of worlds that throb with life in forms  
unknown,

If life indeed be theirs; I heed not  
these.

My heart is simply human; all my care  
For them whose dust is fashioned like  
mine own;

These ache with cold and hunger, live  
in pain,  
And shake with fear of worlds more full  
of woe;

There may be others worthier of my  
love,

But such I know not save through these  
I know.

There are two veils of language, hid be-  
neath

Whose sheltering folds, we dare to be  
ourselves;

And not that other self which nods and  
smiles

And babbles in our name; the one is  
Prayer,

Lending its licensed freedom to the  
tongue

That tells our sorrows and our sins to  
Heaven ;

The other, Verse, that throws its spangled  
web

Around our naked speech and makes it  
bold.

I, whose best prayer is silence ; sitting  
dumb

In the great temple where I nightly  
serve

Him who is throned in light, have dared  
to claim

The poet's franchise, though I may not  
hope

To wear his garland ; hear me while I  
tell

My story in such form as poets use,  
But breathed in fitful whispers, as the  
wind

Sighs and then slumbers, wakes and  
sighs again.

Thou Vision, floating in the breathless  
air

Between me and the fairest of the stars,  
I tell my lonely thoughts as unto thee.  
Look not for marvels of the scholar's pen  
In my rude measure ; I can only show  
A slender-margined, unilluminated page,  
And trust its meaning to the flattering  
eye

That reads it in the gracious light of  
love.

Ah, wouldst thou clothe thyself in  
breathing shape

And nestle at my side, my voice should  
lend

Whate'er my verse may lack of tender  
rhythm

To make thee listen.

I have stood entranced

When, with her fingers wandering o'er  
the keys,

The white enchantress with the golden  
hair

Breathed all her soul through some un-  
valued rhyme ;

Some flower of song that long had lost  
its bloom ;

Lo ! its dead summer kindled as she  
sang !

The sweet contralto, like the ringdove's  
coo,

Thrilled it with brooding, fond, caress-  
ing tones,

And the pale minstrel's passion lived  
again,

Tearful and trembling as a dewy rose  
The wind has shaken till it fills the air  
With light and fragrance. Such the  
wondrous charm

A song can borrow when the bosom  
throbs

That lends it breath.

So from the poet's lips

His verse sounds doubly sweet, for none  
like him

Feels every cadence of its wave-like  
flow ;

He lives the passion over, while he reads,  
That shook him as he sang his lofty  
strain,

And pours his life through each resound-  
ing line,

As ocean, when the stormy winds are  
hushed,

Still rolls and thunders through his bil-  
lowy caves.

#### IV.

#### MASTER AND SCHOLAR.

LET me retrace the record of the years  
That made me what I am. A man most  
wise,

But overworn with toil and bent with  
age,

Sought me to be his scholar, — me, run  
wild



From books and teachers, — kindled in  
 my soul  
 The love of knowledge ; led me to his  
 tower,  
 Showed me the wonders of the midnight  
 realm  
 His hollow sceptre ruled, or seemed to  
 rule,  
 Taught me the mighty secrets of the  
 spheres,  
 Trained me to find the glimmering specks  
 of light  
 Beyond the unaided sense, and on my  
 chart  
 To string them one by one, in order due,  
 As on a rosary a saint his beads.  
 I was his only scholar ; I became  
 The echo to his thought ; whate'er he  
 knew  
 Was mine for asking ; so from year to  
 year  
 We wrought together, till there came a  
 time  
 When I, the learner, was the master  
 half  
 Of the twinned being in the dome-  
 crowned tower.

Minds roll in paths like planets ; they  
 revolve  
 This in a larger, that a narrower ring,  
 But round they come at last to that same  
 phase,  
 That selfsame light and shade they  
 showed before.  
 I learned his annual and his monthly  
 tale,  
 His weekly axiom and his daily phrase,  
 I felt them coming in the laden air,  
 And watched them laboring up to vocal  
 breath,  
 Even as the first-born at his father's  
 board  
 Knows ere he speaks the too familiar  
 jest

Is on its way, by some mysterious  
 sign  
 Forewarned, the click before the striking  
 bell.

He shrivelled as I spread my growing  
 leaves,  
 Till trust and reverence changed to pity-  
 ing care ;  
 He lived for me in what he once had  
 been,  
 But I for him, a shadow, a defence,  
 The guardian of his fame, his guide, his  
 staff,  
 Leaned on so long he fell if left alone.  
 I was his eye, his ear, his cunning  
 hand,  
 Love was my spur and longing after  
 fame,  
 But his the goading thorn of sleepless  
 age  
 That sees its shortening span, its length-  
 ening shades,  
 That clutches what it may with eager  
 grasp,  
 And drops at last with empty, out-  
 stretched hands.

All this he dreamed not. He would  
 sit him down  
 Thinking to work his problems as of  
 old,  
 And find the star he thought so plain a  
 blur,  
 The columned figures labyrinthine wilds  
 Without my comment, blind and sense-  
 less scrawls  
 That vexed him with their riddles ; he  
 would strive  
 And struggle for a while, and then his  
 eye  
 Would lose its light, and over all his  
 mind  
 The cold gray mist would settle ; and  
 erelong  
 The darkness fell, and I was left alone.

## V.

## ALONE.

ALONE ! no climber of an Alpine cliff,  
No Arctic venturer on the waveless sea,  
Feels the dread stillness round him as it  
chills

The heart of him who leaves the slum-  
bering earth

To watch the silent worlds that crowd  
the sky.

Alone ! And as the shepherd leaves his  
flock

To feed upon the hillside, he meanwhile  
Finds converse in the warblings of the  
pipe

Himself has fashioned for his vacant  
hour,

So have I grown companion to myself,  
And to the wandering spirits of the air  
That smile and whisper round us in our  
dreams.

Thus have I learned to search if I may  
know

The whence and why of all beneath the  
stars

And all beyond them, and to weigh my  
life

As in a balance, — poisoning good and ill  
Against each other, — asking of the  
Power

That flung me forth among the whirling  
worlds,

If I am heir to any inborn right,  
Or only as an atom of the dust

That every wind may blow where'er it  
will.

## VI.

## QUESTIONING.

I AM not humble ; I was shown my  
place,  
Clad in such robes as Nature had at  
hand ;

Took what she gave, not chose ; I know  
no shame,

No fear for being simply what I am.  
I am not proud, I hold my every breath  
At Nature's mercy. I am as a babe  
Borne in a giant's arms, he knows not  
where ;

Each several heart-beat, counted like the  
coin

A miser reckons, is a special gift  
As from an unseen hand ; if that with-  
hold

Its bounty for a moment, I am left  
A clod upon the earth to which I fall.

Something I find in me that well might  
claim

The love of beings in a sphere above  
This doubtful twilight world of right  
and wrong ;

Something that shows me of the self-  
same clay

That creeps or swims or flies in humblest  
form.

Had I been asked, before I left my bed  
Of shapeless dust, what clothing I would  
wear,

I would have said, More angel and less  
worm ;

But for their sake who are even such as I,  
Of the same mingled blood, I would not  
choose

To hate that meaner portion of myself  
Which makes me brother to the least of  
men.

I dare not be a coward with my lips  
Who dare to question all things in my  
soul ;

Some men may find their wisdom on  
their knees,

Some prone and grovelling in the dust  
like slaves ;

Let the meek glowworm glisten in the  
dew ;

I ask to lift my taper to the sky  
 As they who hold their lamps above  
     their heads,  
 Trusting the larger currents up aloft,  
 Rather than crossing eddies round their  
     breast,  
 Threatening with every puff the flicker-  
     ing blaze.

My life shall be a challenge, not a truce !  
 This is my homage to the mightier  
     powers,  
 To ask my boldest question, undismayed  
 By muttered threats that some hysteric  
     sense  
 Of wrong or insult will convulse the  
     throne  
 Where wisdom reigns supreme ; and if I  
     err,  
 They all must err who have to feel their  
     way  
 As bats that fly at noon ; for what are we  
 But creatures of the night, dragged forth  
     by day,  
 Who needs must stumble, and with  
     stammering steps  
 Spell out their paths in syllables of pain ?  
 Thou wilt not hold in scorn the child  
     who dares  
 Look up to Thee, the Father, — dares to  
     ask  
 More than Thy wisdom answers. From  
     Thy hand  
 The worlds were cast ; yet every leaflet  
     claims  
 From that same hand its little shining  
     sphere  
 Of star-lit dew ; thine image, the great  
     sun,  
 Girt with his mantle of tempestuous  
     flame,  
 Glares in mid-heaven ; but to his noon-  
     tide blaze  
 The slender violet lifts its lidless eye,

And from his splendor steals its fairest  
     hue,  
 Its sweetest perfume from his scorching  
     fire.

## VII.

## WORSHIP.

FROM my lone turret as I look around  
 O'er the green meadows to the ring of  
     blue,  
 From slope, from summit, and from  
     half-hid vale  
 The sky is stabbed with dagger-pointed  
     spires,  
 Their gilded symbols whirling in the  
     wind,  
 Their brazen tongues proclaiming to  
     the world,  
 "Here truth is sold, the only genuine  
     ware ;  
 See that it has our trade-mark ! You  
     will buy  
 Poison instead of food across the way,  
 The lies of ——" this or that, each sev-  
     eral name  
 The standard's blazon and the battle-  
     cry  
 Of some true-gospel faction, and again  
 The token of the Beast to all beside.  
 And grouped round each I see a hud-  
     dling crowd  
 Alike in all things save the words they  
     use ;  
 In love, in longing, hate and fear the  
     same.

Whom do we trust and serve ? We  
     speak of one  
 And bow to many ; Athens still would  
     find  
 The shrines of all she worshipped safe  
     within  
 Our tall barbarian temples, and the  
     thrones

That crowned Olympus mighty as of old.  
The god of music rules the Sabbath  
choir ;

The lyric muse must leave the sacred  
nine

To help us please the dilettante's ear ;  
Plutus limps homeward with us, as we  
leave

The portals of the temple where we knelt  
And listened while the god of eloquence  
(Hermes of ancient days, but now dis-  
guised

In sable vestments) with that other god  
Somnus, the son of Erebus and Nox,  
Fights in unequal contest for our souls ;  
The dreadful sovereign of the under  
world

Still shakes his sceptre at us, and we hear  
The baying of the triple-throated hound ;  
Eros is young as ever, and as fair  
The lovely Goddess born of ocean's foam.

These be thy gods, O Israel ! Who  
is he,

The one ye name and tell us that ye  
serve,

Whom ye would call me from my lonely  
tower

To worship with the many-headed  
throng ?

Is it the God that walked in Eden's grove  
In the cool hour to seek our guilty sire ?

The God who dealt with Abraham as  
the sons

Of that old patriarch deal with other  
men ?

The jealous God of Moses, one who feels  
An image as an insult, and is wroth  
With him who made it and his child  
unborn ?

The God who plagued his people for  
the sin

Of their adulterous king, beloved of  
him, —

The same who offers to a chosen few

The right to praise him in eternal song  
While a vast shrieking world of endless  
woe

Blends its dread chorus with their rap-  
turous hymn ?

Is this the God ye mean, or is it he  
Who heeds the sparrow's fall, whose  
loving heart

Is as the pitying father's to his child,  
Whose lesson to his children is "For-  
give,"

Whose plea for all, "They know not  
what they do" ?

## VIII.

## MANHOOD.

I CLAIM the right of knowing whom  
I serve,

Else is my service idle ; He that asks  
My homage asks it from a reasoning soul.  
To crawl is not to worship ; we have  
learned

A drill of eyelids, bended neck and knee,  
Hanging our prayers on hinges, till we  
ape

The flexures of the many-jointed worm.  
Asia has taught her Allahs and salaams  
To the world's children, — we have  
grown to men !

We who have rolled the sphere beneath  
our feet

To find a virgin forest, as we lay  
The beams of our rude temple, first of all  
Must frame its doorway high enough  
for man

To pass unstooping ; knowing as we do  
That He who shaped us last of living  
forms

Has long enough been served by creep-  
ing things,

Reptiles that left their footprints in  
the sand

Of old sea-margins that have turned to  
stone,

And men who learned their ritual ; we  
demand  
To know him first, then trust him and  
then love  
When we have found him worthy of our  
love,  
Tried by our own poor hearts and not  
before ;  
He must be truer than the truest friend,  
He must be tenderer than a woman's  
love,  
A father better than the best of sires ;  
Kinder than she who bore us, though  
we sin  
Oftener than did the brother we are told,  
We — poor ill-tempered mortals — must  
forgive,  
Though seven times sinning threescore  
times and ten.

This is the new world's gospel : Be  
ye men !  
Try well the legends of the children's  
time ;  
Ye are the chosen people, God has led  
Your steps across the desert of the deep  
As now across the desert of the shore ;  
Mountains are cleft before you as the  
sea  
Before the wandering tribe of Israel's  
sons ;  
Still onward rolls the thunderous car-  
van,  
Its coming printed on the western sky,  
A cloud by day, by night a pillared  
flame ;  
Your prophets are a hundred unto one  
Of them of old who cried, " Thus saith  
the Lord " ;  
They told of cities that should fall in  
heaps,  
But yours of mightier cities that shall  
rise  
Where yet the lonely fishers spread their  
nets,

Where hides the fox and hoots the mid-  
night owl ;  
The tree of knowledge in your garden  
grows  
Not single, but at every humble door ;  
Its branches lend you their immortal  
food,  
That fills you with the sense of what  
ye are,  
No servants of an altar hewed and carved  
From senseless stone by craft of human  
hands,  
Rabbi, or dervish, brahmin, bishop,  
bonze,  
But masters of the charm with which  
they work  
To keep your hands from that forbidden  
tree !  
Ye that have tasted that divinest fruit,  
Look on this world of yours with opened  
eyes !  
Ye are as gods ! Nay, makers of your  
gods, —  
Each day ye break an image in your  
shrine  
And plant a fairer image where it stood :  
Where is the Moloch of your fathers'  
creed,  
Whose fires of torment burned for span-  
long babes ?  
Fit object for a tender mother's love !  
Why not ? It was a bargain duly made  
For these same infants through the  
surety's act  
Intrusted with their all for earth and  
heaven,  
By Him who chose their guardian,  
knowing well  
His fitness for the task, — this, even  
this,  
Was the true doctrine only yesterday  
As thoughts are reckoned, — and to-day  
you hear  
In words that sound as if from human  
tongues

Those monstrous, uncouth horrors of  
the past  
That blot the blue of heaven and shame  
the earth  
As would the saurians of the age of  
slime,  
Awaking from their stony sepulchres  
And wallowing hateful in the eye of  
day!

IX.

RIGHTS.

WHAT am I but the creature Thou hast  
made?  
What have I save the blessings Thou  
hast lent?  
What hope I but Thy mercy and Thy  
love?  
Who but myself shall cloud my soul with  
fear?  
Whose hand protect me from myself but  
Thine?  
I claim the rights of weakness, I, the  
babe,  
Call on my sire to shield me from the  
ills  
That still beset my path, not trying me  
With snares beyond my wisdom or my  
strength,  
He knowing I shall use them to my  
harm,  
And find a tenfold misery in the sense  
That in my childlike folly I have sprung  
The trap upon myself as vermin use  
Drawn by the cunning bait to certain  
doom.  
Who wrought the wondrous charm that  
leads us on  
To sweet perdition, but the selfsame  
power  
That set the fearful engine to destroy  
His wretched offspring (as the Rabbis  
tell),

And hid its yawning jaws and treacher-  
ous springs  
In such a show of innocent sweet flowers  
It lured the sinless angels and they fell?  
Ah! He who prayed the prayer of  
all mankind  
Summed in those few brief words the  
mightiest plea  
For erring souls before the courts of  
heaven, —  
*Save us from being tempted, — lest we  
fall!*

If we are only as the potter's clay  
Made to be fashioned as the artist wills,  
And broken into shards if we offend  
The eye of Him who made us, it is well;  
Such love as the insensate lump of clay  
That spins upon the swift-revolving  
wheel  
Bears to the hand that shapes its growing  
form, —  
Such love, no more, will be our hearts'  
return  
To the great Master-workman for his  
care, —  
Or would be, save that this, our breath-  
ing clay,  
Is intertwined with fine innumerable  
threads  
That make it conscious in its framer's  
hand;  
And this He must remember who has  
filled  
These vessels with the deadly draught  
of life, —  
Life, that means death to all it claims.  
Our love  
Must kindle in the ray that streams  
from heaven,  
A faint reflection of the light divine;  
The sun must warm the earth before the  
rose  
Can show her inmost heart-leaves to the  
sun.

He yields some fraction of the Maker's  
     right  
 Who gives the quivering nerve its sense  
     of pain ;  
 Is there not something in the pleading  
     eye  
 Of the poor brute that suffers, which ar-  
     raigns  
 The law that bids it suffer ? Has it not  
 A claim for some remembrance in the  
     book  
 That fills its pages with the idle words  
 Spoken of men ? Or is it only clay,  
 Bleeding and aching in the potter's hand,  
 Yet all his own to treat it as he will  
 And when he will to cast it at his feet,  
 Shattered, dishonored, lost forevermore ?  
 My dog loves me, but could he look be-  
     yond  
 His earthly master, would his love ex-  
     tend  
 To Him who — Hush ! I will not doubt  
     that He  
 Is better than our fears, and will not  
     wrong  
 The least, the meanest of created things !  
  
 He would not trust me with the small-  
     est orb  
 That circles through the sky ; he would  
     not give  
 A meteor to my guidance ; would not  
     leave  
 The coloring of a cloudlet to my hand ;  
 He locks my beating heart beneath its  
     bars  
 And keeps the key himself ; he meas-  
     ures out  
 The draughts of vital breath that warm  
     my blood,  
 Winds up the springs of instinct which  
     uncoil,  
 Each in its season ; ties me to my home,  
 My race, my time, my nation, and my  
     creed

So closely that if I but slip my wrist  
 Out of the band that cuts it to the bone,  
 Men say, " He hath a devil " ; he has lent  
 All that I hold in trust, as unto one  
 By reason of his weakness and his years  
 Not fit to hold the smallest shred in fee  
 Of those most common things he calls  
     his own —  
 And yet — my Rabbi tells me — he has  
     left  
 The care of that to which a million  
     worlds  
 Filled with unconscious life were less  
     than naught,  
 Has left that mighty universe, the Soul,  
 To the weak guidance of our baby hands,  
 Let the foul fiends have access at their  
     will,  
 Taking the shape of angels, to our  
     hearts, —  
 Our hearts already poisoned through and  
     through  
 With the fierce virus of ancestral sin ;  
 Turned us adrift with our immortal  
     charge,  
 To wreck ourselves in gulfs of endless woe.  
 If what my Rabbi tells me is the truth  
 Why did the choir of angels sing for joy ?  
 Heaven must be compassed in a narrow  
     space,  
 And offer more than room enough for all  
 That pass its portals ; but the under-  
     world,  
 The godless realm, the place where  
     demons forge  
 Their fiery darts and adamant chains,  
 Must swarm with ghosts that for a little  
     while  
 Had worn the garb of flesh, and being  
     heirs  
 Of all the dulness of their stolid sires,  
 And all the erring instincts of their  
     tribe,  
 Nature's own teaching, rudiments of  
     " sin,"

Fell headlong in the snare that could  
not fail  
To trap the wretched creatures shaped  
of clay  
And cursed with sense enough to lose  
their souls !  
Brother, thy heart is troubled at my  
word ;  
Sister, I see the cloud is on thy brow.  
He will not blame me, He who sends not  
peace,  
But sends a sword, and bids us strike  
amain  
At Error's gilded crest, where in the van  
Of earth's great army, mingling with the  
best  
And bravest of its leaders, shouting loud  
The battle-cries that yesterday have  
led  
The host of Truth to victory, but to-day  
Are watchwords of the laggard and the  
slave,  
He leads his dazzled cohorts. God has  
made  
This world a strife of atoms and of  
spheres ;  
With every breath I sigh myself away  
And take my tribute from the wandering  
wind  
To fan the flame of life's consuming fire ;  
So, while my thought has life, it needs  
must burn,  
And burning, set the stubble-fields  
ablaze,  
Where all the harvest long ago was  
reaped  
And safely garnered in the ancient barns,  
But still the gleaners, groping for their  
food,  
Go blindly feeling through the close-  
shorn straw,  
While the young reapers flash their glit-  
tering steel  
Where later suns have ripened nobler  
grain !

## X.

## TRUTHS.

THE time is racked with birth-pangs ;  
every hour  
Brings forth some gasping truth, and  
truth new-born  
Looks a misshapen and untimely  
growth,  
The terror of the household and its  
shame,  
A monster coiling in its nurse's lap  
That some would strangle, some would  
only starve ;  
But still it breathes, and passed from  
hand to hand,  
And suckled at a hundred half-clad  
breasts,  
Comes slowly to its stature and its form,  
Calms the rough ridges of its dragon-  
scales,  
Changes to shining locks its snaky  
hair,  
And moves transfigured into angel guise,  
Welcomed by all that cursed its hour of  
birth,  
And folded in the same encircling arms  
That cast it like a serpent from their  
hold !  
If thou wouldst live in honor, die in  
peace,  
Have the fine words the marble-workers  
learn  
To carve so well, upon thy funeral-stone,  
And earn a fair obituary, dressed  
In all the many-colored robes of praise,  
Be deafer than the adder to the cry  
Of that same foundling truth, until it  
grows  
To seemly favor, and at length has won  
The smiles of hard-mouthed men and  
light-lipped dames ;  
Then snatch it from its meagre nurse's  
breast,



Fold it in silk and give it food from  
gold ;

So shalt thou share its glory when at  
last

It drops its mortal vesture, and revealed  
In all the splendor of its heavenly form,  
Spreads on the startled air its mighty  
wings !

Alas ! how much that seemed immor-  
tal truth  
That heroes fought for, martyrs died to  
save,  
Reveals its earth-born lineage, growing  
old  
And limping in its march, its wings un-  
plumed,  
Its heavenly semblance faded like a  
dream !

Here in this painted casket, just un-  
sealed,  
Lies what was once a breathing shape  
like thine,  
Once loved as thou art loved ; there  
beamed the eyes  
That looked on Memphis in its hour of  
pride,  
That saw the walls of hundred-gated  
Thebes,  
And all the mirrored glories of the Nile.  
See how they toiled that all-consuming  
time  
Might leave the frame immortal in its  
tomb ;  
Filled it with fragrant balms and odor-  
ous gums  
That still diffuse their sweetness through  
the air,  
And wound and wound with patient fold  
on fold  
The flaxen bands thy hand has rudely  
torn !  
Perchance thou yet canst see the faded  
stain  
Of the sad mourner's tear.

## XI.

## IDOLS.

BUT what is this ?

The sacred beetle, bound upon the breast  
Of the blind heathen ! Snatch the curi-  
ous prize,  
Give it a place among thy treasured  
spoils  
Fossil and relic, — corals, encrinites,  
The fly in amber and the fish in stone,  
The twisted circlet of Etruscan gold,  
Medal, intaglio, poniard, poison-ring, —  
Place for the Memphian beetle with  
thine hoard !

Ah ! longer than thy creed has blest  
the world  
This toy, thus ravished from thy broth-  
er's breast,  
Was to the heart of Mizraim as divine,  
As holy, as the symbol that we lay  
On the still bosom of our white-robed  
dead,  
And raise above their dust that all may  
know  
Here sleeps an heir of glory. Loving  
friends,  
With tears of trembling faith and chok-  
ing sobs,  
And prayers to those who judge of mor-  
tal deeds,  
Wrapped this poor image in the cere-  
ment's fold  
That Isis and Osiris, friends of man,  
Might know their own and claim the  
ransomed soul.

An idol ? Man was born to worship  
such !  
An idol is an image of his thought ;  
Sometimes he carves it out of gleaming  
stone,  
And sometimes moulds it out of glitter-  
ing gold,

Or rounds it in a mighty frescoed dome,  
Or lifts it heavenward in a lofty spire,  
Or shapes it in a cunning frame of words,  
Or pays his priest to make it day by day ;  
For sense must have its god as well as  
soul ;

A new-born Dian calls for silver shrines,  
And Egypt's holiest symbol is our own,  
The sign we worship as did they of old  
When Isis and Osiris ruled the world.

Let us be true to our most subtle  
selves,

We long to have our idols like the rest.  
Think ! when the men of Israel had  
their God

Encamped among them, talking with  
their chief,

Leading them in the pillar of the cloud  
And watching o'er them in the shaft of  
fire,

They still must have an image ; still  
they longed

For somewhat of substantial, solid form  
Whereon to hang their garlands, and to  
fix

Their wandering thoughts and gain a  
stronger hold

For their uncertain faith, not yet assured  
If those same meteors of the day and  
night

Were not mere exhalations of the soil.

Are we less earthly than the chosen  
race ?

Are we more neighbors of the living God  
Than they who gathered manna every  
morn,

Reaping where none had sown, and heard  
the voice

Of him who met the Highest in the  
mount,

And brought them tables, graven with  
His hand ?

Yet these must have their idol, brought  
their gold,

That star-browed Apis might be god  
again ;

Yea, from their ears the women brake  
the rings

That lent such splendors to the gypsy  
brown

Of sunburnt cheeks, — what more could  
woman do

To show her pious zeal ? They went  
astray,

But nature led them as it leads us all.

We too, who mock at Israel's golden  
calf

And scoff at Egypt's sacred scarabee,  
Would have our amulets to clasp and  
kiss,

And flood with rapturous tears, and bear  
with us

To be our dear companions in the dust ;  
Such magic works an image in our souls !

Man is an embryo ; see at twenty years  
His bones, the columns that uphold his  
frame

Not yet cemented, shaft and capital,  
Mere fragments of the temple incom-  
plete.

At twoscore, threescore, is he then full  
grown ?

Nay, still a child, and as the little maids  
Dress and undress their puppets, so he  
tries

To dress a lifeless creed, as if it lived,  
And change its raiment when the world  
cries shame !

We smile to see our little ones at play  
So grave, so thoughtful, with maternal  
care

Nursing the wisps of rags they call their  
babes ; —

Does He not smile who sees us with the  
toys

We call by sacred names, and idly feign  
To be what we have called them ? He  
is still

The Father of this helpless nursery-  
 brood,  
 Whose second childhood joins so close  
 its first,  
 That in the crowding, hurrying years  
 between  
 We scarce have trained our senses to  
 their task  
 Before the gathering mist has dimmed  
 our eyes,  
 And with our hollowed palm we help  
 our ear,  
 And trace with trembling hand our  
 wrinkled names,  
 And then begin to tell our stories o'er,  
 And see — not hear — the whispering  
 lips that say,  
 "You know — ? Your father knew  
 him. — This is he,  
 Tottering and leaning on the hireling's  
 arm," —  
 And so, at length, disrobed of all that  
 clad  
 The simple life we share with weed and  
 worm,  
 Go to our cradles, naked as we came.

## XII.

## LOVE.

WHAT if a soul redeemed, a spirit that  
 loved  
 While yet on earth and was beloved in  
 turn,  
 And still remembered every look and  
 tone  
 Of that dear earthly sister who was left  
 Among the unwise virgins at the gate, —  
 Itself admitted with the bridegroom's  
 train, —  
 What if this spirit redeemed, amid the  
 host  
 Of chanting angels, in some transient  
 lull

Of the eternal anthem, heard the cry  
 Of its lost darling, whom in evil hour  
 Some wilder pulse of nature led astray  
 And left an outcast in a world of fire,  
 Condemned to be the sport of cruel  
 fiends,  
 Sleepless, un pitying, masters of the skill  
 To wring the maddest ecstasies of pain  
 From worn-out souls that only ask to  
 die, —  
 Would it not long to leave the bliss of  
 Heaven, —  
 Bearing a little water in its hand  
 To moisten those poor lips that plead in  
 vain  
 With Him we call our Father? Or is all  
 So changed in such as taste celestial joy  
 They hear unmoved the endless wail of  
 woe;  
 The daughter in the same dear tones  
 that hushed  
 Her cradled slumbers; she who once  
 had held  
 A babe upon her bosom from its voice  
 Hoarse with its cry of anguish, yet the  
 same?

No! not in ages when the Dreadful  
 Bird  
 Stamped his huge footprints, and the  
 Fearful Beast  
 Strode with the flesh about those fossil  
 bones  
 We build to mimic life with pygmy  
 hands, —  
 Not in those earliest days when men  
 ran wild  
 And gashed each other with their knives  
 of stone,  
 When their low foreheads bulged in  
 ridgy brows  
 And their flat hands were callous in the  
 palm  
 With walking in the fashion of their  
 sires,

Grope as they might to find a cruel god  
To work their will on such as human  
wrath

Had wrought its worst to torture, and  
had left

With rage unsated, white and stark and  
cold,

Could hate have shaped a demon more  
malign

Than him the dead men mummied in  
their creed

And taught their trembling children to  
adore!

Made in *his* image! Sweet and gra-  
cious souls

Dear to my heart by nature's fondest  
names,

Is not your memory still the precious  
mould

That lends its form to Him who hears  
my prayer?

Thus only I behold him, like to them,  
Long-suffering, gentle, ever slow to  
wrath,

If wrath it be that only wounds to heal,  
Ready to meet the wanderer ere he reach  
The door he seeks, forgetful of his sin,  
Longing to clasp him in a father's arms,  
And seal his pardon with a pitying tear!

Four gospels tell their story to man-  
kind,

And none so full of soft, caressing words  
That bring the Maid of Bethlehem and  
her Babe

Before our tear-dimmed eyes, as his who  
learned

In the meek service of his gracious art  
The tones which like the medicinal balms  
That calm the sufferer's anguish, soothe  
our souls.

— O that the loving woman, she who sat  
So long a listener at her Master's feet,  
Had left us Mary's Gospel, — all she  
heard

Too sweet, too subtle for the ear of man!  
Mark how the tender-hearted mothers  
read

The messages of love between the lines  
Of the same page that loads the bitter  
tongue

Of him who deals in terror as his trade  
With threatening words of wrath that  
scorch like flame!

They tell of angels whispering round  
the bed

Of the sweet infant smiling in its dream,  
Of lambs enfolded in the Shepherd's  
arms,

Of Him who blessed the children; of  
the land

Where crystal rivers feed unfading  
flowers,

Of cities golden-paved with streets of  
pearl,

Of the white robes the winged creatures  
wear,

The crowns and harps from whose melo-  
dious strings

One long, sweet anthem flows forever-  
more!

— We too had human mothers, even  
as Thou,

Whom we have learned to worship as  
remote

From mortal kindred, wast a cradled  
babe.

The milk of woman filled our branching  
veins,

She lulled us with her tender nursery-  
song,

And folded round us her untiring arms,  
While the first unremembered twilight  
year

Shaped us to conscious being; still we  
feel

Her pulses in our own, — too faintly  
feel;

Would that the heart of woman warmed  
our creeds!

Not from the sad-eyed hermit's lonely  
cell,  
Not from the conclave where the holy  
men  
Glare on each other, as with angry eyes  
They battle for God's glory and their  
own,  
Till, sick of wordy strife, a show of  
hands  
Fixes the faith of ages yet unborn, —  
Ah, not from these the listening soul  
can hear  
The Father's voice that speaks itself  
divine!  
Love must be still our Master; till we  
learn  
What he can teach us of a woman's  
heart,  
We know not His, whose love embraces  
all.

### EPILOGUE TO THE BREAKFAST-TABLE SERIES.

AUTOCRAT — PROFESSOR — POET.

AT A BOOKSTORE.

*Anno Domini 1972.*

A CRAZY bookcase, placed before  
A low-price dealer's open door;  
Therein arrayed in broken rows  
A ragged crew of rhyme and prose,  
The homeless vagrants, waifs and strays  
Whose low estate this line betrays  
(Set forth the lesser birds to lime)  
*YOUR CHOICE AMONG THESE BOOKS, 1  
DIME!*

Ho! dealer; for its motto's sake  
This scarecrow from the shelf I take;  
Three starveling volumes bound in one,  
Its covers warping in the sun.  
Methinks it hath a musty smell,  
I like its flavor none too well,  
But Yorick's brain was far from dull,

Though Hamlet pah! 'd, and dropped  
his skull.

Why, here comes rain! The sky grows  
dark, —

Was that the roll of thunder? Hark!  
The shop affords a safe retreat,  
A chair extends its welcome seat,  
The tradesman has a civil look  
(I've paid, impromptu, for my book),  
The clouds portend a sudden shower, —  
I'll read my purchase for an hour.

\* \* \*

What have I rescued from the shelf?  
A Boswell, writing out himself!  
For though he changes dress and name,  
The man beneath is still the same,  
Laughing or sad, by fits and starts,  
One actor in a dozen parts,  
And whatsoever the mask may be,  
The voice assures us, *This is he.*

I say not this to cry him down;  
I find my Shakespeare in his clown,  
His rogues the selfsame parent own;  
Nay! Satan talks in Milton's tone!  
Where'er the ocean inlet strays,  
The salt sea wave its source betrays,  
Where'er the queen of summer blows,  
She tells the zephyr, "I'm the rose!"

And his is not the playwright's page;  
His table does not ape the stage;  
What matter if the figures seen  
Are only shadows on a screen,  
He finds in them his lurking thought,  
And on their lips the words he sought,  
Like one who sits before the keys  
And plays a tune himself to please.

And was he noted in his day?  
Read, flattered, honored? Who shall  
say?

Poor wreck of time the wave has cast  
To find a peaceful shore at last,

Once glorying in thy gilded name  
 And freighted deep with hopes of fame,  
 Thy leaf is moistened with a tear,  
 The first for many a long, long year !

For be it more or less of art  
 That veils the lowliest human heart  
 Where passion throbs, where friendship  
 glows,

Where pity's tender tribute flows,  
 Where love has lit its fragrant fire,  
 And sorrow quenched its vain desire,  
 For me the altar is divine,  
 Its flame, its ashes, — all are mine !

And thou, my brother, as I look  
 And see thee pictured in thy book,

Thy years on every page confessed  
 In shadows lengthening from the west,  
 Thy glance that wanders, as it sought  
 Some freshly opening flower of thought,  
 Thy hopeful nature, light and free,  
 I start to find myself in thee !

\* \* \*

Come, vagrant, outcast, wretch for-  
 lorn

In leather jerkin stained and torn,  
 Whose talk has filled my idle hour  
 And made me half forget the shower,  
 I 'll do at least as much for you,  
 Your coat I 'll patch, your guilt renew,  
 Read you — perhaps — some other time.  
 Not bad, my bargain ! Price one dime !

# POEMS OF THE CLASS OF '29.

1851 - 1877.

## BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I  
Will steal an hour from days gone by,  
The shining days when life was new,  
And all was bright with morning dew,  
The lusty days of long ago,  
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail  
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,  
And mine as brief appendix wear  
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare ;  
To-day, old friend, remember still  
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied  
prize,  
And grand you look in people's eyes,  
With H O N. and L L. D.  
In big brave letters, fair to see, —  
Your fist, old fellow ! off they go ! —  
How are you, Bill ? How are you, Joe ?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe ;  
You've taught your name to half the  
globe ;  
You've sung mankind a deathless strain ;  
You've made the dead past live again :  
The world may call you what it will,  
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say  
"See those old buffers, bent and gray, —

They talk like fellows in their teens !  
Mad, poor old boys ! That's what it  
means," —

And shake their heads ; they little know  
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe ! —

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,  
While Joe sits smiling at his side ;  
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,  
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes, —  
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill  
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame ?  
A fitful tongue of leaping flame ;  
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,  
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust ;  
A few swift years, and who can show  
Which dust was Bill and which was  
Joe ?

The weary idol takes his stand,  
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,  
While gaping thousands come and go, —  
How vain it seems, this empty show !  
Till all at once his pulses thrill ; —  
'T is poor old Joe's "God bless you,  
Bill !"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres  
The names that pleased our mortal ears ;  
In some sweet lull of harp and song  
For earth-born spirits none too long,

Just whispering of the world below  
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter ; while our home is here  
No sounding name is half so dear ;  
When fades at length our lingering day,  
Who cares what pompous tombstones  
say?

Read on the hearts that love us still,  
*Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.*

1851.

## A SONG OF "TWENTY-NINE."

THE summer dawn is breaking  
On Auburn's tangled bowers,  
The golden light is waking  
On Harvard's ancient towers ;  
The sun is in the sky  
That must see us do or die,  
Ere it shine on the line  
Of the CLASS OF '29.

At last the day is ended,  
The tutor screws no more,  
By doubt and fear attended  
Each hovers round the door,  
Till the good old Prases cries,  
While the tears stand in his eyes,  
"You have passed, and are classed  
With the BOYS OF '29."

Not long are they in making  
The college halls their own,  
Instead of standing shaking,  
Too bashful to be known ;  
But they kick the Seniors' shins  
Ere the second week begins,  
When they stray in the way  
Of the BOYS OF '29.

If a jolly set is trolling  
The last *Der Freischutz* airs,  
Or a "cannon bullet" rolling  
Comes bouncing down the stairs,

The tutors looking out,  
Sigh, "Alas ! there is no doubt,  
'T is the noise of the Boys  
Of the CLASS OF '29."

Four happy years together,  
By storm and sunshine tried,  
In changing wind and weather,  
They rough it side by side,  
Till they hear their Mother cry,  
"You are fledged, and you must fly,"  
And the bell tolls the knell  
Of the days of '29.

Since then in peace or trouble,  
Full many a year has rolled,  
And life has counted double  
The days that then we told ;  
Yet we 'll end as we 've begun,  
For though scattered, we are one,  
While each year sees us here,  
Round the board of '29.

Though fate may throw between us  
The mountains or the sea,  
No time shall ever wean us,  
No distance set us free ;  
But around the yearly board,  
When the flaming pledge is poured,  
It shall claim every name  
On the roll of '29.

To yonder peaceful ocean  
That glows with sunset fires,  
Shall reach the warm emotion  
This welcome day inspires,  
Beyond the ridges cold  
Where a brother toils for gold,  
Till it shine through the mine  
Round the BOY OF '29.

If one whom fate has broken  
Shall lift a moistened eye,  
We 'll say, before he 's spoken —  
"Old Classmate, don't you cry !



Here, take the purse I hold,  
There's a tear upon the gold —  
It was mine — it is thine —  
A'n't we BOYS OF '29 ?"

As nearer still and nearer  
The fatal stars appear,  
The living shall be dearer  
With each encircling year,  
Till a few old men shall say  
"We remember 't is the day —  
Let it pass with a glass  
For the CLASS OF '29."

As one by one is falling  
Beneath the leaves or snows,  
Each memory still recalling  
The broken ring shall close,  
Till the nightwinds softly pass  
O'er the green and growing grass,  
Where it waves on the graves  
Of the BOYS OF '29 !

1852.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WHERE, O where are the visions of  
morning,  
Fresh as the dews of our prime ?  
Gone, like tenants that quit without  
warning,  
Down the back entry of time.

Where, O where are life's lilies and roses,  
Nursed in the golden dawn's smile ?  
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,  
On the old banks of the Nile.

Where are the Marys, and Anns, and  
Elizas,  
Loving and lovely of yore ?  
Look in the columns of old Adver-  
tisers, —  
Married and dead by the score.

Where the gray colts and the ten-year-  
old fillies,  
Saturday's triumph and joy ?  
Gone, like our friend *ποδας ωκυς* Achilles,  
Homer's ferocious old boy.

Die-away dreams of ecstatic emotion,  
Hopes like young eagles at play,  
Vows of unheard-of and endless devotion,  
How ye have faded away !

Yet, though the ebbing of Time's mighty  
river  
Leave our young blossoms to die,  
Let him roll smooth in his current for-  
ever,  
Till the last pebble is dry.

1853.

AN IMPROMPTU.

*Not premeditated.*

THE clock has struck noon ; ere it thrice  
tell the hours  
We shall meet round the table that  
blushes with flowers,  
And I shall blush deeper with shame-  
driven blood  
That I came to the banquet and brought  
not a bud.

Who cares that his verse is a beggar in  
art  
If you see through its rags the full throb  
of his heart ?  
Who asks if his comrade is battered and  
tanned  
When he feels his warm soul in the clasp  
of his hand ?

No ! be it an epic, or be it a line,  
The Boys will all love it because it is  
mine ;  
I sung their last song on the morn of  
the day

That tore from their lives the last blossom of May.

It is not the sunset that glows in the wine,  
But the smile that beams over it, makes it divine ;

I scatter these drops, and behold, as they fall,  
The day-star of memory shines through them all !

And these are the last ; they are drops that I stole

From a wine-press that crushes the life from the soul,

But they ran through my heart and they sprang to my brain

Till our twentieth sweet summer was smiling again !

1854.

## THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O FOR one hour of youthful joy !  
Give back my twentieth spring !  
I 'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,  
Than reign, a gray-beard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age !  
Away with Learning's crown !  
Tear out life's Wisdom-written page,  
And dash its trophies down !

One moment let my life-blood stream  
From boyhood's fount of flame !  
Give me one giddy, reeling dream  
Of life all love and fame !

My listening angel heard the prayer,  
And, calmly smiling, said,  
" If I but touch thy silvered hair  
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

" But is there nothing in thy track,  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished-for day ? "

" Ah, truest soul of womankind !  
Without thee what were life ?  
One bliss I cannot leave behind :  
I 'll take — my — precious — wife ! "

— The angel took a sapphire pen  
And wrote in rainbow dew,  
*The man would be a boy again,  
And be a husband too !*

" And is there nothing yet unsaid,  
Before the change appears ?  
Remember, all their gifts have fled  
With those dissolving years."

" Why yes " ; for memory would recall  
My fond paternal joys ;  
" I could not bear to leave them all —  
I 'll take — my — girl — and — boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen, —  
" Why this will never do ;  
The man would be a boy again,  
And be a father too ! "

And so I laughed, — my laughter woke  
The household with its noise, —  
And wrote my dream, when morning  
broke,  
To please the gray-haired boys.

1855.

## REMEMBER — FORGET.

AND what shall be the song to-night,  
If song there needs must be ?  
If every year that brings us here  
Must steal an hour from me ?  
Say, shall it ring a merry peal,  
Or heave a mourning sigh  
O'er shadows cast, by years long past,  
On moments flitting by ?

Nay, take the first unbidden line  
The idle hour may send,  
No studied grace can mend the face  
That smiles as friend on friend ;

The balsam oozes from the pine,  
 The sweetness from the rose,  
 And so, unsought, a kindly thought  
 Finds language as it flows.

The years rush by in sounding flight,  
 I hear their ceaseless wings ;  
 Their songs I hear, some far, some near,  
 And thus the burden rings :  
 "The morn has fled, the noon has past,  
 The sun will soon be set,  
 The twilight fade to midnight shade ;  
 Remember — and Forget !"

Remember all that time has brought —  
 The starry hope on high,  
 The strength attained, the courage gained,  
 The love that cannot die.  
 Forget the bitter, brooding thought, —  
 The word too harshly said,  
 The living blame love hates to name,  
 The frailties of the dead !

We have been younger, so they say,  
 But let the seasons roll,  
 He doth not lack an almanac,  
 Whose youth is in his soul.  
 The snows may clog life's iron track,  
 But does the axle tire,  
 While bearing swift through bank and  
 drift  
 The engine's heart of fire ?

I lift a goblet in my hand ;  
 If good old wine it hold,  
 An ancient skin to keep it in,  
 Is just the thing, we 're told.  
 We 're grayer than the dusty flask, —  
 We 're older than our wine ;  
 Our corks reveal the "white top" seal,  
 The stamp of '29.

Ah, Boys! we clustered in the dawn,  
 To sever in the dark ;  
 A merry crew, with loud halloo,  
 We climbed our painted bark ;

We sailed her through the four years'  
 cruise,  
 We 'll sail her to the last,  
 Our dear old flag, though but a rag,  
 Still flying on her mast.

So gliding on, each winter's gale  
 Shall pipe us all on deck,  
 Till, faint and few, the gathering crew  
 Creep o'er the parting wreck,  
 Her sails and streamers spread aloft  
 To fortune's rain or shine,  
 Till storm or sun shall all be one,  
 And down goes TWENTY-NINE !

1856.

## OUR INDIAN SUMMER.

You 'll believe me, dear boys, 'tis a  
 pleasure to rise,  
 With a welcome like this in your dar-  
 ling old eyes ;  
 To meet the same smiles and to hear  
 the same tone,  
 Which have greeted me oft in the years  
 that have flown.

Were I gray as the grayest old rat in  
 the wall,  
 My locks would turn brown at the sight  
 of you all ;  
 If my heart were as dry as the shell on  
 the sand,  
 It would fill like the goblet I hold in  
 my hand.

There are noontides of autumn when  
 summer returns,  
 Though the leaves are all garnered and  
 sealed in their urns,  
 And the bird on his perch that was  
 silent so long,  
 Believes the sweet sunshine and breaks  
 into song.

We have caged the young birds of our  
 beautiful June;  
 Their plumes are still bright and their  
 voices in tune;  
 One moment of sunshine from faces like  
 these  
 And they sing as they sung in the  
 green-growing trees.

The voices of morning! how sweet is  
 their thrill  
 When the shadows have turned, and  
 the evening grows still!  
 The text of our lives may get wiser with  
 age,  
 But the print was so fair on its twen-  
 tieth page!

Look off from your goblet and up from  
 your plate;  
 Come, take the last journal, and glance  
 at its date:  
 Then think what we fellows should say  
 and should do,  
 If the 6 were a 9 and the 5 were a 2.

Ah, no! for the shapes that would meet  
 with us here,  
 From the far land of shadows, are ever  
 too dear!  
 Though youth flung around us its pride  
 and its charms,  
 We should see but the comrades we  
 clasped in our arms.

A health to our future — a sigh for our  
 past,  
 We love, we remember, we hope to the  
 last;  
 And for all the base lies that the  
 almanacs hold,  
 While we've youth in our hearts we can  
 never grow old!

1858.

## MARE RUBRUM.

FLASH out a stream of blood-red wine,  
 For I would drink to other days,  
 And brighter shall their memory shine,  
 Seen flaming through its crimson  
 blaze!

The roses die, the summers fade,  
 But every ghost of boyhood's dream  
 By nature's magic power is laid  
 To sleep beneath this blood-red  
 stream!

It filled the purple grapes that lay,  
 And drank the splendors of the sun,  
 Where the long summer's cloudless day  
 Is mirrored in the broad Garonne;  
 It pictures still the bacchant shapes  
 That saw their hoarded sunlight  
 shed, —

The maidens dancing on the grapes, —  
 Their milk-white ankles splashed with  
 red.

Beneath these waves of crimson lie,  
 In rosy fetters prisoned fast,  
 Those fitting shapes that never die, —  
 The swift-winged visions of the past.  
 Kiss but the crystal's mystic rim  
 Each shadow rends its flowery chain,  
 Springs in a bubble from its brim  
 And walks the chambers of the brain.

Poor beauty! Time and fortune's wrong  
 No shape nor feature may withstand;  
 Thy wrecks are scattered all along,  
 Like emptied sea-shells on the sand;  
 Yet, sprinkled with this blushing rain,  
 The dust restores each blooming girl,  
 As if the sea-shells moved again  
 Their glistening lips of pink and pearl.

Here lies the home of school-boy life,  
 With creaking stair and wind-swept  
 hall,

And, scarred by many a truant knife,  
 Our old initials on the wall;  
 Here rest, their keen vibrations mute,  
 The shout of voices known so well,  
 The ringing laugh, the wailing flute,  
 The chiding of the sharp-tongued bell.

Here, clad in burning robes, are laid  
 Life's blossomed joys, untimely shed,  
 And here those cherished forms have  
 strayed

We miss awhile, and call them dead.  
 What wizard fills the wondrous glass?  
 What soil the enchanted clusters  
 grew?

That buried passions wake and pass  
 In beaded drops of fiery dew?

Nay! take the cup of blood-red wine, —  
 Our hearts can boast a warmer glow,  
 Filled from a vintage more divine,  
 Calmed, but not chilled, by winter's  
 snow!

To-night the palest wave we sip  
 Rich as the priceless draught shall be  
 That wet the bride of Cana's lip, —  
 The wedding wine of Galilee!

1859.

## THE BOYS.

HAS there any old fellow got mixed  
 with the boys?

If there has, take him out, without mak-  
 ing a noise.

Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Cat-  
 alogue's spite!

Old time is a liar! We're twenty to-  
 night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who  
 says we are more?

He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show  
 him the door!

"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes!  
*white* if we please;  
 Where the snow-flakes fall thickest  
 there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the  
 mistake!

Look close,—you will see not a sign of  
 a flake!

We want some new garlands for those  
 we have shed,—

And these are white roses in place of the  
 red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you  
 may have been told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were  
 old:—

That boy we call "Doctor," and this we  
 call "Judge";

It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's  
 all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one  
 on the right;

"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are  
 you to-night?

That's our "Member of Congress," we  
 say when we chaff;

There's the "Reverend" What's his  
 name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical  
 look

Made believe he had written a wonderful  
 book,

And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was  
*true!*

So they chose him right in; a good joke  
 it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-  
 decker brain,

That could harness a team with a logical  
 chain;

When he spoke for our manhood in syl-  
labled fire,

We called him "The Justice," but now  
he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excel-  
lent pith, —

Fate tried to conceal him by naming  
him Smith ;

But he shouted a song for the brave and  
the free, —

Just read on his medal, "My country,"  
"of thee !"

You hear that boy laughing? — You  
think he's all fun ;

But the angels laugh, too, at the good  
he has done ;

The children laugh loud as they troop to  
his call,

And the poor man that knows him laughs  
loudest of all !

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with  
tongue or with pen, —

And I sometimes have asked, — Shall we  
ever be men ?

Shall we always be youthful, and laugh-  
ing, and gay,

Till the last dear companion drops smil-  
ing away ?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and  
its gray !

The stars of its winter, the dews of its  
May !

And when we have done with our life-  
lasting toys,

Dear Father, take care of thy children,  
THE BOYS !

1860.

LINES.

I'm ashamed, — that's the fact, — it's  
a pitiful case, —

Won't any kind classmate get up in my  
place ?

Just remember how often I've risen be-  
fore, —

I blush as I straighten my legs on the  
floor !

There are stories, once pleasing, too many  
times told, —

There are beauties once charming, too  
fearfully old, —

There are voices we've heard till we know  
them so well,

Though they talked for an hour they'd  
have nothing to tell.

Yet, Classmates ! Friends ! Brothers !  
dear blessed old boys !

Made one by a lifetime of sorrows and  
joys,

What lips have such sounds as the poor-  
est of these,

Though honeyed, like Plato's, by musi-  
cal bees ?

What voice is so sweet and what greet-  
ing so dear

As the simple, warm welcome that waits  
for us here ?

The love of our boyhood still breathes in  
its tone,

And our hearts throb the answer, "He's  
one of our own !"

Nay ! count not our numbers ; some  
sixty we know,

But these are above, and those under the  
snow ;

And thoughts are still mingled wherever  
we meet

For those we remember with those that  
we greet.

We have rolled on life's journey, — how  
fast and how far !

One round of humanity's many-wheeled  
car,

But up-hill and down-hill, through rattle and rub,  
Old, true Twenty-niners ! we 've stuck to our hub !

While a brain lives to think, or a bosom to feel,

We will cling to it still like the spokes of a wheel !

And age, as it chills us, shall fasten the tire

That youth fitted round in his circle of fire !

1861.

(JANUARY 3D.)

**A VOICE OF THE LOYAL NORTH.**

WE sing "Our Country's" song to-night  
With saddened voice and eye ;

Her banner droops in clouded light  
Beneath the wintry sky.

We 'll pledge her once in golden wine  
Before her stars have set :

Though dim one reddening orb may shine,

We have a Country yet.

'T were vain to sigh o'er errors past,

The fault of sires or sons ;

Our soldier heard the threatening blast,  
And spiked his useless guns ;

He saw the star-wreathed ensign fall,  
By mad invaders torn ;

But saw it from the bastioned wall  
That laughed their rage to scorn !

What though their angry cry is flung  
Across the howling wave, —

They smite the air with idle tongue  
The gathering storm who brave ;

Enough of speech ! the trumpet rings ;  
Be silent, patient, calm, —

God help them if the tempest swings  
The pine against the palm !

Our toilsome years have made us tame ;

Our strength has slept unfelt ;

The furnace-fire is slow to flame

That bids our ploughshares melt ;

'T is hard to lose the bread they win

In spite of Nature's frowns, —

To drop the iron threads we spin

That weave our web of towns,

To see the rusting turbines stand

Before the emptied flumes,

To fold the arms that flood the land

With rivers from their looms, —

But harder still for those who learn

The truth forgot so long ;

When once their slumbering passions burn,

The peaceful are the strong !

The Lord have mercy on the weak,

And calm their frenzied ire,

And save our brothers ere they shriek,

"We played with Northern fire !"

The eagle hold his mountain height, —

The tiger pace his den !

Give all their country, each his right !

God keep us all ! Amen !

1862.

\*

J. D. R.

THE friends that are, and friends that were,

What shallow waves divide !

I miss the form for many a year

Still seated at my side.

I miss him, yet I feel him still

Amidst our faithful band,

As if not death itself could chill

The warmth of friendship's hand.

His story other lips may tell, —

For me the veil is drawn ;

I only know he loved me well,

He loved me — and is gone !

1862.

## VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP UNION.

'T is midnight : through my troubled  
dream

Loud wails the tempest's cry ;  
Before the gale, with tattered sail,  
A ship goes plunging by.  
What name ? Where bound ? — The  
rocks around

Repeat the loud halloo.  
— The good ship Union, Southward  
bound :  
God help her and her crew !

And is the old flag flying still  
That o'er your fathers flew,  
With bands of white and rosy light,  
And field of starry blue ?  
— Ay ! look aloft ! its folds full oft  
Have braved the roaring blast,  
And still shall fly when from the sky  
This black typhoon has past !

Speak, pilot of the storm-tost bark !  
May I thy peril share ?  
— O landsman, these are fearful seas  
The brave alone may dare !  
— Nay, ruler of the rebel deep,  
What matters wind or wave ?  
The rocks that wreck your reeling deck  
Will leave me naught to save !

O landsman, art thou false or true ?  
What sign hast thou to show ?  
— The crimson stains from loyal veins  
That hold my heart-blood's flow !  
— Enough ! what more shall honor  
claim ?

I know the sacred sign ;  
Above thy head our flag shall spread,  
Our ocean path be thine !

The bark sails on ; the Pilgrim's Cape  
Lies low along her lee,

Whose headland crooks its anchor-flukes  
To lock the shore and sea.  
No treason here ! it cost too dear  
To win this barren realm !  
And true and free the hands must be  
That hold the whaler's helm !

Still on ! Manhattan's narrowing bay  
No Rebel cruiser scars ;  
Her waters feel no pirate's keel  
That flaunts the fallen stars !  
— But watch the light on yonder  
height, —  
Ay, pilot, have a care !  
Some lingering cloud in mist may shroud  
The capes of Delaware !

Say, pilot, what this fort may be,  
Whose sentinels look down  
From moated walls that show the sea  
Their deep embrasures' frown ?  
The Rebel host claims all the coast,  
But these are friends, we know,  
Whose footprints spoil the "sacred soil,"  
And this is ? — Fort Monroe !

The breakers roar, — how bears the  
shore ?  
— The traitorous wreckers' hands  
Have quenched the blaze that poured  
its rays  
Along the Hatteras sands.  
— Ha ! say not so ! I see its glow !  
Again the shoals display  
The beacon light that shines by night,  
The Union Stars by day !

The good ship flies to milder skies,  
The wave more gently flows,  
The softening breeze wafts o'er the seas  
The breath of Beaufort's rose.  
What fold is this the sweet winds kiss,  
Fair-striped and many-starred,  
Whose shadow palls these orphaned  
walls,  
The twins of Beauregard ?



What! heard you not Port Royal's doom?  
 How the black war-ships came  
 And turned the Beaufort roses' bloom  
 To redder wreaths of flame?  
 How from Rebellion's broken reed  
 We saw his emblem fall,  
 As soon his curséd poison-weed  
 Shall drop from Sumter's wall?

On! on! Pulaski's iron hail  
 Falls harmless on Tybee!  
 The good ship feels the freshening gales,  
 She strikes the open sea;  
 She rounds the point, she threads the  
 keys  
 That guard the Land of Flowers,  
 And rides at last where firm and fast  
 Her own Gibraltar towers!

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,  
 At anchor safe she swings,  
 And loud and clear with cheer on cheer  
 Her joyous welcome rings:  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! it shakes the wave,  
 It thunders on the shore, —  
 One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,  
 One Nation, evermore!

1863.

"CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY WHOM YE  
 WILL SERVE."

YES, tyrants, you hate us, and fear while  
 you hate  
 The self-ruling, chain-breaking, throne-  
 shaking State!  
 The night-birds dread morning, — your  
 instinct is true, —  
 The day-star of Freedom brings midnight  
 for you!

Why plead with the deaf for the cause  
 of mankind?  
 The owl hoots at noon that the eagle is  
 blind!

We ask not your reasons, — 't were wast-  
 ing our time, —  
 Our life is a menace, our welfare a crime!

We have battles to fight, we have foes to  
 subdue, —  
 Time waits not for us, and we wait not  
 for you!  
 The mower mows on, though the adder  
 may writhe  
 And the copper-head coil round the blade  
 of his scythe!

"No sides in this quarrel," your states-  
 men may urge,  
 Of school-house and wages with slave-  
 pen and scourge! —  
 No sides in the quarrel! proclaim it as  
 well  
 To the angels that fight with the legions  
 of hell!

They kneel in God's temple, the North  
 and the South,  
 With blood on each weapon and prayers  
 in each mouth.  
 Whose cry shall be answered? Ye  
 Heavens, attend  
 The lords of the lash as their voices  
 ascend!

"O Lord, we are shaped in the image  
 of Thee, —  
 Smite down the base millions that claim  
 to be free,  
 And lend Thy strong arm to the soft-  
 handed race  
 Who eat *not* their bread in the sweat of  
 their face!"

So pleads the proud planter. What  
 echoes are these?  
 The bay of his bloodhound is borne on  
 the breeze,  
 And, lost in the shriek of his victim's  
 despair,

His voice dies unheard. — Hear the Puritan's prayer !

“ O Lord, that didst smother mankind  
in Thy flood,  
The sun is as sackcloth, the moon is as  
blood,  
The stars fall to earth as untimely are  
cast  
The figs from the fig-tree that shakes in  
the blast !

“ All nations, all tribes in whose nostrils  
is breath,  
Stand gazing at Sin as she travails with  
Death !  
Lord, strangle the monster that struggles  
to birth,  
Or mock us no more with Thy ‘ Kingdom  
on Earth ! ’

“ If Ammon and Moab must reign in the  
land  
Thou gavest Thine Israel, fresh from  
Thy hand,  
Call Baäl and Ashtaroth out of their  
graves  
To be the new gods for the empire of  
slaves ! ”

Whose God will ye serve, O ye rulers  
of men ?  
Will ye build you new shrines in the  
slave-breeder's den ?  
Or bow with the children of light, as  
they call  
On the Judge of the Earth and the  
Father of All ?

Choose wisely, choose quickly, for time  
moves apace, —  
Each day is an age in the life of our race !  
Lord, lead them in love, ere they hasten  
in fear  
From the fast-rising flood that shall gir-  
dle the sphere !

1864.

\*  
F. W. C.

FAST as the rolling seasons bring  
The hour of fate to those we love,  
Each pearl that leaves the broken string  
Is set in Friendship's crown above.  
As narrower grows the earthly chain,  
The circle widens in the sky ;  
These are our treasures that remain,  
But those are stars that beam on high.

We miss — O, how we miss ! — *his* face, —  
With trembling accents speak his  
name.  
Earth cannot fill his shadowed place  
From all her rolls of pride and fame ;  
Our song has lost the silvery thread  
That carolled through his jocund lips ;  
Our laugh is mute, our smile is fled,  
And all our sunshine in eclipse.

And what and whence the wondrous  
charm  
That kept his manhood boylike still, —  
That life's hard censors could disarm  
And lead them captive at his will ?  
His heart was shaped of rosier clay, —  
His veins were filled with ruddier  
fire, —  
Time could not chill him, fortune sway,  
Nor toil with all its burdens tire.

His speech burst throbbing from its  
fount  
And set our colder thoughts aglow,  
As the hot leaping geysers mount  
And falling melt the Iceland snow.  
Some word, perchance, we counted  
rash, —  
Some phrase our calmness might dis-  
claim,  
Yet 't was the sunset's lightning's flash,  
No angry bolt, but harmless flame.

Man judges all, God knoweth each ;  
 We read the rule, He sees the law ;  
 How oft his laughing children teach  
 The truths his prophets never saw !  
 O friend, whose wisdom flowered in  
 mirth,  
 Our hearts are sad, our eyes are  
 dim ;  
 He gave thy smiles to brighten earth, —  
 We trust thy joyous soul to Him !

Alas ! — our weakness Heaven forgive !  
 We murmur, even while we trust,  
 “ How long earth’s breathing burdens  
 live,  
 Whose hearts, before they die, are  
 dust ! ”  
 But thou ! — through grief’s untimely  
 tears  
 We ask with half-reproachful sigh —  
 “ Couldst thou not watch a few brief  
 years  
 Till Friendship faltered, ‘ Thou mayst  
 die ’ ? ”

Who loved our boyish years so well ?  
 Who knew so well their pleasant  
 tales,  
 And all those livelier freaks could tell  
 Whose oft-told story never fails ?  
 In vain we turn our aching eyes, —  
 In vain we stretch our eager hands, —  
 Cold in his wintry shroud he lies  
 Beneath the dreary drifting sands !

Ah, speak not thus ! *He* lies not there !  
 We see him, hear him as of old !  
 He comes ! he claims his wonted  
 chair ;  
 His beaming face we still behold !  
 His voice rings clear in all our songs,  
 And loud his mirthful accents rise ;  
 To us our brother’s life belongs, —  
 Dear friends, a classmate never dies !

1864.

## THE LAST CHARGE.

Now, men of the North ! will you join  
 in the strife  
 For country, for freedom, for honor, for  
 life ?  
 The giant grows blind in his fury and  
 spite, —  
 One blow on his forehead will settle the  
 fight !  
 Flash full in his eyes the blue lightning  
 of steel,  
 And stun him with cannon-bolts, peal  
 upon peal !  
 Mount, troopers, and follow your game  
 to its lair,  
 As the hound tracks the wolf and the  
 beagle the hare !  
 Blow, trumpets, your summons, till slug-  
 gards awake !  
 Beat, drums, till the roofs of the faint-  
 hearted shake !  
 Yet, yet, ere the signet is stamped on  
 the scroll,  
 Their names may be traced on the blood-  
 sprinkled roll !  
 Trust not the false herald that painted  
 your shield :  
 True honor *to-day* must be sought on the  
 field !  
 Her scutcheon ~~shows~~ white with a blazon  
 of red, —  
 The life-drop of crimson for liberty  
 shed !  
 The hour is at hand, and the moment  
 draws nigh ;  
 The dog-star of treason grows dim in  
 the sky ;  
 Shine forth from the battle-cloud, light  
 of the morn,

Call back the bright hour when the  
Nation was born !

The rivers of peace through our valleys  
shall run,  
As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the  
sun ;  
Smite, smite the proud parricide down  
from his throne, —  
His sceptre once broken, the world is  
our own !

1865.

## OUR OLDEST FRIEND.

I GIVE you the health of the oldest  
friend

That, short of eternity, earth can lend, —  
A friend so faithful and tried and true  
That nothing can wean him from me  
and you.

When first we screeched in the sudden  
blaze

Of the daylight's blinding and blasting  
rays,  
And gulped at the gaseous, groggy air,  
This old, old friend stood waiting there.

And when, with a kind of mortal strife,  
We had gasped and choked into breath-  
ing life,

He watched by the cradle, day and night,  
And held our hands till we stood upright.

From gristle and pulp our frames have  
grown

To stringy muscle and solid bone ;  
While we were changing, he altered not ;  
We might forget, but he never forgot.

He came with us to the college class, —  
Little cared he for the steward's pass !  
All the rest must pay their fee,  
But the grim old dead-head entered free.

He stayed with us while we counted o'er  
Four times each of the seasons four ;  
And with every season, from year to year,  
The dear name Classmate he made more  
dear.

He never leaves us, — he never will,  
Till our hands are cold and our hearts  
are still ;  
On birthdays, and Christmas, and New-  
Year's too,  
He always remembers both me and you.

Every year this faithful friend  
His little present is sure to send ;  
Every year, wheresoe'er we be,  
He wants a keepsake from you and me.

How he loves us ! he pats our heads,  
And, lo ! they are gleaming with silver  
threads ;  
And he's always begging one lock of  
hair,  
Till our shining crowns have nothing to  
wear.

At length he will tell us, one by one,  
" My child, your labor on earth is done ;  
And now you must journey afar to see  
My elder brother, — Eternity ! "

And so, when long, long years have  
passed,  
Some dear old fellow will be the last, —  
Never a boy alive but he  
Of all our goodly company !

When he lies down, but not till then,  
Our kind Class-Angel will drop the pen  
That writes in the day-book kept above  
Our lifelong record of faith and love.

So here 's a health in homely rhyme  
To our oldest classmate, Father Time !  
May our last survivor live to be  
As bald and as wise and as tough as he !

1865.

## SHERMAN'S IN SAVANNAH.

A HALF-RHYMED IMPROMPTU.

LIKE the tribes of Israel,  
Fed on quails and manna,  
Sherman and his glorious band  
Journeyed through the rebel land,  
Fed from Heaven's all-bounteous hand,  
Marching on Savannah!

As the moving pillar shone,  
Streamed the starry banner  
All day long in rosy light,  
Flaming splendor all the night,  
Till it swooped in eagle flight  
Down on doomed Savannah!

Glory be to God on high!  
Shout the loud Hosanna!  
Treason's wilderness is past,  
Canaan's shore is won at last,  
Peal a nation's trumpet-blast, —  
Sherman's in Savannah!

Soon shall Richmond's tough old hide  
Find a tough old tanner!  
Soon from every rebel wall  
Shall the rag of treason fall,  
Till our banner flaps o'er all  
As it crowns Savannah!

1866.

## MY ANNUAL.

How long will this harp which you once  
loved to hear  
Cheat your lips of a smile or your eyes  
of a tear?  
How long stir the echoes it wakened of  
old,  
While its strings were unbroken, untar-  
nished its gold?

Dear friends of my boyhood, my words  
do you wrong;  
The heart, the heart only, shall throb  
in my song;  
It reads the kind answer that looks from  
your eyes, —  
“We will bid our old harper play on  
till he dies.”

Though Youth, the fair angel that  
looked o'er the strings,  
Has lost the bright glory that gleamed  
on his wings,  
Though the freshness of morning has  
passed from its tone,  
It is still the old harp that was always  
your own.

I claim not its music, — each note it  
affords  
I strike from your heart-strings, that  
lend me its chords;  
I know you will listen and love to the  
last,  
For it trembles and thrills with the  
voice of your past.

Ah, brothers! dear brothers! the harp  
that I hold  
No craftsman could string and no artisan  
mould;  
He shaped it, He strung it, who fash-  
ioned the lyres  
That ring with the hymns of the sera-  
phim choirs.

Not mine are the visions of beauty it  
brings,  
Not mine the faint fragrance around it  
that clings;  
Those shapes are the phantoms of years  
that are fled,  
Those sweets breathe from roses your  
summers have shed.

Each hour of the past lends its tribute  
to this,  
Till it blooms like a bower in the Gar-  
den of Bliss;  
The thorn and the thistle may grow as  
they will,  
Where Friendship unfolds there is Para-  
dise still.

The bird wanders careless while summer  
is green,  
The leaf-hidden cradle that rocked him  
unseen;  
When Autumn's rude fingers the woods  
have undressed,  
The boughs may look bare, but they  
show him his nest.

Too precious these moments! the lustre  
they fling  
Is the light of our year, is the gem of  
its ring,  
So brimming with sunshine, we almost  
forget  
The rays it has lost, and its border of jet.

While round us the many-hued halo is  
shed,  
How dear are the living, how near are  
the dead!  
One circle, scarce broken, these waiting  
below,  
Those walking the shores where the  
asphodels blow!

Not life shall enlarge it nor death shall  
divide, —  
No brother new-born finds his place at  
my side;  
No titles shall freeze us, no grandeurs  
infest,  
His Honor, His Worship, are boys like  
the rest.

Some won the world's homage, their  
names we hold dear, —

But Friendship, not Fame, is the coun-  
tersign here;  
Make room by the conqueror crowned  
in the strife  
For the comrade that limps from the  
battle of life!

What tongue talks of battle? Too long  
we have heard  
In sorrow, in anguish, that terrible word;  
It reddened the sunshine, it crimsoned  
the wave,  
It sprinkled our doors with the blood  
of our brave.

Peace, Peace comes at last, with her  
garland of white;  
Peace broods in all hearts as we gather  
to-night;  
The blazon of Union spreads full in the  
sun;  
We echo its words, — We are one! We  
are one!

1867.

ALL HERE.

It is not what we say or sing,  
That keeps our charm so long un-  
broken,  
Though every lightest leaf we bring  
May touch the heart as friendship's  
token;  
Not what we sing or what we say  
Can make us dearer to each other;  
We love the singer and his lay,  
But love as well the silent brother.  
Yet bring whate'er your garden grows,  
Thrice welcome to our smiles and  
praises;  
Thanks for the myrtle and the rose,  
Thanks for the marigolds and daisies;  
One flower erelong we all shall claim,  
Alas! unloved of Amaryllis —

Nature's last blossom — need I name  
The wreath of threescore's silver lilies?

How many, brothers, meet to-night  
Around our boyhood's covered embers?  
Go read the treasured names aright  
The old triennial list remembers :  
Though twenty wear the starry sign  
That tells a life has broke its tether,  
The fifty-eight of 'twenty-nine —  
God bless THE BOYS ! — are all to-  
gether !

These come with joyous look and word,  
With friendly grasp and cheerful  
greeting, —

Those smile unseen, and move unheard,  
The angel guests of every meeting ;  
They cast no shadow in the flame  
That flushes from the gilded lustre,  
But count us — we are still the same ;  
One earthly band, one heavenly clus-  
ter !

Love dies not when he bows his head  
To pass beyond the narrow portals, —  
The light these glowing moments shed  
Wakes from their sleep our lost im-  
mortals ;

They come as in their joyous prime,  
Before their morning days were num-  
bered, —

Death stays the envious hand of Time, —  
The eyes have not grown dim that  
slumbered !

The paths that loving souls have trod  
Arch o'er the dust where worldlings  
grovel

High as the zenith o'er the sod, —  
The cross above the Sexton's shovel !  
We rise beyond the realms of day ;  
They seem to stoop from spheres of  
glory

With us one happy hour to stray,  
While youth comes back in song and  
story.

Ah ! ours is friendship true as steel  
That war has tried in edge and tem-  
per ;

It writes upon its sacred seal  
The priest's *ubique — omnes — sem-  
per !*

It lends the sky a fairer sun  
That cheers our lives with rays as  
steady

As if our footsteps had begun  
To print the golden streets already !

The tangling years have clinched its  
knot

Too fast for mortal strength to sunder ;  
The lightning bolts of noon are shot ;  
No fear of evening's idle thunder !

Too late ! too late ! — no graceless hand  
Shall stretch its cords in vain endeavor  
To rive the close encircling band  
That made and keeps us one forever !

So when upon the fated scroll  
The falling stars have all descended,  
And, blotted from the breathing roll,  
Our little page of life is ended,

We ask but one memorial line  
Traced on thy tablet, Gracious Mother :  
" My children. Boys of '29.  
*In pace.* How they loved each other !"

1868.

ONCE MORE.

" *Will I come ?*" That is pleasant ! I  
beg to inquire  
If the gun that I carry has ever missed  
fire ?  
And which was the muster-roll — men-  
tion but one —

That missed your old comrade who carries the gun ?

You see me as always, my hand on the lock,

The cap on the nipple, the hammer full cock ;

It is rusty, some tell me ; I heed not the scoff ;

It is battered and bruised, but it always goes off !

— "Is it loaded?" I'll bet you ! What does n't it hold ?

Rammed full to the muzzle with memories untold ;

Why, it scares me to fire, lest the pieces should fly

Like the cannons that burst on the Fourth of July !

One charge is a remnant of College-day dreams

(Its wadding is made of forensics and themes) ;

Ah, visions of fame ! what a flash in the pan

As the trigger was pulled by each clever young man !

And love ! Bless my stars, what a cartridge is there !

With a wadding of rose-leaves and ribbons and hair, —

All crammed in one verse to go off at a shot !

— Were there ever such sweethearts ? Of course there were not !

And next, — what a load ! it will split the old gun, —

Three fingers, — four fingers, — five fingers of fun !

Come tell me, gray sages, for mischief and noise

Was there ever a lot like us fellows, "The Boys" ?

Bump ! bump ! down the staircase the cannon-ball goes, —

Aha, old Professor ! Look out for your toes !

Don't think, my poor Tutor, to *sleep* in your bed, —

Two "Boys" — 'twenty-niners — room over your head !

Remember the nights when the tar-barrel blazed !

From red "Massachusetts" the war-cry was raised ;

And "Hollis" and "Stoughton" re-echoed the call ;

Till P — poked his head out of Holloworthy Hall !

Old P —, as we called him, — at fifty or so, —

Not exactly a bud, but not quite in full blow ;

In ripening manhood, suppose we should say,

Just nearing his prime, as we boys are to-day !

O, say, can you look through the vista of age

To the time when old Morse drove the regular stage ?

When Lyon told tales of the long-vanished years,

And Lenox crept round with the rings in his ears ?

And dost thou, my brother, remember indeed

The days of our dealings with Willard and Read ?

When "Dolly" was kicking and running away,

And punch came up smoking on Fillebrown's tray ?

But where are the Tutors, my brother, O tell ! —



And where the Professors, remembered  
so well ?

The sturdy old Grecian of Holworthy  
Hall,

And Latin, and Logic, and Hebrew,  
and all ?

— “They are dead, the old fellows” (we  
called them so then,

Though we since have found out they  
were lusty young men).

— They are *dead*, do you tell me ? — but  
how do you know ?

You’ve filled once too often. I doubt if  
it’s so.

I’m thinking. I’m thinking. Is this  
‘sixty-eight ?

It’s not quite so clear. It admits of  
debate.

I *may* have been dreaming. I rather  
incline

To think — yes, I’m certain — it is  
‘twenty-nine !

“By Zhorzhe !” — as friend Sales is ac-  
customed to cry, —

You tell me they’re dead, but I know  
it’s a lie !

Is Jackson not President ? — What was  
‘t you said ?

It can’t be ; you’re joking ; what, — all  
of ‘em dead ?

Jim, — Harry, — Fred, — Isaac, — all  
gone from our side ?

They could n’t have left us, — no, not if  
they tried.

— Look, — there’s our old Præses, —  
he can’t find his text ;

— See, — P — rubs his leg, as he growls  
out, “*The next !*”

I told you ‘t was nonsense. Joe, give  
us a song !

Go harness up “Dolly,” and fetch her  
along ! —

Dead ! Dead ! You false graybeard, I  
swear they are not !

Hurrah for Old Hickory ! — O, I forgot !

Well, *one* we have with us (how could  
he contrive

To deal with us youngsters and still to  
survive ?)

Who wore for our guidance authority’s  
robe, —

No wonder he took to the study of Job !

— And now as my load was uncommonly  
large,

Let me taper it off with a classical charge ;  
When that has gone off, I shall drop my  
old gun —

And then stand at ease, for my service  
is done.

*Bibamus ad Classem vocatam “The  
Boys”*

*Et eorum Tutorem cui nomen est  
“Noyes” ;*

*Et floreat, valeant, vigeant tam,  
Non Peircius ipse enuncret quam !*

1869.

### THE OLD CRUISER.

HERE’S the old cruiser, ‘Twenty-nine,  
Forty times she’s crossed the line ;  
Same old masts and sails and crew,  
Tight and tough and as good as new.

Into the harbor she bravely steers  
Just as she’s done for these forty  
years, —

Over her anchor goes, splash and clang !  
Down her sails drop, rattle and bang !

Comes a vessel out of the dock  
Fresh and spry as a fighting-cock,

Feathered with sails and spurred with  
steam,  
Heading out of the classic stream.

Crew of a hundred all aboard,  
Every man as fine as a lord.  
Gay they look and proud they feel,  
Bowling along on even keel.

On they float with wind and tide, —  
Gain at last the old ship's side ;  
Every man looks down in turn, —  
Reads the name that 's on her stern.

“Twenty-nine ! — *Diable* you say !  
That was in Skipper Kirkland's day !  
What was the Flying Dutchman's name ?  
This old rover must be the same.

“Ho ! you Boatswain that walks the  
deck,  
How does it happen you 're not a wreck ?  
One and another have come to grief,  
How have you dodged by rock and reef ?”

— Boatswain, lifting one knowing lid,  
Hitches his breeches and shifts his quid :  
“Hey ? What is it ? Who 's come to  
grief ?  
Louder, young swab, I 'm a little deaf.”

“I say, old fellow, what keeps your boat  
With all you jolly old boys afloat,  
When scores of vessels as good as she  
Have swallowed the salt of the bitter  
sea ?

“Many a crew from many a craft  
Goes drifting by on a broken raft  
Pieced from a vessel that clove the brine  
Taller and prouder than 'Twenty-nine.

“Some capsized in an angry breeze,  
Some were lost in the narrow seas,  
Some on snags and some on sands  
Struck and perished and lost their hands.

“Tell us young ones, you gray old man,  
What is your secret, if you can.  
We have a ship as good as you,  
Show us how to keep our crew.”

So in his ear the youngster cries ;  
Then the gray Boatswain straight re-  
plies : —

“All your crew be sure you know, —  
Never let one of your shipmates go.

“If he leaves you, change your tack,  
Follow him close and fetch him back ;  
When you 've hauled him in at last,  
Grapple his flipper and hold him fast.

“If you 've wronged him, speak him  
fair,

Say you 're sorry and make it square ;  
If he 's wronged you, wink so tight  
None of you see what 's plain in sight.

“When the world goes hard and wrong,  
Lend a hand to help him along ;  
When his stockings have holes to darn,  
Don't you grudge him your ball of yarn.

“Once in a twelvemonth, come what  
may,

Anchor your ship in a quiet bay,  
Call all hands and read the log,  
And give 'em a taste of grub and grog.

“Stick to each other through thick and  
thin ;

All the closer as age leaks in ;  
Squalls will blow and clouds will frown,  
But stay by your ship till you all go  
down !”

ADDED FOR THE ALUMNI MEETING,  
JUNE 29, 1869.

So the gray Boatswain of "Twenty-nine  
Piped to "The Boys" as they crossed  
the line ;

Round the cabin sat thirty guests,  
Babes of the nurse with a thousand  
breasts.

There were the judges, grave and grand,  
Flanked by the priests on either hand ;  
There was the lord of wealth untold,  
And the dear good fellow in broadcloth  
old.

Thirty men, from twenty towns,  
Sires and grandsires with silvered  
crowns, —  
Thirty school-boys all in a row, —  
Bens and Georges and Bill and Joe.

In thirty goblets the wine was poured,  
But threescore gathered around the  
board, —  
For lo ! at the side of every chair  
A shadow hovered — we all were there !

1869.

## HYMN FOR THE CLASS-MEETING.

THOU Gracious Power, whose mercy lends  
The light of home, the smile of friends,  
Our gathered flock thine arms infold  
As in the peaceful days of old.

Wilt thou not hear us while we raise,  
In sweet accord of solemn praise,  
The voices that have mingled long  
In joyous flow of mirth and song ?

For all the blessings life has brought,  
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,  
For all we mourn, for all we keep,  
The hands we clasp, the loved that  
sleep ;

The noontide sunshine of the past,  
These brief, bright moments fading fast,  
The stars that gild our darkening years,  
The twilight ray from holier spheres ;

We thank thee, Father ! let thy grace  
Our narrowing circle still embrace,  
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,  
Thy peace be with us evermore !

1870.

## EVEN-SONG.

It may be, yes, it must be, Time that  
brings

An end to mortal things,  
That sends the beggar Winter in the  
train

Of Autumn's burdened wain, —  
Time, that is heir of all our earthly  
state,

And knoweth well to wait  
Till sea hath turned to shore and shore  
to sea,

If so it need must be,  
Ere he make good his claim and call his  
own

Old empires overthrown, —  
Time, who can find no heavenly orb too  
large

To hold its fee in charge,  
Nor any notes that fill its beam so  
small,

But he shall care for all, —  
It may be, must be, — yes, he soon  
shall tire

This hand that holds the lyre.

Then ye who listened in that earlier day  
When to my careless lay

I matched its chords and stole their first-  
born thrill,

With untaught rudest skill  
Vexing a treble from the slender strings  
Thin as the locust sings

When the shrill-crying child of sum-  
mer's heat

Pipes from its leafy seat,  
The dim pavilion of embowering green

Beneath whose shadowy screen  
The small sopranoist tries his single note  
Against the song-bird's throat,  
And all the echoes listen, but in vain ;  
They hear no answering strain, —  
Then ye who listened in that earlier day  
Shall sadly turn away,

Saying, "The fire burns low, the hearth  
is cold

That warmed our blood of old ;  
Cover its embers and its half-burnt  
brands,

And let us stretch our hands  
Over a brighter and fresh-kindled flame ;  
Lo, this is not the same,  
The joyous singer of our morning time,  
Flushed high with lusty rhyme !  
Speak kindly, for he bears a human  
heart,

But whisper him apart, —  
Tell him the woods their autumn robes  
have shed

And all their birds have fled,  
And shouting winds unbuild the naked  
nests

They warmed with patient breasts ;  
Tell him the sky is dark, the summer  
o'er,

And bid him sing no more !

Ah, welladay ! if words so cruel-kind

A listening ear might find !

But who that hears the music in his soul  
Of rhythmic waves that roll  
Crested with gleams of fire, and as they  
flow

Stir all the deeps below  
Till the great pearls no calm might ever  
reach

Leap glistening on the beach, —  
Who that has known the passion and  
the pain,

The rush through heart and brain,  
The joy so like a pang his hand is pressed

Hard on his throbbing breast,  
When thou, whose smile is life and bliss  
and fame

Hast set his pulse aflame,  
Muse of the lyre ! can say farewell to  
thee ?

Alas ! and must it be ?

In many a clime, in many a stately  
tongue,

The mighty bards have sung ;  
To these the immemorial thrones belong  
And purple robes of song ;

Yet the slight minstrel loves the slender  
tone

His lips may call his own,  
And finds the measure of the verse more  
sweet

Timed by his pulse's beat,  
Than all the hymnings of the laurelled  
throng.

Say not I do him wrong,  
For Nature spoils her warblers, — them  
she feeds

In lotus-growing meads  
And pours them subtle draughts from  
haunted streams

That fill their souls with dreams.

Full well I know the gracious mother's  
wiles

And dear delusive smiles !

No callow fledgling of her singing brood  
But tastes that witching food,  
And hearing overhead the eagle's wing,

And how the thrushes sing,  
Vents his exiguous chirp, and from his  
nest

Flaps forth — we know the rest.

I own the weakness of the tuneful  
kind, —

Are not all harpers blind ?

I sang too early, must I sing too late ?

The lengthening shadows wait  
The first pale stars of twilight, — yet  
how sweet

The flattering whisper's cheat, —  
 "Thou hast the fire no evening chill  
 can tame,  
 Whose coals outlast its flame!"

Farewell, ye carols of the laughing morn,  
 Of earliest sunshine born!

The sower flings the seed and looks not  
 back

Along his furrowed track;

The reaper leaves the stalks for other  
 hands

To gird with circling bands;

The wind, earth's careless servant, truant-  
 born,

Blows clean the beaten corn

And quits the thresher's floor, and goes  
 his way

To sport with ocean's spray;

The headlong-stumbling rivulet scam-  
 bling down

To wash the sea-girt town,

Still babbling of the green and billowy  
 waste

Whose salt he longs to taste,

Ere his warm wave its chilling clasp may  
 feel

Has twirled the miller's wheel.

The song has done its task that makes  
 us bold

With secrets else untold, —

And mine has run its errand; through  
 the dews

I tracked the flying Muse;

The daughter of the morning touched my  
 lips

With roseate finger-tips;

Whether I would or would not, I must  
 sing

With the new choirs of spring;

Now, as I watch the fading autumn day  
 And trill my softened lay,

I think of all that listened, and of one  
 For whom a brighter sun

Dawned at high summer's noon. Ah,  
 comrades dear,

Are not all gathered here?

Our hearts have answered. — Yes! they  
 hear our call:

All gathered here! all! all!

1871.

THE SMILING LISTENER.

PRECISELY. I see it. You all want to  
 say

That a tear is too sad and a laugh is too  
 gay;

You could stand a faint smile, you could  
 manage a sigh,

But you value your ribs, and you don't  
 want to cry.

And why at our feast of the clasping of  
 hands

Need we turn on the stream of our lach-  
 rymal glands?

Though we see the white breakers of age  
 on our bow,

Let us take a good pull in the jolly-boat  
 now!

It's hard if a fellow cannot feel content  
 When a banquet like this does n't cost  
 him a cent,

When his goblet and plate he may empty  
 at will,

And our kind Class Committee will settle  
 the bill.

And here's your old friend the identical  
 bard

Who has rhymed and recited you verse  
 by the yard

Since the days of the empire of Andrew  
 the First

Till you're full to the brim and feel ready  
 to burst.

It's awful to think of, — how year after  
year

With his piece in his pocket he waits for  
you here ;

No matter who 's missing, there always  
is one

To lug out his manuscript, sure as a gun.

“ Why won't he stop writing ? ” Hu-  
manity cries :

The answer is briefly, “ He can't if he  
tries ;

He has played with his foolish old feather  
so long,

That the goose-quill in spite of him  
cackles in song.”

You have watched him with patience  
from morning to dusk

Since the tassel was bright o'er the green  
of the husk,

And now — it 's too bad — it 's a pitiful  
job —

He has shelled the ripe ear till he 's come  
to the cob.

I see one face beaming — it listens so  
well

There must be some music yet left in  
my shell —

The wine of my soul is not thick on the  
lees ;

One string is unbroken, one friend I can  
please !

Dear comrade, the sunshine of seasons  
gone by

Looks out from your tender and tear-  
moistened eye,

A pharos of love on an ice-girdled  
coast, —

Kind soul ! — Don't you hear me ? —  
He 's deaf as a post !

Can it be one of Nature's benevolent  
tricks

That you grow hard of hearing as I grow  
prolix ?

And that look of delight which would  
angels beguile

Is the deaf man's prolonged unintelligent  
smile ?

Ah ! the ear may grow dull, and the eye  
may wax dim,

But they still know a classmate — they  
can't mistake him ;

There is something to tell us, “ That 's  
one of our band,”

Though we groped in the dark for a touch  
of his hand.

Well, Time with his snuffers is prowling  
about

And his shaky old fingers will soon snuff  
us out ;

There 's a hint for us all in each pendu-  
lum tick,

For we 're low in the tallow and long in  
the wick.

You remember Rossini — you 've been  
at the play ?

How his overture-endings keep crashing  
away

Till you think, “ It 's all over — it can't  
but stop now —

That 's the screech and the bang of the  
final bow-wow.”

And you find you 're mistaken ; there 's  
lots more to come,

More banging, more screeching of fiddle  
and drum,

Till when the last ending is finished and  
done,

You feel like a horse when the winning-  
post 's won.

So I, who have sung to you, merry or  
sad,

Since the days when they called me a  
promising lad,

Though I've made you more rhymes  
than a tutor could scan,

Have a few more still left, like the razor-  
strop man.

Now pray don't be frightened—I'm  
ready to stop

My galloping anapests' clatter and pop—  
In fact, if you say so, retire from to-day  
To the garret I left, on a poet's half-pay.

And yet—I can't help it—perhaps—  
who can tell?

You might miss the poor singer you  
treated so well,

And confess you could stand him five  
minutes or so,

"It was so like old times we remember,  
you know."

"T is not that the music can signify  
much,

But then there are chords that awake  
with a touch,—

And our hearts can find echoes of sorrow  
and joy

To the winch of the minstrel who hails  
from Savoy.

So this hand-organ tune that I cheerfully  
grind

May bring the old places and faces to  
mind,

And seen in the light of the past we re-  
call

The flowers that have faded bloom fair-  
est of all!

1872.

OUR SWEET SINGER.

\*

J. A.

ONE memory trembles on our lips :  
It throbs in every breast ;

In tear-dimmed eyes, in mirth's eclipse,  
The shadow stands confessed.

O silent voice, that cheered so long  
Our manhood's marching day,  
Without thy breath of heavenly song,  
How weary seems the way!

Vain every pictured phrase to tell  
Our sorrowing heart's desire ;  
The shattered harp, the broken shell,  
The silent unstrung lyre ;

For youth was round us while he sang ;  
It glowed in every tone ;  
With bridal chimes the echoes rang,  
And made the past our own.

O blissful dream ! Our nursery joys  
We know must have an end,  
But love and friendship's broken toys  
May God's good angels mend !

The cheering smile, the voice of mirth  
And laughter's gay surprise  
That please the children born of earth,  
Why deem that Heaven denies ?

Methinks in that refulgent sphere  
That knows not sun or moon,  
An earth-born saint might long to hear  
One verse of "Bonny Doon" ;

Or walking through the streets of gold  
In Heaven's unclouded light,  
His lips recall the song of old  
And hum "The sky is bright."

\* \* \*

And can we smile when thou art dead ?  
Ah, brothers, even so !  
The rose of summer will be red,  
In spite of winter's snow.

Thou wouldst not leave us all in gloom  
Because thy song is still,  
Nor blight the banquet-garland's bloom  
With grief's untimely chill.

The sighing wintry winds complain, —  
 The singing bird has flown, —  
 Hark ! heard I not that ringing strain,  
 That clear celestial tone ?

How poor these pallid phrases seem,  
 How weak this tinkling line,  
 As warbles through my waking dream  
 That angel voice of thine !

Thy requiem asks a sweeter lay ;  
 It falters on my tongue ;  
 For all we vainly strive to say,  
 Thou shouldst thyself have sung !

1873.

\* \* \*

H. C. M. H. S. J. K. W.

THE dirge is played, the throbbing  
 death-peal rung ;  
 The sad-voiced requiem sung  
 On each white urn where memory  
 dwells  
 The wreath of rustling immortelles  
 Our loving hands have hung,  
 And balmiest leaves have strown and ten-  
 derest blossoms flung.

The birds that filled the air with songs  
 have flown,  
 The wintry blasts have blown,  
 And these for whom the voice of  
 spring  
 Bade the sweet choirs their carols  
 sing  
 Sleep in those chambers lone  
 Where snows untrodden lie, unheard the  
 night-winds moan.

We clasp them all in memory, as the  
 vine  
 Whose running stems intwine,  
 The marble shaft, and steal around,

The lowly stone, the nameless  
 mound ;  
 With sorrowing hearts resign  
 Our brothers true and tried, and close  
 our broken line.

How fast the lamps of life grow dim  
 and die  
 Beneath our sunset sky !  
 Still fading, as along our track  
 We cast our saddened glances back,  
 And while we vainly sigh  
 The shadowy day recedes, the starry  
 night draws nigh.

As when from pier to pier across the  
 tide  
 With even keel we glide,  
 The lights we left along the shore  
 Grow less and less, while more, yet  
 more  
 New vistas open wide  
 Of fair illumined streets and casements  
 golden-eyed.

Each closing circle of our sunlit sphere  
 Seems to bring Heaven more near :  
 Can we not dream that those we love  
 Are listening in the world above  
 And smiling as they hear  
 The voices known so well of friends that  
 still are dear ?

Does all that made us human fade away  
 With this dissolving clay ?  
 Nay, rather deem the blessed isles  
 Are bright and gay with joyous  
 smiles,  
 That angels have their play,  
 And saints that tire of song may claim  
 their holiday.

All else of earth may perish ; love alone  
 Not Heaven shall find outgrown !  
 Are they not here, our spirit guests  
 With love still throbbing in their  
 breasts ?



Once more let flowers be strown.  
Welcome, ye shadowy forms, we count  
you still our own!

1873.

## WHAT I HAVE COME FOR.

I HAVE come with my verses — I think  
I may claim  
It is not the first time I have tried on  
the same.  
They were puckered in rhyme, they  
were wrinkled in wit;  
But your hearts were so large that they  
made them a fit.

I have come — not to tease you with  
more of my rhyme,  
But to feel as I did in the blessed old  
time;  
I want to hear him with the Brobding-  
nag laugh —  
We count him at least as three men and  
a half.

I have come to meet judges so wise and  
so grand  
That I shake in my shoes while they're  
shaking my hand;  
And the prince among merchants who  
put back the crown  
When they tried to enthrone him the  
King of the Town.

I have come to see George — Yes, I  
think there are four,  
If they all were like these I could wish  
there were more.  
I have come to see one whom we used  
to call "Jim,"  
I want to see — O, don't I want to see  
him?

I have come to grow young — on my  
word I declare

I have thought I detected a change in  
my hair!  
One hour with "The Boys" will restore  
it to brown —  
And a wrinkle or two I expect to rub  
down.

Yes, that's what I've come for, as all  
of us come;  
When I meet the dear Boys I could wish  
I were dumb.  
You asked me, you know, but it's  
spoilin' the fun;  
I have told what I came for; my ditty  
is done.

1874.

## OUR BANKER.

OLD Time, in whose bank we deposit  
our notes,  
Is a miser who always wants guineas for  
groats;  
He keeps all his customers still in arrears  
By lending them minutes and charging  
them years.

The twelvemonth rolls round and we  
never forget  
On the counter before us to pay him our  
debt.  
We reckon the marks he has chalked on  
the door,  
Pay up and shake hands and begin a  
new score.

How long he will lend us, how much we  
may owe,  
No angel will tell us, no mortal may  
know.  
At fivescore, at fourscore, at threescore  
and ten,  
He may close the account with a stroke  
of his pen.

<p>This only we know, —amid sorrows and joys Old Time has been easy and kind with “The Boys.” Though he must have and will have and does have his pay, We have found him good-natured enough in his way.</p> <p>He never forgets us, as others will do, — I am sure he knows me, and I think he knows you, For I see on your foreheads a mark that he lends As a sign he remembers to visit his friends.</p> <p>In the shape of a classmate (a wig on his crown, — His day-book and ledger laid carefully down) He has welcomed us yearly, a glass in his hand, And pledged the good health of our brotherly band.</p> <p>He’s a thief, we must own, but how many there be That rob us less gently and fairly than he : He has stripped the green leaves that were over us all, But they let in the sunshine as fast as they fall.</p> <p>Young beauties may ravish the world with a glance As they languish in song, as they float in the dance, — They are grandmothers now we remem- ber as girls, And the comely white cap takes the place of the curls.</p>	<p>But the sighing and moaning and groan- ing are o’er, We are pining and moping and sleepless no more, And the hearts that were thumping like ships on the rocks Beat as quiet and steady as meeting- house clocks.</p> <p>The trump of ambition, loud sounding and shrill, May blow its long blast, but the echoes are still, The spring-tides are past, but no billow may reach The spoils they have landed far up on the beach.</p> <p>We see that Time robs us, we know that he cheats, But we still find a charm in his pleas- ant deceits, While he leaves the remembrance of all that was best, Love, friendship, and hope, and the promise of rest.</p> <p>Sweet shadows of twilight ! how calm their repose, While the dewdrops fall soft in the breast of the rose ! How blest to the toiler his hour of re- lease When the vesper is heard with its whis- per of peace !</p> <p>Then here’s to the wrinkled old miser, our friend ; May he send us his bills to the century’s end, And lend us the moments no sorrow alloys, Till he squares his account with the last of “The Boys.”</p>
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1875.

## FOR CLASS MEETING.

It is a pity and a shame — alas ! alas !

I know it is,

To tread the trodden grapes again, but  
so it has been, so it is ;

The purple vintage long is past, with  
ripened clusters bursting so

They filled the wine-vats to the brim —  
't is strange you will be thirsting so !

Too well our faithful memory tells what  
might be rhymed or sung about,

For all have sighed and some have wept  
since last year's snows were flung  
about ;

The beacon flame that fired the sky, the  
modest ray that gladdened us,

A little breath has quenched their light,  
and deepening shades have saddened  
us.

No more our brother's life is ours for  
cheering or for grieving us,

One only sadness they bequeathed, the  
sorrow of their leaving us ;

Farewell ! Farewell ! — I turn the leaf  
I read my chiming measure in ;

Who knows but something still is there  
a friend may find a pleasure in ?

For who can tell by what he likes what  
other people's fancies are ?

How all men think the best of wives  
their own particular Nancies are ?

If what I sing you brings a smile, you  
will not stop to catechise,

Nor read Bœotia's lumbering line with  
nicely scanning Attic eyes.

Perhaps the alabaster box that Mary  
broke so lovingly,

While Judas looked so sternly on, the  
Master so approvingly,

Was not so fairly wrought as those that  
Pilate's wife and daughters had,  
Or many a dame of Judah's line that  
drank of Jordan's waters had.

Perhaps the balm that cost so dear, as  
some remarked officially,

The precious nard that filled the room  
with fragrance so deliciously,

So oft recalled in storied page and sung  
in verse melodious,

The dancing girl had thought too cheap  
— that daughter of Herodias.

Where now are all the mighty deeds  
that Herod boasted loudest of ?

Where now the flashing jewelry the  
tetrarch's wife was proudest of ?

Yet still to hear how Mary loved, all  
tribes of men are listening,

And still the sinful woman's tears like  
stars in heaven are glistening.

'T is not the gift our hands have brought,  
the love it is we bring with it,

The minstrel's lips may shape the song,  
his heart in tune must sing with it ;

And so we love the simple lays, and  
wish we might have more of them

Our poet brothers sing for us — there  
must be half a score of them.

It may be that of fame and name our  
voices once were emulous, —

With deeper thoughts, with tenderer  
throbs their softening tones are  
tremulous ;

The dead seem listening as of old, ere  
friendship was bereft of them ;

The living wear a kinder smile, the rem-  
nant that is left of them.

Though on the once unfurrowed brows  
the harrow-teeth of Time may show,

Though all the strain of crippling years  
the halting feet of rhyme may show,

We look and hear with melting hearts,  
for what we all remember is  
The morn of Spring, nor heed how chill  
the sky of gray November is.

Thanks to the gracious powers above  
from all mankind that singled us,  
And dropped the pearl of friendship in  
the cup they kindly mingled us,  
And bound us in a wreath of flowers  
with hoops of steel knit under it;—  
Nor time, nor space, nor chance, nor  
change, nor death himself shall  
sunder it!

1876.

## "AD AMICOS."

"Dumque virent genua  
Et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus."

THE muse of boyhood's fervid hour  
Grows tame as skies get chill and hazy;  
Where once she sought a passion-flower,  
She only hopes to find a daisy.  
Well, who the changing world bewails?  
Who asks to have it stay unaltered?  
Shall grown-up kittens chase their tails?  
Shall colts be never shod or haltered?

Are we "the boys" that used to make  
The tables ring with noisy follies?  
Whose deep-lunged laughter oft would  
shake  
The ceiling with its thunder-volleys?  
Are we the youths with lips unshorn,  
At beauty's feet unwrinkled suitors,  
Whose memories reach tradition's  
morn—  
The days of prehistoric tutors?

"The boys" we knew — but who are  
these  
Whose heads might serve for Plu-  
tarch's sages,

Or Fox's martyrs, if you please,  
Or hermits of the dismal ages?  
"The boys" we knew — can these be  
those?

Their cheeks with morning's blush  
were painted;—  
Where are the Harrys, Jims, and Joes  
With whom we once were well  
acquainted?

If we are they, we're not the same;—  
If they are we, why then they're  
masking;

Do tell us, neighbor What's-your-name,  
Who are you?— What's the use of  
asking?

You once were George, or Bill, or Ben;  
There's you, yourself — there's you,  
that other —

I know you now — I knew you then —  
You used to be your younger brother!

You both are all our own to-day —  
But ah! I hear a warning whisper;  
Yon roseate hour that flits away  
Repeats the Roman's sad *paulisper*.  
Come back! come back! we've need of  
you

To pay you for your word of warning;  
We'll bathe your wings in brighter dew  
Than ever wet the lids of morning!

Behold this cup; its mystic wine  
No alien's lip has ever tasted;  
The blood of friendship's clinging  
vine,

Still flowing, flowing, yet unwasted;  
Old Time forgot his running sand  
And laid his hour-glass down to fill it,  
And Death himself with gentle hand  
Has touched the chalice, not to spill  
it.

Each bubble rounding at the brim  
Is rainbowed with its magic story;

The shining days with age grown dim  
 Are dressed again in robes of glory ;  
 In all its freshness spring returns  
 With song of birds and blossoms  
 tender ;  
 Once more the torch of passion burns,  
 And youth is here in all its splen-  
 dor !

Hope swings her anchor like a toy,  
 Love laughs and shows the silver arrow  
 We knew so well as man and boy, —  
 The shaft that stings through bone  
 and marrow ;  
 Again our kindling pulses beat,  
 With tangled curls our fingers dally,  
 And bygone beauties smile as sweet  
 As fresh-blown lilies of the valley.

O blesséd hour ! we may forget  
 Its wreaths, its rhymes, its songs, its  
 laughter,  
 But not the loving eyes we met,  
 Whose light shall gild the dim here-  
 after.  
 How every heart to each grows warm !  
 Is one in sunshine's ray ? We share  
 it.  
 Is one in sorrow's blinding storm ?  
 A look, a word, shall help him bear it.

“The boys” we were, “the boys” we 'll  
 be  
 As long as three, as two, are creep-  
 ing ;  
 Then here's to him — ah ! which is  
 he ? —  
 Who lives till all the rest are sleep-  
 ing ;  
 A life with tranquil comfort blest,  
 The young man's health, the rich  
 man's plenty,  
 All earth can give that earth has best,  
 And heaven at fourscore years and  
 twenty.

1877.

## HOW NOT TO SETTLE IT.

I LIKE, at times, to hear the steeples'  
 chimes  
 With sober thoughts impressively  
 that mingle ;  
 But sometimes, too, I rather like —  
 don't you ? —  
 To hear the music of the sleigh bells'  
 jingle.

I like full well the deep resounding  
 swell  
 Of mighty symphonies with chords  
 inwoven ;  
 But sometimes, too, a song of Burns —  
 don't you ?  
 After a solemn storm-blast of Beetho-  
 ven.

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper  
 feels  
 When the tired player shuffles off the  
 buskin ;  
 A page of Hood may do a fellow good  
 After a scolding from Carlyle or Rus-  
 kin.

Some works I find, — say Watts upon  
 the Mind, —  
 No matter though at first they seemed  
 amusing,  
 Not quite the same, but just a little tame  
 After some five or six times' reperus-  
 ing.

So, too, at times when melancholy  
 rhymes  
 Or solemn speeches sober down a din-  
 ner,  
 I 've seen it, 's true, quite often, —  
 have n't you ? —  
 The best-fed guests perceptibly grow  
 thinner.

Better some jest (in proper terms expressed)

Or story (strictly moral) even if musty,  
Or song we sung when these old throats  
were young, —  
Something to keep our souls from  
getting rusty.

The poorest scrap from memory's ragged  
lap  
Comes like an heirloom from a dear  
dead mother —

Hush! there's a tear that has no busi-  
ness here,  
A half-formed sigh that ere its birth  
we smother.

We cry, we laugh; ah, life is half and  
half,  
Now bright and joyous as a song of  
Herrick's,

Then chill and bare as funeral-minded  
Blair;  
As fickle as a female in hysterics.

If I could make you cry I would n't try;  
If you have hidden smiles I'd like to  
find them,  
And that although, as well I ought to  
know,  
The lips of laughter have a skull be-  
hind them.

Yet when I think we may be on the  
brink  
Of having Freedom's banner to dis-  
pose of,  
All crimson-hued, because the Nation  
would  
Insist on cutting its own precious  
nose off,

I feel indeed as if we rather need  
A sermon such as preachers tie a text  
on.

If Freedom dies because a ballot lies,  
She earns her grave; 't is time to call  
the sexton!

But if a fight can make the matter right,  
Here are we, classmates, thirty men  
of mettle;  
We're strong and tough, we've lived  
nigh long enough—  
What if the Nation gave it us to  
settle?

The tale would read like that illustrious  
deed  
When Curtius took the leap the gap  
that filled in,  
Thus; "Fivescore years, good friends,  
as it appears,  
At last this people split on Hayes and  
Tilden.

"One half cried, 'See! the choice is  
S. J. T.!'  
And one half swore as stoutly it was  
t' other;  
Both drew the knife to save the Na-  
tion's life  
By wholesale vivisection of each other.

"Then rose in mass that monumental  
Class, —  
'Hold! hold!' they cried, 'give us,  
give us the daggers!'  
'Content! content!' exclaimed with  
one consent  
The gaunt ex-rebels and the carpet-  
baggers.

"Fifteen each side, the combatants  
divide,  
So nicely balanced are their predilec-  
tions;  
And first of all a tear-drop each lets fall,  
A tribute to their obsolete affections.

“Man facing man, the sanguine strife began,

Jack, Jim and Joe against Tom, Dick and Harry,

Each several pair its own account to square,

Till both were down or one stood solitary.

“And the great fight raged furious all the night

Till every integer was made a fraction ;  
Reader, wouldst know what history has to show

As net result of the above transaction ?

“Whole coat-tails, four ; stray fragments, several score ;

A heap of spectacles ; a deaf man's trumpet ;

Six lawyers' briefs ; seven pocket-handkerchiefs ;

Twelve canes wherewith the owners used to stump it ;

“Odd rubber-shoes ; old gloves of different hues ;

Tax-bills, — unpaid, — and several empty purses ;

And, saved from harm by some protecting charm,

A printed page with Smith's immortal verses ;

“Trifles that claim no very special name, —

Some useful, others chiefly ornamental ;

Pins, buttons, rings, and other trivial things,

With various wrecks, capillary and dental.

“Also, one flag, — 't was nothing but a rag,

And what device it bore it little matters ;

Red, white, and blue, but rent all through and through,

‘Union forever’ torn to shreds and tatters.

“They fought so well not one was left to tell

Which got the largest share of cuts and slashes ;

When heroes meet, both sides are bound to beat ;

They telescoped like cars in railroad smashes.

“So the great split that baffled human wit

And might have cost the lives of twenty millions,

As all may see that know the rule of three,

Was settled just as well by these civilians.

“As well. Just so. Not worse, not better. No,

Next morning found the Nation still divided ;

Since all were slain, the inference is plain

They left the point they fought for undecided.”

If not quite true, as I have told it you, —

This tale of mutual extermination,

To minds perplexed with threats of what comes next,

Perhaps may furnish food for contemplation.

To cut men's throats to help them count their votes

Is asinine — nay, worse — ascidian folly ;

Blindness like that would scare the  
mole and bat,  
And make the liveliest monkey mel-  
ancholy.

I say once more, as I have said be-  
fore,  
If voting for our Tildens and our  
Hayeses  
Means only fight, then, Liberty, good  
night!

Pack up your ballot-box and go to  
blazes!

Unfurl your blood-red flags, you mur-  
derous hags,

You *pétroleuses* of Paris, fierce and  
foamy;

We'll sell our stock in Plymouth's  
blasted rock,

Pull up our stakes and migrate to  
Dahomey!



# SONGS OF MANY SEASONS.

1862 - 1874.

## OPENING THE WINDOW.

THUS I lift the sash, so long  
Shut against the flight of song ;  
All too late for vain excuse, —  
Lo, my captive rhymes are loose !

Rhymes that, flitting through my brain,  
Beat against my window-pane,  
Some with gayly colored wings,  
Some, alas ! with venom'd stings.

Shall they bask in sunny rays ?  
Shall they feed on sugared praise ?  
Shall they stick with tangled feet  
On the critic's poisoned sheet ?

Are the outside winds too rough ?  
Is the world not wide enough ?  
Go, my wingéd verse, and try, —  
Go, like Uncle Toby's fly !

## PROGRAMME.

READER — gentle — if so be  
Such still live, and live for me,  
Will it please you to be told  
What my tenscore pages hold ?

Here are verses that in spite  
Of myself I needs must write,  
Like the wine that oozes first  
When the unsqueezed grapes have burst.

Here are angry lines, "too hard !"  
Says the soldier, battle-scarred.  
Could I smile his scars away  
I would blot the bitter lay,

Written with a knitted brow,  
Read with placid wonder now.  
Throbb'd such passion in my heart ?  
— Did his wounds once really smart ?

Here are varied strains that sing  
All the changes life can bring,  
Songs when joyous friends have met,  
Songs the mourner's tears have wet.

See the banquet's dead bouquet,  
Fair and fragrant in its day ;  
Do they read the selfsame lines, —  
He that fasts and he that dines ?

Year by year, like milestones placed,  
Mark the record Friendship traced.  
Prisoned in the walls of time  
Life has notched itself in rhyme :

As its seasons slid along,  
Every year a notch of song,  
From the June of long ago,  
When the rose was full in blow,

Till the scarlet sage has come  
And the cold chrysanthemum.  
Read, but not to praise or blame ;  
Are not all our hearts the same ?

For the rest, they take their chance, —  
 Some may pay a passing glance;  
 Others, — well, they served a turn, —  
 Wherefore written, would you learn?

Not for glory, not for pelf,  
 Not, be sure, to please myself,  
 Not for any meaner ends, —  
 Always "by request of friends."

Here 's the cousin of a king, —  
 Would I do the civil thing?  
 Here 's the first-born of a queen;  
 Here 's a slant-eyed Mandarin.

*Would* I polish off Japan?  
*Would* I greet this famous man,  
 Prince or Prelate, Sheik or Shah? —  
 — Figaro çì and Figaro là!

*Would* I just this once comply? —  
 So they teased and teased till I

(Be the truth at once confessed)  
 Wavered — yielded — did my best.

Turn my pages, — never mind  
 If you like not all you find;  
 Think not all the grains are gold  
 Sacramento's sand-banks hold.

Every kernel has its shell,  
 Every chime its harshest bell,  
 Every face its weariest look,  
 Every shelf its emptiest book,

Every field its leanest sheaf,  
 Every book its dullest leaf,  
 Every leaf its weakest line, —  
 Shall it not be so with mine?

Best for worst shall make amends,  
 Find us, keep us, leave us friends  
 Till, perchance, we meet again.  
 Benedicite. — Amen!

October 7, 1874.

## IN THE QUIET DAYS.

## AN OLD-YEAR SONG.

As through the forest, disarrayed  
 By chill November, late I strayed,  
 A lonely minstrel of the wood  
 Was singing to the solitude:  
 I loved thy music, thus I said,  
 When o'er thy perch the leaves were  
 spread ;

Sweet was thy song, but sweeter now  
 Thy carol on the leafless bough.  
 Sing, little bird ! thy note shall cheer  
 The sadness of the dying year.

When violets pranked the turf with blue  
 And morning filled their cups with dew,  
 Thy slender voice with rippling trill  
 The budding April bowers would fill,  
 Nor passed its joyous tones away  
 When April rounded into May:  
 Thy life shall hail no second dawn, —  
 Sing, little bird ! the spring is gone.

And I remember — well-a-day ! —  
 Thy full-blown summer roundelay,  
 As when behind a broidered screen  
 Some holy maiden sings unseen:  
 With answering notes the woodland  
 rung,

And every tree-top found a tongue.  
 How deep the shade ! the groves how  
 fair !

Sing, little bird ! the woods are bare.

The summer's throbbing chant is done  
 And mute the choral antiphon ;  
 The birds have left the shivering pines

To flit among the trellised vines,  
 Or fan the air with scented plumes  
 Amid the love-sick orange-blooms,  
 And thou art here alone, — alone, —  
 Sing, little bird ! the rest have flown.

The snow has capped yon distant hill,  
 At morn the running brook was still,  
 From driven herds the clouds that rise  
 Are like the smoke of sacrifice ;  
 Erelong the frozen sod shall mock  
 The ploughshare, changed to stubborn  
 rock,

The brawling streams shall soon be  
 dumb, —  
 Sing, little bird ! the frosts have come.

Fast, fast the lengthening shadows  
 creep,

The songless fowls are half asleep,  
 The air grows chill, the setting sun  
 May leave thee ere thy song is done,  
 The pulse that warms thy breast grow  
 cold,

Thy secret die with thee, untold :  
 The lingering sunset still is bright, —  
 Sing, little bird ! 't will soon be night.  
 1874.

## DOROTHY Q.

## A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother : her age, I  
 guess,  
 Thirteen summers, or something less ;

Girlish bust, but womanly air ;  
 Smooth, square forehead with uprolled  
     hair,  
 Lips that lover has never kissed ;  
 Taper fingers and slender wrist ;  
 Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade ;  
 So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green  
 Sits unmov'ing and broods serene.  
 Hold up the canvas full in view, —  
 Look ! there 's a rent the light shines  
     through,  
 Dark with a century's fringe of dust, —  
 That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust !  
 Such is the tale the lady old,  
 Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —  
 One whose best was not over well ;  
 Hard and dry, it must be confessed,  
 Flat as a rose that has long been pressed ;  
 Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,  
 Dainty colors of red and white,  
 And in her slender shape are seen  
 Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —  
 Dorothy Q. was a lady born !  
 Ay ! since the galloping Normans came,  
 England's annals have known her name ;  
 And still to the three-hilled rebel town  
 Dear is that ancient name's renown,  
 For many a civic wreath they won,  
 The youthful sire and the gray-haired  
     son.

O Damsel Dorothy ! Dorothy Q. !  
 Strange is the gift that I owe to you ;  
 Such a gift as never a king  
 Save to daughter or son might bring, —  
 All my tenure of heart and hand,  
 All my title to house and land ;  
 Mother and sister and child and wife  
 And joy and sorrow and death and life !

What if a hundred years ago  
 Those close-shut lips had answered No,  
 When forth the tremulous question came  
 That cost the maiden her Norman name,  
 And under the folds that look so still  
 The bodice swelled with the bosom's  
     thrill ?

Should I be I, or would it be  
 One tenth another, to nine tenths me ?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES :  
 Not the light gossamer stirs with less ;  
 But never a cable that holds so fast  
 Through all the battles of wave and  
     blast,

And never an echo of speech or song  
 That lives in the babbling air so long !  
 There were tones in the voice that whis-  
     pered then  
 You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far  
 Your images hover, — and here we are,  
 Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —  
 Edward's and Dorothy's — all their  
     own, —

A goodly record for Time to show  
 Of a syllable spoken so long ago ! —  
 Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive  
 For the tender whisper that bade me  
     live ?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid !  
 I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's  
     blade,  
 And freshen the gold of the tarnished  
     frame,  
 And gild with a rhyme your household  
     name ;  
 So you shall smile on us brave and bright  
 As first you greeted the morning's light,  
 And live untroubled by woes and fears  
 Through a second youth of a hundred  
     years.

## THE ORGAN-BLOWER.

DEVOUTEST of my Sunday friends,  
The patient Organ-blower bends;  
I see his figure sink and rise,  
(Forgive me, Heaven, my wandering  
eyes!)

A moment lost, the next half seen,  
His head above the scanty screen,  
Still measuring out his deep salaams  
Through quavering hymns and panting  
psalms.

No priest that prays in gilded stole,  
To save a rich man's mortgaged soul;  
No sister, fresh from holy vows,  
So humbly stoops, so meekly bows;  
His large obeisance puts to shame  
The proudest genuflecting dame,  
Whose Easter bonnet low descends  
With all the grace devotion lends.

O brother with the supple spine,  
How much we owe those bows of thine!  
Without thine arm to lend the breeze,  
How vain the finger on the keys!  
Though all unmatched the player's skill,  
Those thousand throats were dumb and  
still:

Another's art may shape the tone,  
The breath that fills it is thine own.

Six days the silent Memnon waits  
Behind his temple's folded gates;  
But when the seventh day's sunshine  
falls

Through rainbowed windows on the  
walls,

He breathes, he sings, he shouts, he fills  
The quivering air with rapturous thrills;  
The roof resounds, the pillars shake,  
And all the slumbering echoes wake!

The Preacher from the Bible-text  
With weary words my soul has vexed  
(Some stranger, fumbling far astray  
To find the lesson for the day);

He tells us truths too plainly true,  
And reads the service all askew, —  
Why, why the — mischief — can't he  
look  
Beforehand in the service-book?

But thou, with decent mien and face,  
Art always ready in thy place;  
Thy strenuous blast, whate'er the tune,  
As steady as the strong monsoon;  
Thy only dread a leathery creak,  
Or small residual extra squeak,  
To send along the shadowy aisles  
A sunlit wave of dimpled smiles.

Not all the preaching, O my friend,  
Comes from the church's pulpit end!  
Not all that bend the knee and bow  
Yield service half so true as thou!  
One simple task performed aright,  
With slender skill, but all thy might,  
Where honest labor does its best,  
And leaves the player all the rest.

This many-diapasoned maze,  
Through which the breath of being  
strays,

Whose music makes our earth divine,  
Has work for mortal hands like mine.  
My duty lies before me. Lo,  
The lever there! Take hold and blow!  
And He whose hand is on the keys  
Will play the tune as He shall please.

1872.

## AT THE PANTOMIME.

THE house was crammed from roof to  
floor,  
Heads piled on heads at every door;  
Half dead with August's seething heat  
I crowded on and found my seat,  
My patience slightly out of joint,  
My temper short of boiling-point,  
Not quite at *Hate mankind as such*,  
Nor yet at *Love them overmuch*.

Amidst the throng the pageant drew  
 Were gathered Hebrews not a few,  
 Black-bearded, swarthy, — at their side  
 Dark, jewelled women, orient-eyed :  
 If scarce a Christian hopes for grace  
 Who crowds one in his narrow place  
 What will the savage victim do  
 Whose ribs are kneaded by a Jew ?

Next on my left a breathing form  
 Wedged up against me, close and warm ;  
 The beak that crowned the bistrated face  
 Betrayed the mould of Abraham's race, —  
 That coal-black hair, that smoke-brown  
 hue, —

Ah, curséd, unbelieving Jew !  
 I started, shuddering, to the right,  
 And squeezed — a second Israelite !

Then woke the evil brood of rage  
 That slumber, tongueless, in their cage ;  
 I stabbed in turn with silent oaths  
 The hook-nosed kite of carrion clothes,  
 The snaky usurer, him that crawls  
 And cheats beneath the golden balls,  
 Moses and Levi, all the horde,  
 Spawn of the race that slew its Lord.

Up came their murderous deeds of old,  
 The grisly story Chaucer told,  
 And many an ugly tale beside  
 Of children caught and crucified ;  
 I heard the ducat-sweating thieves  
 Beneath the Ghetto's slouching eaves,  
 And, thrust beyond the tented green,  
 The lepers cry, "Unclean ! Unclean !"

The show went on, but, ill at ease,  
 My sullen eye it could not please,  
 In vain my conscience whispered,  
 "Shame !

Who but their Maker is to blame ?"  
 I thought of Judas and his bribe,  
 And steeled my soul against their tribe :  
 My neighbors stirred ; I looked again  
 Full on the younger of the twain.

A fresh young cheek whose olive hue  
 The mantling blood shows faintly  
 through ;

Locks dark as midnight, that divide  
 And shade the neck on either side ;  
 Soft, gentle, loving eyes that gleam  
 Clear as a starlit mountain stream ; —  
 So looked that other child of Shem,  
 The Maiden's Boy of Bethlehem !

— And thou couldst scorn the peerless  
 blood

That flows unmingled from the Flood, —  
 Thy scutcheon spotted with the stains  
 Of Norman thieves and pirate Danes !  
 The New World's foundling, in thy pride  
 Scowl on the Hebrew at thy side,  
 And lo ! the very semblance there  
 The Lord of Glory deigned to wear !

I see that radiant image rise,  
 The flowing hair, the pitying eyes,  
 The faintly crimsoned cheek that shows  
 The blush of Sharon's opening rose, —  
 Thy hands would clasp his hallowed feet  
 Whose brethren soil thy Christian seat,  
 Thy lips would press his garment's hem  
 That curl in wrathful scorn for them !

A sudden mist, a watery screen,  
 Dropped like a veil before the scene ;  
 The shadow floated from my soul,  
 And to my lips a whisper stole, —  
 "Thy prophets caught the Spirit's flame,  
 From thee the Son of Mary came,  
 With thee the Father deigned to dwell, —  
 Peace be upon thee, Israel !"

18 —. Rewritten 1874.

#### AFTER THE FIRE.

WHILE far along the eastern sky  
 I saw the flags of Havoc fly,  
 As if his forces would assault  
 The sovereign of the starry vault

And hurl Him back the burning rain  
That seared the cities of the plain,  
I read as on a crimson page  
The words of Israel's sceptred sage : —

*For riches make them wings, and they  
Do as an eagle fly away.*

O vision of that sleepless night,  
What hue shall paint the mocking light  
That burned and stained the orient skies  
Where peaceful morning loves to rise,  
As if the sun had lost his way  
And dawned to make a second day, —  
Above how red with fiery glow,  
How dark to those it woke below !

On roof and wall, on dome and spire,  
Flashed the false jewels of the fire ;  
Girt with her belt of glittering panes,  
And crowned with starry-gleaming vanes,  
Our northern queen in glory shone  
With new-born splendors not her own,  
And stood, transfigured in our eyes,  
A victim decked for sacrifice !

The cloud still hovers overhead,  
And still the midnight sky is red ;  
As the lost wanderer strays alone  
To seek the place he called his own,  
His devious footprints sadly tell  
How changed the pathways known so  
well ;

The scene, how new ! The tale, how old  
Ere yet the ashes have grown cold !

Again I read the words that came  
Writ in the rubric of the flame :  
How'er we trust to mortal things,  
Each hath its pair of folded wings ;  
Though long their terrors rest unspread  
Their fatal plumes are never shed ;  
At last, at last, they stretch in flight,  
And blot the day and blast the night !

Hope, only Hope, of all that clings  
Around us, never spreads her wings ;  
Love, though he break his earthly chain,  
Still whispers he will come again ;  
But Faith that soars to seek the sky  
Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,  
And find, beyond the smoke and flame,  
The cloudless azure whence they came !  
1872.

#### A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

No ! never such a draught was poured  
Since Hebe served with nectar  
The bright Olympians and their Lord,  
Her over-kind protector, —  
Since Father Noah squeezed the grape  
And took to such behaving  
As would have shamed our grandsire ape  
Before the days of shaving, —  
No ! ne'er was mingled such a draught  
In palace, hall, or arbor,  
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed  
That night in Boston Harbor !  
It kept King George so long awake  
His brain at last got addled,  
It made the nerves of Britain shake,  
With sevenscore millions saddled ;  
Before that bitter cup was drained,  
Amid the roar of cannon,  
The Western war-cloud's crimson stained  
The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon ;  
Full many a six-foot grenadier  
The flattened grass had measured,  
And many a mother many a year  
Her tearful memories treasured ;  
Fast spread the tempest's darkening pall,  
The mighty realms were troubled,  
The storm broke loose, but first of all  
The Boston teapot bubbled !

An evening party, — only that,  
No formal invitation,  
No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat,  
No feast in contemplation,

No silk-robed dames, no fiddling band,  
 No flowers, no songs, no dancing, —  
 A tribe of Red men, axe in hand, —  
 Behold the guests advancing !  
 How fast the stragglers join the throng,  
 From stall and workshop gathered !  
 The lively barber skips along  
 And leaves a chin half-lathered ;  
 The smith has flung his hammer down, —  
 The horseshoe still is glowing ;  
 The truant tapster at the Crown  
 Has left a beer-cask flowing ;  
 The cooper's boys have dropped the adze,  
 And trot behind their master ;  
 Up run the tarry ship-yard lads, —  
 The crowd is hurrying faster, —  
 Out from the Millpond's purlieus gush  
 The streams of white-faced millers,  
 And down their slippery alleys rush  
 The lusty young Fort-Hillers ;  
 The ropewalk lends its 'prentice crew, —  
 The tories seize the omen :  
 " Ay, boys, you 'll soon have work to do  
 For England's rebel foemen,  
 'King Hancock,' Adams, and their gang,  
 That fire the mob with treason, —  
 When these we shoot and those we  
 hang  
 The town will come to reason."

On — on to where the tea-ships ride !  
 And now their ranks are forming, —  
 A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side  
 The Mohawk band is swarming !  
 See the fierce natives ! What a glimpse  
 Of paint and fur and feather,  
 As all at once the full-grown imps  
 Light on the deck together !  
 A scarf the pigtail's secret keeps,  
 A blanket hides the breeches, —  
 And out the curséd cargo leaps,  
 And overboard it pitches !

O woman, at the evening board  
 So gracious, sweet, and purring,

So happy while the tea is poured,  
 So blest while spoons are stirring,  
 What martyr can compare with thee,  
 The mother, wife, or daughter,  
 That night, instead of best Bohea,  
 Condemned to milk and water !

Ah, little dreams the quiet dame  
 Who plies with rock and spindle  
 The patient flax, how great a flame  
 Yon little spark shall kindle !  
 The lurid morning shall reveal  
 A fire no king can smother  
 Where British flint and Boston steel  
 Have clashed against each other !  
 Old charters shrivel in its track,  
 His Worship's bench has crumbled,  
 It climbs and clasps the union-jack,  
 Its blazoned pomp is humbled,  
 The flags go down on land and sea  
 Like corn before the reapers ;  
 So burned the fire that brewed the tea  
 That Boston served her keepers !

The waves that wrought a century's  
 wreck  
 Have rolled o'er whig and tory ;  
 The Mohawks on the Dartmouth's deck  
 Still live in song and story ;  
 The waters in the rebel bay  
 Have kept the tea-leaf savor ;  
 Our old North-Enders in their spray  
 Still taste a Hyson flavor ;  
 And Freedom's teacup still o'erflows  
 With ever fresh libations,  
 To cheat of slumber all her foes  
 And cheer the wakening nations !  
 1874.

#### NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.

SLOW toiling upward from the misty  
 vale,  
 I leave the bright enamelled zones  
 below ;



No more for me their beauteous bloom  
shall glow,  
Their lingering sweetness load the morn-  
ing gale ;  
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless,  
pale,  
That on their ice-clad stems all trem-  
bling blow  
Along the margin of unmelting  
snow ;  
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I  
hail,

White realm of peace above the flower-  
ing line ;  
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky  
spires !  
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt  
planets shine,  
On thy majestic altars fade the fires  
That filled the air with smoke of vain  
desires,  
And all the unclouded blue of heaven  
is thine !  
1870.

## IN WAR TIME.

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### TO CANAAN.

#### A PURITAN WAR-SONG.

WHERE are you going, soldiers,  
 With banner, gun, and sword?  
 We're marching South to Canaan  
 To battle for the Lord!  
 What Captain leads your armies  
 Along the rebel coasts?  
 The Mighty One of Israel,  
 His name is Lord of Hosts!  
 To Canaan, to Canaan  
 The Lord has led us forth,  
 To blow before the heathen walls  
 The trumpets of the North!

What flag is this you carry  
 Along the sea and shore?  
 The same our grandsires lifted up, —  
 The same our fathers bore!  
 In many a battle's tempest  
 It shed the crimson rain, —  
 What God has woven in his loom  
 Let no man rend in twain!  
 To Canaan, to Canaan  
 The Lord has led us forth,  
 To plant upon the rebel towers  
 The banners of the North!

What troop is this that follows,  
 All armed with picks and spades?<sup>1</sup>  
 These are the swarthy bondsmen, —  
 The iron-skin brigades!

<sup>1</sup> The captured slaves were at this time organized as pioneers.

They'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,  
 They'll scoop out rebels' graves;  
 Who then will be their owner  
 And march them off for slaves?  
 To Canaan, to Canaan  
 The Lord has led us forth,  
 To strike upon the captive's chain  
 The hammers of the North!

What song is this you're singing?  
 The same that Israel sung  
 When Moses led the mighty choir,  
 And Miriam's timbrel rung!  
 To Canaan! To Canaan!  
 The priests and maidens cried:  
 To Canaan! To Canaan!  
 The people's voice replied.  
 To Canaan, to Canaan  
 The Lord has led us forth,  
 To thunder through its adder dens —  
 The anthems of the North!

When Canaan's hosts are scattered,  
 And all her walls lie flat,  
 What follows next in order?  
 — The Lord will see to that!  
 We'll break the tyrant's sceptre, —  
 We'll build the people's throne, —  
 When half the world is Freedom's,  
 Then all the world's our own!  
 To Canaan, to Canaan  
 The Lord has led us forth,  
 To sweep the rebel threshing-floors,  
 A whirlwind from the North!

**"THUS SAITH THE LORD, I OFFER  
THEE THREE THINGS."**

IN poisonous dens, where traitors hide  
Like bats that fear the day,  
While all the land our charters claim  
Is sweating blood and breathing flame,  
Dead to their country's woe and shame,  
The recreants whisper **STAY!**

IN peaceful homes, where patriot fires  
On Love's own altars glow,  
The mother hides her trembling fear,  
The wife, the sister, checks a tear,  
To breathe the parting word of cheer,  
Soldier of Freedom, **Go!**

IN halls where Luxury lies at ease,  
And Mammon keeps his state,  
Where flatterers fawn and menials  
crouch,  
The dreamer, startled from his couch,  
Wrings a few counters from his pouch,  
And murmurs faintly **WAIT!**

IN weary camps, on trampled plains  
That ring with fife and drum,  
The battling host, whose harness gleams  
Along the crimson-flowing streams,  
Calls, like a warning voice in dreams,  
We want you, Brother! **COME!**

Choose ye whose bidding ye will do, —  
To go, to wait, to stay!  
Sons of the Freedom-loving town,  
Heirs of the Fathers' old renown,  
The servile yoke, the civic crown,  
Await your choice **TO-DAY!**

The stake is laid! O gallant youth  
With yet unsilvered brow,  
If Heaven should lose and Hell should  
win,  
On whom shall lie the mortal sin,  
That cries aloud, *It might have been?*  
God calls you -- answer **NOW.**

**NEVER OR NOW.**

AN APPEAL.

**LISTEN**, young heroes! your country is  
calling!

Time strikes the hour for the brave  
and the true!

Now, while the foremost are fighting and  
falling,

Fill up the ranks that have opened for  
you!

You whom the fathers made free and de-  
fended,

Stain not the scroll that emblazons  
their fame!

You whose fair heritage spotless de-  
scended,

Leave not your children a birthright  
of shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom  
stands gasping!

Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in  
his pall!

Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the  
hands' clasping, —

"Off for the wars!" is enough for  
them all!

Break from the arms that would fondly  
caress you!

Hark! 't is the bugle-blast, sabres are  
drawn!

Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall  
bless you,

Maidens shall weep for you when you  
are gone!

Never or now! cries the blood of a na-  
tion,

Poured on the turf where the red rose  
should bloom;

Now is the day and the hour of salva-  
tion, —

Never or now ! peals the trumpet of  
doom !

Never or now ! roars the hoarse-throated  
cannon

Through the black canopy blotting  
the skies ;

Never or now ! flaps the shell-blasted  
pennon

O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland  
lies !

From the foul dens where our brothers  
are dying,

Aliens and foes in the land of their  
birth, —

From the rank swamps where our mar-  
tyrs are lying

Pleading in vain for a handful of  
earth, —

From the hot plains where they perish  
outnumbered,

Furrowed and ridged by the battle-  
field's plough,

Comes the loud summons ; too long you  
have slumbered,

Hear the last Angel-trump, — Never  
or Now !

1862.

#### ONE COUNTRY.

ONE country ! Treason's writhing asp  
Struck madly at her girdle's clasp,  
And Hatred wrenched with might and  
main

To rend its welded links in twain,  
While Mammon hugged his golden calf  
Content to take one broken half,  
While thankless churls stood idly by  
And heard unmoved a nation's cry !

One country ! "Nay," — the tyrant  
crew

Shrieked from their dens, — "it shall  
be two !

Ill bodes to us this monstrous birth,  
That scowls on all the thrones of earth,  
Too broad yon starry cluster shines,  
Too proudly tower the New-World  
pines,

Tear down the ' banner of the free,'  
And cleave their land from sea to sea !"

One country still, though foe and  
"friend"

Our seamless empire strove to rend ;  
Safe ! safe ! though all the fiends of hell  
Join the red murderers' battle-yell !

What though the lifted sabres gleam,  
The cannons frown by shore and stream,—  
The sabres clash, the cannons thrill,  
In wild accord, One country still !

One country ! in her stress and strain  
We heard the breaking of a chain !  
Look where the conquering Nation  
swings

Her iron flail, — its shivered rings !  
Forged by the rebels' crimson hand,  
That bolt of wrath shall scourge the  
land

Till Peace proclaims on sea and shore  
One Country now and evermore !

1865.

#### GOD SAVE THE FLAG!

WASHED in the blood of the brave and  
the blooming,

Snatched from the altars of insolent  
foes,

Burning with star-fires, but never con-  
suming,

Flash its broad ribbons of lily and  
rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend  
it,

Vainly his worshippers pray for its  
fall ;

Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,

Emblem of justice and mercy to all :

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,

Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,

Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,

Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,

Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,

Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations,

Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze !

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,

While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,

Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,

Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave !

1865.

#### HYMN

AFTER THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

GIVER of all that crowns our days,  
With grateful hearts we sing thy praise ;  
Through deep and desert led by thee,  
Our promised land at last we see.

Ruler of Nations, judge our cause !  
If we have kept thy holy laws,

The sons of Belial curse in vain  
The day that rends the captive's chain.

Thou God of vengeance ! Israel's Lord !  
Break in their grasp the shield and sword,

And make thy righteous judgments known

Till all thy foes are overthrown !

Then, Father, lay thy healing hand  
In mercy on our stricken land ;  
Lead all its wanderers to the fold,  
And be their Shepherd as of old.

So shall one Nation's song ascend  
To thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend,  
While Heaven's wide arch resounds again

With Peace on earth, good-will to men !

1865.

#### HYMN

FOR THE FAIR AT CHICAGO.

O GOD ! in danger's darkest hour,  
In battle's deadliest field,  
Thy name has been our Nation's tower,  
Thy truth her help and shield.

Our lips should fill the air with praise,  
Nor pay the debt we owe,  
So high above the songs we raise  
The floods of mercy flow.

Yet thou wilt hear the prayer we speak,

The song of praise we sing, —  
Thy children, who thine altar seek  
Their grateful gifts to bring.

Thine altar is the sufferer's bed,  
The home of woe and pain,  
The soldier's turfy pillow, red  
With battle's crimson rain.

No smoke of burning stains the air,  
No incense-clouds arise ;  
Thy peaceful servants, Lord, prepare  
A bloodless sacrifice.

Lo ! for our wounded brothers' need,  
We bear the wine and oil ;

For us they faint, for us they bleed,  
For them our gracious toil !

O Father, bless the gifts we bring !  
Cause thou thy face to shine,  
Till every nation owns her King,  
And all the earth is thine.

1865.

## SONGS OF WELCOME AND FAREWELL.

## AMERICA TO RUSSIA.

AUGUST 5, 1866.

READ BY HON. G. V. FOX AT A DINNER GIVEN  
TO THE MISSION FROM THE UNITED STATES,  
ST. PETERSBURG.

THOUGH watery deserts hold apart  
The worlds of East and West,  
Still beats the selfsame human heart  
In each proud Nation's breast.

Our floating turret tempts the main  
And dares the howling blast  
To clasp more close the golden chain  
That long has bound them fast.

In vain the gales of ocean sweep,  
In vain the billows roar  
That chafe the wild and stormy steep  
Of storied Elsinore.

She comes! She comes! her banners  
dip  
In Neva's flashing tide,  
With greetings on her cannon's lip,  
The storm-god's iron bride!

Peace garlands with the olive-bough  
Her thunder-bearing tower,  
And plants before her cleaving prow  
The sea-foam's milk-white flower.

No prairies heaped their garnered store  
To fill her sunless hold,  
Not rich Nevada's gleaming ore  
Its hidden caves in fold,

But lightly as the sea-bird swings  
She floats the depths above,  
A breath of flame to lend her wings,  
Her freight a people's love!

When darkness hid the starry skies  
In war's long winter night,  
One ray still cheered our straining eyes,  
The far-off Northern light!

And now the friendly rays return  
From lights that glow afar,  
Those clustered lamps of Heaven that  
burn  
Around the Western Star.

A nation's love in tears and smiles  
We bear across the sea,  
O Neva of the banded isles,  
We moor our hearts in thee!

WELCOME TO THE GRAND DUKE  
ALEXIS.

MUSIC HALL, DECEMBER 9, 1871.

SUNG TO THE RUSSIAN NATIONAL AIR BY THE  
CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

SHADOWED so long by the storm-cloud  
of danger,  
Thou whom the prayers of an empire  
defend,  
Welcome, thrice welcome! but not as a  
stranger,  
Come to the nation that calls thee its  
friend!

Bleak are our shores with the blasts of  
 December,  
 Fettered and chill is the rivulet's flow ;  
 Throbbing and warm are the hearts that  
 remember  
 Who was our friend when the world  
 was our foe.

Look on the lips that are smiling to greet  
 thee,  
 See the fresh flowers that a people has  
 strewn :  
 Count them thy sisters and brothers  
 that meet thee ;  
 Guest of the Nation, her heart is  
 thine own !

Fires of the North, in eternal commun-  
 ion,  
 Blend your broad flashes with even-  
 ing's bright star !  
 God bless the Empire that loves the  
 Great Union ;  
 Strength to her people ! Long life to  
 the Czar !

**AT THE BANQUET TO THE GRAND  
 DUKE ALEXIS.**

DECEMBER 9, 1871.

ONE word to the guest we have gathered  
 to greet !  
 The echoes are longing that word to  
 repeat, —  
 It springs to the lips that are waiting to  
 part,  
 For its syllables spell themselves first in  
 the heart.

Its accents may vary, its sound may be  
 strange,  
 But it bears a kind message that noth-  
 ing can change ;

The dwellers by Neva its meaning can  
 tell,  
 For the smile, its interpreter, shows it  
 full well.

That word ! How it gladdened the Pil-  
 grim of yore,  
 As he stood in the snow on the desolate  
 shore !  
 When the shout of the Sagamore startled  
 his ear  
 In the phrase of the Saxon, 't was music  
 to hear !

Ah, little could Samoset offer our sire, —  
 The cabin, the corn-cake, the seat by  
 the fire ;  
 He had nothing to give, — the poor lord  
 of the land, —  
 But he gave him a WELCOME, — his  
 heart in his hand !

The tribe of the Sachem has melted  
 away,  
 But the word that he spoke is remem-  
 bered to-day,  
 And the page that is red with the record  
 of shame  
 The tear-drops have whitened round  
 Samoset's name.

The word that he spoke to the Pilgrim  
 of old  
 May sound like a tale that has often  
 been told ;  
 But the welcome we speak is as fresh as  
 the dew, —  
 As the kiss of a lover, that always is new !

Ay, Guest of the Nation ! each roof is  
 thine own  
 Through all the broad continent's star-  
 banneted zone ;  
 From the shore where the curtain of  
 morn is unrolled,



To the billows that flow through the  
gateway of gold.

The snow-crested mountains are calling  
aloud ;

Nevada to Ural speaks out of the cloud,  
And Shasta shouts forth, from his throne  
in the sky,

To the storm-splintered summits, the  
peaks of Altai !

You must leave him, they say, till the  
summer is green !

Both shores are his home, though the  
waves roll between ;

And then we 'll return him, with thanks  
for the same,

As fresh and as smiling and tall as he  
came.

But ours is the region of Arctic delight ;  
We can show him Auroras and pole-  
stars by night ;

There 's a Muscovy sting in the ice-tem-  
pered air,

And our firesides are warm and our  
maidens are fair.

The flowers are full-blown in the gar-  
landed hall, —

They will bloom round his footsteps  
wherever they fall ;

For the splendors of youth and the sun-  
shine they bring

Make the roses believe 't is the sum-  
mons of Spring.

One word of our language he needs must  
know well,

But another remains that is harder to  
spell ;

We shall speak it so ill, if he wishes to  
learn

How we utter *Farewell*, he will have to  
return !

## AT THE BANQUET TO THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

AUGUST 21, 1868.

BROTHERS, whom we may not reach  
Through the veil of alien speech,  
Welcome ! welcome ! eyes can tell  
What the lips in vain would spell, —  
Words that hearts can understand,  
Brothers from the Flowery Land !

We, the evening's latest born,  
Hail the children of the morn !  
We, the new creation's birth,  
Greet the lords of ancient earth,  
From their storied walls and towers  
Wandering to these tents of ours !

Land of wonders, fair Cathay,  
Who long hast shunned the staring day,  
Hid in mists of poet's dreams  
By thy blue and yellow streams, —  
Let us thy shadowed form behold, —  
Teach us as thou didst of old.

Knowledge dwells with length of days ;  
Wisdom walks in ancient ways ;  
Thine the compass that could guide  
A nation o'er the stormy tide,  
Scourged by passions, doubts, and fears,  
Safe through thrice a thousand years !

Looking from thy turrets gray  
Thou hast seen the world's decay, —  
Egypt drowning in her sands, —  
Athens rent by robbers' hands, —  
Rome, the wild barbarian's prey,  
Like a storm-cloud swept away :

Looking from thy turrets gray  
Still we see thee. Where are they ?  
And lo ! a new-born nation waits,  
Sitting at the golden gates  
That glitter by the sunset sea, —  
Waits with outspread arms for thee !

Open wide, ye gates of gold,  
To the Dragon's banner-fold !  
Builders of the mighty wall,  
Bid your mountain barriers fall !  
So may the girdle of the sun  
Bind the East and West in one,

Till Mount Shasta's breezes fan  
The snowy peaks of Ta Siene-Shan, —  
Till Erie blends its waters blue  
With the waves of Tung-Ting-Hu, —  
Till deep Missouri lends its flow  
To swell the rushing Hoang-Ho !

**AT THE BANQUET TO THE JAPANESE  
EMBASSY.**

AUGUST 2, 1872.

WE welcome you, Lords of the Land of  
the Sun !  
The voice of the many sounds feebly  
through one ;  
Ah ! would 't were a voice of more mus-  
sical tone,  
But the dog-star is here, and the song-  
birds have flown.

And what shall I sing that can cheat you  
of smiles,  
Ye heralds of peace from the Orient  
isles ?  
If only the Jubilee — Why did you  
wait ?  
You are welcome, but oh ! you're a lit-  
tle too late !

We have greeted our brothers of Ireland  
and France,  
Round the fiddle of Strauss we have  
joined in the dance,  
We have lagered Herr Saro, that fine-  
looking man,  
And glorified Godfrey, whose name it is  
Dan.

What a pity ! we've missed it and you've  
missed it too,  
We had a day ready and waiting for you ;  
We'd have shown you — provided, of  
course, you had come —  
You'd have heard — no, you would n't,  
because it was dumb.

And then the great organ ! The chorus's  
shout !  
Like the mixture teetotalers call, " Cold  
without " —  
A mingling of elements, strong, but not  
sweet ;  
And the drum, just referred to, that  
" could n't be beat."

The shrines of our pilgrims are not like  
your own,  
Where white Fusiyama lifts proudly its  
cone,  
(The snow-mantled mountain we see on  
the fan  
That cools our hot cheeks with a breeze  
from Japan.)

But ours the wide temple where worship  
is free  
As the wind of the prairie, the wave of  
the sea ;  
You may build your own altar wherever  
you will,  
For the roof of that temple is over you  
still.

One dome overarches the star-bannered  
shore ;  
You may enter the Pope's or the Puri-  
tan's door,  
Or pass with the Buddhist his gateway  
of bronze,  
For a priest is but Man, be he bishop or  
bonze.

And the lesson we teach with the sword  
and the pen

Is to all of God's children, " We also are  
men !

If you wrong us we smart, if you prick  
us we bleed,

If you love us, no quarrel with color or  
creed ! "

You 'll find us a well-meaning, free-  
spoken crowd,

Good-natured enough, but a little too  
loud, —

To be sure there is always a bit of a row  
When we choose our Tycoon, and espe-  
cially now.

You 'll take it all calmly, — we want  
you to see

What a peaceable fight such a contest  
can be,

And of one thing be certain, however it  
ends,

You will find that our voters have chosen  
your friends.

If the horse that stands saddled is first  
in the race,

You will greet your old friend with the  
weed in his face,

And if the white hat and the White  
House agree,

You 'll find H. G. really as loving as he.

But O, what a pity — once more I must  
say —

That we could not have joined in a  
" Japanese day " !

Such greeting we give you to-night as  
we can ;

Long life to our brothers and friends of  
Japan !

The Lord of the mountain looks down  
from his crest

As the banner of morning unfurls in the  
West ;

The Eagle was always the friend of the  
Sun ;

You are welcome ! — The song of the  
cage-bird is done.

### BRYANT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

NOVEMBER 3, 1864.

O EVEN-HANDED Nature ! we confess  
This life that men so honor, love, and  
bless

Has filled thine olden measure. Not the  
less

We count the precious seasons that re-  
main ;

Strike not the level of the golden grain,  
But heap it high with years, that earth  
may gain

What heaven can lose, — for heaven is  
rich in song :

Do not all poets, dying, still prolong  
Their broken chants amid the seraph  
throng,

Where, blind no more, Ionia's bard is  
seen,

And England's heavenly minstrel sits  
between

The Mantuan and the wan-cheeked  
Florentine ?

— This was the first sweet singer in the  
cage

Of our close-woven life. A new-born  
age

Claims in his vesper song its heritage :

Spare us, O, spare us long our heart's  
desire !

Moloch, who calls our children through  
the fire,

Leaves us the gentle master of the lyre.

We count not on the dial of the sun  
The hours, the minutes, that his sands  
have run ;  
Rather, as on those flowers that one by  
one

From earliest dawn their ordered bloom  
display  
Till evening's planet with her guiding  
ray  
Leads in the blind old mother of the  
day,

We reckon by his songs, each song a  
flower,  
The long, long daylight, numbering  
hour by hour,  
Each breathing sweetness like a bridal  
bower.

His morning glory shall we e'er forget?  
His noontide's full-blown lily coronet?  
His evening primrose has not opened  
yet ;

Nay, even if creeping Time should hide  
the skies  
In midnight from his century-laden  
eyes,  
Darkened like his who sang of Paradise,

Would not some hidden song-bud open  
bright  
As the resplendent cactus of the night  
That floods the gloom with fragrance  
and with light ?

— How can we praise the verse whose  
music flows  
With solemn cadence and majestic close,  
Pure as the dew that filters through the  
rose ?

How shall we thank him that in evil  
days

He faltered never, — nor for blame, nor  
praise,  
Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier  
lays ?

But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,  
So to his youth his manly years were  
true,  
All dyed in royal purple through and  
through !

He for whose touch the lyre of Heaven  
is strung  
Needs not the flattering toil of mortal  
tongue :  
Let not the singer grieve to die unsung !

Marbles forget their message to man-  
kind :  
In his own verse the poet still we find,  
In his own page his memory lives en-  
shrined,

As in their amber sweets the smothered  
bees, —  
As the fair cedar, fallen before the  
breeze,  
Lies self-embalmed amidst the moulder-  
ing trees.

— Poets, like youngest children, never  
grow  
Out of their mother's fondness. Nature  
so  
Holds their soft hands, and will not let  
them go,

Till at the last they track with even feet  
Her rhythmic footsteps, and their pulses  
beat  
Twinned with her pulses, and their lips  
repeat

The secrets she has told them, as their  
own :

Thus is the inmost soul of Nature known,  
And the rapt minstrel shares her awful  
throne!

O lover of her mountains and her woods,  
Her bridal chamber's leafy solitudes,  
Where Love himself with tremulous  
step intrudes,

Her snows fall harmless on thy sacred  
fire:  
Far be the day that claims thy sounding  
lyre  
To join the music of the angel choir!

Yet, since life's amplest measure must  
be filled,  
Since throbbing hearts must be forever  
stilled,  
And all must fade that evening sunsets  
gild,

Grant, Father, ere he close the mortal  
eyes  
That see a Nation's reeking sacrifice,  
Its smoke may vanish from these black-  
ened skies!

Then, when his summons comes, since  
come it must,  
And, looking heavenward with unfalter-  
ing trust,  
He wraps his drapery round him for the  
dust,

His last fond glance will show him o'er  
his head  
The Northern fires beyond the zenith  
spread  
In lambent glory, blue and white and  
red, —

The Southern cross without its bleeding  
load,

The milky way of peace all freshly  
strowed,  
And every white-throned star fixed in  
its lost abode!

#### AT A DINNER TO GENERAL GRANT.

JULY 31, 1865.

WHEN treason first began the strife  
That crimsoned sea and shore,  
The Nation poured her hoarded life  
On Freedom's threshing-floor;  
From field and prairie, east and west,  
From coast and hill and plain,  
The sheaves of ripening manhood pressed  
Thick as the bearded grain.

Rich was the harvest; souls as true  
As ever battle tried;

But fiercer still the conflict grew,  
The floor of death more wide;  
Ah, who forgets that dreadful day  
Whose blot of grief and shame  
Four bitter years scarce wash away  
In seas of blood and flame?

Vain, vain the Nation's lofty boasts,  
Vain all her sacrifice!

"Give me a man to lead my hosts,  
O God in heaven!" she cries.  
While Battle whirls his crushing flail,  
And plies his winnowing fan, —  
Thick flies the chaff on every gale, —  
She cannot find her man!

Bravely they fought who failed to win, —  
Our leaders battle-scarred, —  
Fighting the hosts of hell and sin,  
But devils die always hard!  
Blame not the broken tools of God  
That helped our sorest needs;  
Through paths that martyr feet have trod  
The conqueror's steps he leads.

But now the heavens grow black with  
doubt,

The ravens fill the sky,  
"Friends" plot within, foes storm with-  
out,

Hark, — that despairing cry,  
"Where is the heart, the hand, the  
brain

To dare, to do, to plan?"  
The bleeding Nation shrieks in vain, —  
She has not found her man!

A little echo stirs the air, —  
Some tale, whate'er it be,  
Of rebels routed in their lair  
Along the Tennessee.  
The little echo spreads and grows,  
And soon the trump of Fame  
Had taught the Nation's friends and  
foes  
The "man on horseback" 's name.

So well his warlike wooing sped,  
No fortress might resist  
His billets-doux of lispng lead,  
The bayonets in his fist, —  
With kisses from his cannons' mouth  
He made his passion known  
Till Vicksburg, vestal of the South,  
Unbound her virgin zone.

And still where'er his banners led  
He conquered as he came,  
The trembling hosts of treason fled  
Before his breath of flame,  
And Fame's still gathering echoes grew  
Till high o'er Richmond's towers  
The starry fold of Freedom flew,  
And all the land was ours.

Welcome from fields where valor fought  
To feasts where pleasure waits;  
A Nation gives you smiles unbought  
At all her opening gates!

Forgive us when we press your hand, —  
Your war-worn features scan, —  
God sent you to a bleeding land;  
Our Nation found its man!

#### AT A DINNER TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

JULY 6, 1865.

Now, smiling friends and shipmates all,  
Since half our battle 's won,  
A broadside for our Admiral!  
— Load every crystal gun!  
Stand ready till I give the word, —  
— You won't have time to tire, —  
And when that glorious name is heard,  
Then hip! hurrah! and fire!

Bow foremost sinks the rebel craft, —  
Our eyes not sadly turn  
And see the pirates huddling aft  
To drop their raft astern;  
Soon o'er the sea-worm's destined prey  
The lifted wave shall close, —  
So perish from the face of day  
All Freedom's banded foes!

But ah! what splendors fire the sky!  
What glories greet the morn!  
The storm-tost banner streams on high  
Its heavenly hues new-born!  
Its red fresh dyed in heroes' blood,  
Its peaceful white more pure,  
To float unstained o'er field and flood  
While earth and seas endure!

All shapes before the driving blast  
Must glide from mortal view;  
Black roll the billows of the past  
Behind the present's blue,  
Fast, fast, are lessening in the light  
The names of high renown, —  
Van Tromp's proud besom fades from  
sight,  
And Nelson's half hull down!

Scarce one tall frigate walks the sea  
 Or skirts the safer shores  
 Of all that bore to victory  
 Our stout old Commodores ;  
 Hull, Bainbridge, Porter, — where are  
 they ?  
 The waves their answer roll,  
 “Still bright in memory’s sunset ray, —  
 God rest each gallant soul !”

A brighter name must dim their light  
 With more than noontide ray,  
 The Sea-King of the “River Fight,”  
 The Conqueror of the Bay, —  
 Now then the broadside ! cheer on cheer  
 To greet him safe on shore !  
 Health, peace, and many a bloodless year  
 To fight his battles o’er !

#### A TOAST TO WILKIE COLLINS.

FEBRUARY 16, 1874.

THE painter’s and the poet’s fame  
 Shed their twinned lustre round his  
 name,  
 To gild our story-teller’s art,  
 Where each in turn must play his part.

What scenes from Wilkie’s pencil sprung,  
 The minstrel saw but left unsung !  
 What shapes the pen of Collins drew,  
 No painter clad in living hue !

But on our artist’s shadowy screen  
 A stranger miracle is seen  
 Than priest unveils or pilgrim seeks, —  
 The poem breathes, the picture speaks !

And so his double name comes true,  
 They christened better than they knew,  
 And Art proclaims him twice her son, —  
 Painter and poet, both in one !

#### TO H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE,  
 MAY 27, 1868.

OUR Poet, who has taught the Western  
 breeze  
 To waft his songs before him o’er the  
 seas,  
 Will find them wheresoe’er his wan-  
 derings reach  
 Borne on the spreading tide of English  
 speech  
 Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss  
 the farthest beach.

Where shall the singing bird a stranger  
 be  
 That finds a nest for him in every tree ?  
 How shall he travel who can never go  
 Where his own voice the echoes do  
 not know,  
 Where his own garden flowers no longer  
 learn to grow ?

Ah, gentlest soul ! how gracious, how  
 benign  
 Breathes through our troubled life that  
 voice of thine,  
 Filled with a sweetness born of hap-  
 pier spheres,  
 That wins and warms, that kindles,  
 softens, cheers,  
 That calms the wildest woe and stays  
 the bitterest tears !

Forgive the simple words that sound  
 like praise ;  
 The mist before me dims my gilded  
 phrase ;  
 Our speech at best is half alive and  
 cold,  
 And save that tenderer moments make  
 us bold  
 Our whitening lips would close, their  
 truest truth untold.

We who behold our autumn sun below  
 The Scorpion's sign, against the Arch-  
 er's bow,  
 Know well what parting means of  
 friend from friend ;  
 After the snows no freshening dews  
 descend,  
 And what the frost has marred, the sun-  
 shine will not mend.

So we all count the months, the weeks,  
 the days,  
 That keep thee from us in unwonted  
 ways,  
 Grudging to alien hearths our widowed  
 time ;  
 And one has shaped a breath in artless  
 rhyme  
 That sighs, "We track thee still through  
 each remotest clime."

What wishes, longings, blessings,  
 prayers shall be  
 The more than golden freight that  
 floats with thee !  
 And know, whatever welcome thou  
 shalt find, —  
 Thou who hast won the hearts of half  
 mankind, —  
 The proudest, fondest love thou leavest  
 still behind !

**TO CHRISTIAN GOTTFRIED EHREN-  
 BERG.**

FOR HIS "JUBILEUM" AT BERLIN,  
 NOVEMBER 5, 1863.

THOU who hast taught the teachers of  
 mankind  
 How from the least of things the  
 mightiest grow,  
 What marvel jealous Nature made thee  
 blind,  
 Lest man should learn what angels  
 long to know ?

Thou in the flinty rock, the river's flow,  
 In the thick-moted sunbeam's sifted  
 light  
 Hast trained thy downward-pointed tube  
 to show  
 Worlds within worlds unveiled to mor-  
 tal sight,  
 Even as the patient watchers of the  
 night, —  
 The cyclope gleaners of the fruitful  
 skies, —  
 Show the wide misty way where heaven  
 is white  
 All paved with suns that daze our  
 wondering eyes.

Far o'er the stormy deep an empire lies,  
 Beyond the storied islands of the  
 blest,  
 That waits to see the lingering day-star  
 rise ;  
 The forest-cinctured Eden of the  
 West ;  
 Whose queen, fair Freedom, twines her  
 iron crest  
 With leaves from every wreath that  
 mortals wear,  
 But loves the sober garland ever best  
 That Science lends the sage's silvered  
 hair ;—  
 Science, who makes life's heritage more  
 fair,  
 Forging for every lock its mastering  
 key,  
 Filling with life and hope the stagnant  
 air,  
 Pouring the light of Heaven o'er land  
 and sea !  
 From her unseptred realm we come to  
 thee,  
 Bearing our slender tribute in our  
 hands ;  
 Deem it not worthless, humble though  
 it be,  
 Set by the larger gifts of older lands ;



<p>The smallest fibres weave the strongest bands, — In narrowest tubes the sovereign nerves are spun, — A little cord along the deep sea-sands Makes the live thought of severed na- tions one : Thy fame has journeyed westering with the sun, Prairies and lone sierras know thy name And the long day of service nobly done That crowns thy darkened evening with its flame !  One with the grateful world, we own thy claim, — Nay, rather claim our right to join the throng</p>	<p>Who come with varied tongues, but hearts the same, To hail thy festal morn with smiles and song ; Ah, happy they to whom the joys be- long Of peaceful triumphs that can never die From History's record, — not of gilded wrong, But golden truths that while the world goes by With all its empty pageant, blazoned high Around the Master's name forever shine ! So shines thy name illumined in the sky, — Such joys, such triumphs, such re- membrance thine !</p>
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## MEMORIAL VERSES.

FOR THE SERVICES IN MEMORY OF  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CITY OF BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1865.

CHORAL: Luther's "Judgment Hymn."

O THOU of soul and sense and breath,  
The ever-present Giver,  
Unto thy mighty Angel, Death,  
All flesh thou dost deliver ;  
What most we cherish we resign,  
For life and death alike are thine,  
Who reignest Lord forever !

Our hearts lie buried in the dust  
With him so true and tender,  
The patriot's stay, the people's trust,  
The shield of the offender ;  
Yet every murmuring voice is still,  
As, bowing to thy sovereign will,  
Our best-loved we surrender.

Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold  
This martyr generation,  
Which thou, through trials manifold,  
Art showing thy salvation !  
O let the blood by murder spilt  
Wash out thy stricken children's guilt  
And sanctify our nation !

Be thou thy orphaned Israel's friend,  
Forsake thy people never,  
In One our broken Many blend,  
That none again may sever !  
Hear us, O Father, while we raise  
With trembling lips our song of praise,  
And bless thy name forever !

FOR THE COMMEMORATION SER-  
VICES.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 21, 1865.

FOUR summers coined their golden light  
in leaves,  
Four wasteful autumns flung them to  
the gale,  
Four winters wore the shroud the tem-  
pest weaves,  
The fourth wan April weeps o'er hill  
and vale ;

And still the war-clouds scowl on sea  
and land,  
With the red gleams of battle staining  
through,  
When lo ! as parted by an angel's  
hand,  
They open, and the heavens again are  
blue !

Which is the dream, the present or the  
past ?  
The night of anguish or the joyous  
morn ?  
The long, long years with horrors over-  
cast,  
Or the sweet promise of the day new-  
born ?

Tell us, O father, as thine arms in fold  
Thy belted first-born in their fast em-  
brace,  
Murmuring the prayer the patriarch  
breathed of old, —  
" Now let me die, for I have seen thy  
face ! "

Tell us, O mother, — nay, thou canst  
not speak,

But thy fond eyes shall answer,  
brimmed with joy, —

Press thy mute lips against the sun-  
browned cheek,

Is this a phantom, — thy returning  
boy ?

Tell us, O maiden — Ah, what canst  
thou tell

That Nature's record is not first to  
teach, —

The open volume all can read so well,  
With its twin rose-hued pages full of  
speech ?

And ye who mourn your dead, — how  
sternly true

The crushing hour that wrenched their  
lives away,

Shadowed with sorrow's midnight veil  
for you,

For them the dawning of immortal  
day !

Dream-like these years of conflict, not a  
dream !

Death, ruin, ashes tell the awful tale,  
Read by the flaming war-track's lurid  
gleam :

No dream, but truth that turns the  
nations pale !

For on the pillar raised by martyr  
hands

Burns the rekindled beacon of the  
right,

Sowing its seeds of fire o'er all the  
lands, —

Thrones look a century older in its  
light !

Rome had her triumphs ; round the con-  
queror's car

The ensigns waved, the brazen clar-  
ions blew,

And o'er the reeking spoils of bandit  
war

With outspread wings the cruel eagles  
flew ;

Arms, treasures, captives, kings in clank-  
ing chains

Urged on by trampling cohorts bronzed  
and scarred,

And wild-eyed wonders snared on Lyb-  
ian plains,  
Lion and ostrich and camelopard.

Vain all that prætors clutched, that  
consuls brought

When Rome's returning legions  
crowned their lord ;

Less than the least brave deed these  
hands have wrought,

We clasp, unclinking from the bloody  
sword.

Theirs was the mighty work that seers  
foretold ;

They know not half their glorious toil  
has won,

For this is Heaven's same battle, —  
joined of old

When Athens fought for us at Mara-  
thon !

— Behold a vision none hath under-  
stood !

The breaking of the Apocalyptic seal ;  
Twice rings the summons. — Hail and  
fire and blood !

Then the third angel blows his trum-  
pet-peal.

Loud wail the dwellers on the myrtled  
coasts,

The green savanna? swell the mad-  
dened cry,

And with a yell from all the demon hosts  
Falls the great star called Wormwood  
from the sky !

Bitter it mingles with the poisoned flow  
Of the warm rivers winding to the  
shore,

Thousands must drink the waves of  
death and woe,

But the star Wormwood stains the  
heavens no more !

Peace smiles at last ; the Nation calls  
her sons

To sheathe the sword ; her battle-flag  
she furls,

Speaks in glad thunders from unshotted  
guns,

No terror shrouded in the smoke-  
wreath's curls.

O ye that fought for Freedom, living,  
dead,

One sacred host of God's anointed  
Queen,

For every holy drop your veins have shed  
We breathe a welcome to our bowers  
of green !

Welcome, ye living ! from the foeman's  
gripe

Your country's banner it was yours  
to wrest, —

Ah, many a forehead shows the banner-  
stripe,

And stars, once crimson, hallow many  
a breast.

And ye, pale heroes, who from glory's  
bed

Mark when your old battalions form  
in line,

Move in their marching ranks with  
noiseless tread,

And shape unheard the evening coun-  
tersign,

Come with your comrades, the returning  
brave ;

Shoulder to shoulder they await you  
here ;

These lent the life their martyr-brothers  
gave, —

Living and dead alike forever dear !

### EDWARD EVERETT.

“OUR FIRST CITIZEN.”<sup>1</sup>

WINTER's cold drift lies glistening o'er  
his breast ;

For him no spring shall bid the leaf  
unfold :

What Love could speak, by sudden grief  
oppressed,

What swiftly summoned Memory tell,  
is told.

Even as the bells, in one consenting  
chime,

Filled with their sweet vibrations all  
the air,

So joined all voices, in that mournful  
time,

His genius, wisdom, virtues, to de-  
clare.

What place is left for words of measured  
praise,

Till calm-eyed History, with her iron  
pen,

Grooves in the unchanging rock the  
final phrase

That shapes his image in the souls of  
men ?

Yet while the echoes still repeat his  
name,

While countless tongues his full-orbed  
life rehearse,

<sup>1</sup> Read at the meeting of the Massachusetts  
Historical Society, January 30, 1865.

Love, by his beating pulses taught, will  
claim

The breath of song, the tuneful throb  
of verse, —

Verse that, in ever-changing ebb and  
flow,

Moves, like the laboring heart, with  
rush and rest,

Or swings in solemn cadence, sad and  
slow,

Like the tired heaving of a grief-worn  
breast.

— This was a mind so rounded, so com-  
plete ;

No partial gift of Nature in excess ;  
That, like a single stream where many  
meet,

Each separate talent counted some-  
thing less.

A little hillock, if it lonely stand,

Holds o'er the fields an undisputed  
reign ;

While the broad summit of the table-  
land

Seems with its belt of clouds a level  
plain.

Servant of all his powers, that faithful  
slave,

Unsleeping Memory, strengthening  
with his toils,

To every ruder task his shoulder gave,  
And loaded every day with golden  
spoils.

Order, the law of Heaven, was throned  
supreme

O'er action, instinct, impulse, feeling,  
thought ;

True as the dial's shadow to the beam,  
Each hour was equal to the charge it  
brought.

Too large his compass for the nicer skill  
That weighs the world of science grain  
by grain ;

All realms of knowledge owned the mas-  
tering will

That claimed the franchise of its  
whole domain.

Earth, air, sea, sky, the elemental fire,

Art, history, song, — what meanings  
lie in each

Found in his cunning hand a stringless  
lyre,

And poured their mingling music  
through his speech.

Thence flowed those anthems of our fes-  
tal days,

Whose ravishing division held apart

The lips of listening throngs in sweet  
amaze,

Moved in all breasts the selfsame  
human heart.

Subdued his accents, as of one who tries

To press some care, some haunting  
sadness down ;

His smile half shadow ; and to stranger  
eyes

The kingly forehead wore an iron  
crown.

He was not armed to wrestle with the  
storm,

To fight for homely truth with vulgar  
power ;

Grace looked from every feature, shaped  
his form, —

The rose of Academe, — the perfect  
flower !

Such was the stately scholar whom we  
knew

In those ill days of soul-enslaving  
calm,

Before the blast of Northern vengeance  
blew

Her snow-wreathed pine against the  
Southern palm.

Ah, God forgive us! did we hold too  
cheap

The heart we might have known, but  
would not see,

And look to find the nation's friend  
asleep

Through the dread hour of her Geth-  
semane?

That wrong is past; we gave him up to  
Death

With all a hero's honors round his  
name;

As martyrs coin their blood, he coined  
his breath,

And dimmed the scholar's in the  
patriot's fame.

So shall we blazon on the shaft we  
raise, —

Telling our grief, our pride, to un-  
born years,—

“He who had lived the mark of all  
men's praise

Died with the tribute of a Nation's  
tears.”

### SHAKESPEARE.

TERCENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

APRIL 23, 1864.

“Who claims our Shakespeare from  
that realm unknown,

Beyond the storm-vexed islands of  
the deep,

Where Genoa's roving mariner was  
blown?

Her twofold Saint's-day let our Eng-  
land keep;

Shall warring aliens share her holy  
task?”

The Old World echoes ask.

O land of Shakespeare! ours with all  
thy past,

Till these last years that make the  
sea so wide,

Think not the jar of battle's trumpet-  
blast

Has dulled our aching sense to joyous  
pride

In every noble word thy sons bequeathed  
The air our fathers breathed!

War-wasted, haggard, panting from the  
strife,

We turn to other days and far-off  
lands,

Live o'er in dreams the Poet's faded life,  
Come with fresh lilies in our fevered

hands

To wreath his bust, and scatter purple  
flowers, —

Not his the need, but ours!

We call those poets who are first to  
mark

Through earth's dull mist the coming  
of the dawn, —

Who see in twilight's gloom the first  
pale spark,

While others only note that day is  
gone;

For him the Lord of light the curtain  
rent

That veils the firmament.

The greatest for its greatness is half  
known,

Stretching beyond our narrow quad-  
rant-lines, —

As in that world of Nature all outgrown  
Where Calaveras lifts his awful pines,

And cast from Mariposa's mountain-wall  
Nevada's cataracts fall.

Yet heaven's remotest orb is partly ours,  
Throbbing its radiance like a beating heart;  
In the wide compass of angelic powers  
The instinct of the blindworm has its part;  
So in God's kingliest creature we behold  
The flower our buds infold.

With no vain praise we mock the stone-carved name  
Stamped once on dust that moved with pulse and breath,  
As thinking to enlarge that amplest fame  
Whose undimmed glories gild the night of death:  
We praise not star or sun; in these we see  
Thee, Father, only thee!

Thy gifts are beauty, wisdom, power, and love:  
We read, we reverence on this human soul,—  
Earth's clearest mirror of the light above,—  
Plain as the record on thy prophet's scroll,  
When o'er his page the effluent splendors poured,  
Thine own, "Thus saith the Lord!"

This player was a prophet from on high,  
Thine own elected. Statesman, poet, sage,  
For him thy sovereign pleasure passed them by;  
Sidney's fair youth, and Raleigh's ripened age,

Spenser's chaste soul, and his imperial mind  
Who taught and shamed mankind.

Therefore we bid our hearts' Te Deum rise,  
Nor fear to make thy worship less divine,  
And hear the shouted choral shake the skies,  
Counting all glory, power, and wisdom thine;  
For thy great gift thy greater name adore,  
And praise thee evermore!

In this dread hour of Nature's utmost need,  
Thanks for these unstained drops of freshening dew!  
O, while our martyrs fall, our heroes bleed,  
Keep us to every sweet remembrance true,  
Till from this blood-red sunset springs new-born  
Our Nation's second morn!

#### IN MEMORY OF JOHN AND ROBERT WARE.

READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY, MAY 25, 1864.

No mystic charm, no mortal art,  
Can bid our loved companions stay;  
The bands that clasp them to our heart  
Snap in death's frost and fall apart;  
Like shadows fading with the day,  
They pass away.

The young are stricken in their pride,  
The old, long tottering, faint and fall;  
Master and scholar, side by side,

Through the dark portals silent glide,  
That open in life's mouldering wall  
And close on all.

Our friend's, our teacher's task was done,  
When Mercy called him from on high ;  
A little cloud had dimmed the sun,  
The saddening hours had just begun,  
And darker days were drawing nigh :  
"T was time to die.

A whiter soul, a fairer mind,  
A life with purer course and aim,  
A gentler eye, a voice more kind,  
We may not look on earth to find.  
The love that lingers o'er his name  
Is more than fame.

These blood-red summers ripen fast ;  
The sons are older than the sires ;  
Ere yet the tree to earth is cast,  
The sapling falls before the blast ;  
Life's ashes keep their covered fires, —  
Its flame expires.

Struck by the noiseless, viewless foe,  
Whose deadlier breath than shot or  
shell  
Has laid the best and bravest low,  
His boy, all bright in morning's glow,  
That high-souled youth he loved so  
well,  
Untimely fell.

Yet still he wore his placid smile,  
And, trustful in the cheering creed  
That strives all sorrow to beguile,  
Walked calmly on his way awhile :  
Ah, breast that leans on breaking reed  
Must ever bleed !

So they both left us, sire and son,  
With opening leaf, with laden bough :  
The youth whose race was just begun,  
The wearied man whose course was run,  
Its record written on his brow,  
Are brothers now.

Brothers ! — The music of the sound  
Breathes softly through my closing  
strain ;

The floor we tread is holy ground,  
Those gentle spirits hovering round,  
While our fair circle joins again  
Its broken chain.

1864.

#### HUMBOLDT'S BIRTHDAY.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, SEPTEMBER 14, 1869.

BONAPARTE, AUGUST 15, 1769. — HUMBOLDT, SEPTEMBER 14, 1769.

ERE yet the warning chimes of midnight  
sound,  
Set back the flaming index of the year,  
Track the swift-shifting seasons in their  
round  
Through fivescore circles of the swing-  
ing sphere.

Lo, in yon islet of the midland sea  
That cleaves the storm-cloud with 'ts  
snowy crest,  
The embryo-heir of Empires yet to be,  
A month-old babe upon his mother's  
breast.

Those little hands that soon shall grow  
so strong  
In their rude grasp great thrones shall  
rock and fall,  
Press her soft bosom, while a nursery  
song  
Holds the world's master in its slender  
thrall.

Look ! a new crescent bends its silver  
bow ;  
A new-lit star has fired the eastern  
sky ;



Hark ! by the river where the lindens  
 blow  
 A waiting household hears an infant's  
 cry.

This, too, a conqueror ! His the vast  
 domain,  
 Wider than widest sceptre-shadowed  
 lands ;  
 Earth, and the weltering kingdom of the  
 main  
 Laid their broad charters in his royal  
 hands.

His was no taper lit in cloistered cage,  
 Its glimmer borrowed from the grove  
 or porch ;  
 He read the record of the planet's page  
 By Etna's glare and Cotopaxi's torch.

He heard the voices of the pathless  
 woods ;  
 On the salt steppes he saw the star-  
 light shine ;  
 He scaled the mountain's windy soli-  
 tudes,  
 And trod the galleries of the breath-  
 less mine.

For him no fingering of the love-strung  
 lyre,  
 No problem vague, by torturing school-  
 men vexed ;  
 He fed no broken altar's dying fire,  
 Nor skulked and scowled behind a  
 Rabbi's text.

For God's new truth he claimed the  
 kingly robe  
 That priestly shoulders counted all  
 their own,  
 Unrolled the gospel of the storied globe  
 And led young Science to her empty  
 throne.

While the round planet on its axle  
 spins  
 One fruitful year shall boast its double  
 birth,  
 And show the cradles of its mighty  
 twins,  
 Master and Servant of the sons of  
 earth.

Which wears the garland that shall never  
 fade,  
 Sweet with fair memories that can  
 never die ?  
 Ask not the marbles where their bones  
 are laid,  
 But bow thine ear to hear thy brothers'  
 cry :—

“Tear up the despot's laurels by the  
 root,  
 Like mandrakes, shrieking as they  
 quit the soil !  
 Feed us no more upon the blood-red  
 fruit  
 That sucks its crimson from the heart  
 of Toil !

“We claim the food that fixed our mor-  
 tal fate, —  
 Bend to our reach the long-forbidden  
 tree !  
 The angel frowned at Eden's eastern  
 gate, —  
 Its western portal is forever free !

“Bring the white blossoms of the waning  
 year,  
 Heap with full hands the peaceful con-  
 queror's shrine  
 Whose bloodless triumphs cost no suf-  
 ferer's tear !  
 Hero of knowledge, be our tribute  
 thine !”

## POEM

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE HALLECK  
MONUMENT, JULY 8, 1869.

SAY not the Poet dies !  
Though in the dust he lies,  
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,  
Unsphered by envious death !  
Life drops the voiceless myriads from  
its roll ;  
Their fate he cannot share,  
Who, in the enchanted air  
Sweet with the lingering strains that  
Echo stole,  
Has left his dearer self, the music of his  
soul !

We o'er his turf may raise  
Our notes of feeble praise,  
And carve with pious care for after  
eyes  
The stone with " Here he lies " ;  
He for himself has built a nobler  
shrine,  
Whose walls of stately rhyme  
Roll back the tides of time,  
While o'er their gates the gleaming  
tablets shine  
That wear his name inwrought with  
many a golden line !

Call not our Poet dead,  
Though on his turf we tread !  
Green is the wreath their brows so  
long have worn, —  
The minstrels of the morn,  
Who, while the Orient burned with new-  
born flame,  
Caught that celestial fire  
And struck a Nation's lyre !  
These taught the western winds the  
poet's name ;  
Theirs the first opening buds, the maiden  
flowers of fame !

Count not our Poet dead !  
The stars shall watch his bed,  
The rose of June its fragrant life renew  
His blushing mound to strew,  
And all the tuneful throats of summer  
swell  
With trills as crystal-clear  
As when he wooed the ear  
Of the young muse that haunts each  
wooded dell,  
With songs of that " rough land " he  
loved so long and well !

He sleeps ; he cannot die !  
As evening's long-drawn sigh,  
Lifting the rose-leaves on his peaceful  
mound,  
Spreads all their sweets around,  
So, laden with his song, the breezes  
blow  
From where the rustling sedge  
Frets our rude ocean's edge  
To the smooth sea beyond the peaks  
of snow.  
His soul the air enshrines and leaves but  
dust below !

## HYMN

FOR THE CELEBRATION AT THE LAY-  
ING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF HAR-  
VARD MEMORIAL HALL, CAMBRIDGE,  
OCTOBER 6, 1870.

NOT with the anguish of hearts that are  
breaking  
Come we as mourners to weep for our  
dead ;  
Grief in our breasts has grown weary of  
aching,  
Green is the turf where our tears we  
have shed.

While o'er their marbles the mosses are  
creeping,

Stealing each name and its legend  
away,  
Give their proud story to Memory's  
keeping,  
Shrined in the temple we hallow to-  
day.

Hushed are their battle-fields, ended  
their marches,  
Deaf are their ears to the drum-beat  
of morn, —  
Rise from the sod, ye fair columns and  
arches !  
Tell their bright deeds to the ages un-  
born !

Emblem and legend may fade from the  
portal,  
Keystone may crumble and pillar may  
fall ;  
They were the builders whose work is  
immortal,  
Crowned with the dome that is over  
us all !

## HYMN

FOR THE DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL  
HALL AT CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 23, 1874.

WHERE, girt around by savage foes,  
Our nurturing Mother's shelter rose,  
Behold, the lofty temple stands,  
Reared by her children's grateful hands !

Firm are the pillars that defy  
The volleyed thunders of the sky ;  
Sweet are the summer wreaths that  
twine  
With bud and flower our martyrs'  
shrine.

The hues their tattered colors bore  
Fall mingling on the sunlit floor

Till evening spreads her spangled pall,  
And wraps in shade the storied hall.

Firm were their hearts in danger's  
hour,  
Sweet was their manhood's morning  
flower,  
Their hopes with rainbow hues were  
bright, —  
How swiftly winged the sudden night !

O Mother ! on thy marble page  
Thy children read, from age to age,  
The mighty word that upward leads  
Through noble thought to nobler deeds.

TRUTH, heaven-born TRUTH, their fear-  
less guide,  
Thy saints have lived, thy heroes  
died ;  
Our love has reared their earthly shrine,  
Their glory be forever thine !

## HYMN

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF CHARLES  
SUMNER, APRIL 29, 1874.

SUNG BY MALE VOICES TO A NATIONAL AIR OF  
HOLLAND.

ONCE more, ye sacred towers,  
Your solemn dirges sound ;  
Strew, loving hands, the April flowers,  
Once more to deck his mound.  
A nation mourns its dead,  
Its sorrowing voices one,  
As Israel's monarch bowed his head  
And cried, " My son ! My son ! "

Why mourn for him ? — For him  
The welcome angel came  
Ere yet his eye with age was dim  
Or bent his stately frame ;

His weapon still was bright,  
His shield was lifted high  
To slay the wrong, to save the right, —  
What happier hour to die ?

Thou orderest all things well ;  
Thy servant's work was done ;

He lived to hear Oppression's knell,  
The shouts for Freedom won.  
Hark ! from the opening skies  
The anthem's echoing swell, —  
"O mourning Land, lift up thine  
eyes !  
God reigneth. All is well !"

RHYMES OF AN HOUR.

ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1873.

HANG out our banners on the stately tower !  
 It dawns at last — the long-expected hour !  
 The steep is climbed, the star-lit summit won,  
 The builder's task, the artist's labor done ;  
 Before the finished work the herald stands,  
 And asks the verdict of your lips and hands !

Shall rosy daybreak make us all forget  
 The golden sun that yester-evening set ?  
 Fair was the fabric doomed to pass away  
 Ere the last headaches born of New Year's Day ;  
 With blasting breath the fierce destroyer came  
 And wrapped the victim in his robes of flame ;  
 The pictured sky with redder morning blushed,  
 With scorching streams the naiad's fountain gushed,  
 With kindling mountains glowed the funeral pyre,

Forests ablaze and rivers all on fire, —  
 The scenes dissolved, the shrivelling curtain fell, —  
 Art spread her wings and sighed a long farewell !

Mourn o'er the Player's melancholy plight, —  
 Falstaff in tears, Othello deadly white, —  
 Poor Romeo reckoning what his doublet cost,  
 And Juliet whimpering for her dresses lost, —  
 Their wardrobes burned, their salaries all undrawn,  
 Their cues cut short, their occupation gone !

“ Lie there in dust,” the red-winged demon cried,  
 “ Wreck of the lordly city's hope and pride ! ”  
 Silent they stand, and stare with vacant gaze,  
 While o'er the embers leaps the fitful blaze ;  
 When, lo ! a hand, before the startled train,  
 Writes in the ashes, “ It shall rise again, —  
 Rise and confront its elemental foes ! ” —  
 The word was spoken, and the walls arose,  
 And ere the seasons round their brief career

<p>The new-born temple waits the unborn year.</p> <p>Ours was the toil of many a weary day Your smiles, your plaudits, only can repay; We are the monarchs of the painted scenes, You, you alone the real Kings and Queens! Lords of the little kingdom where we meet, We lay our gilded sceptres at your feet, Place in your grasp our portal's silvered keys With one brief utterance— <i>We have tried to please.</i> Tell us, ye Sovereigns of the new do- main, Are you content — or have we toiled in vain ?</p> <p>With no irreverent glances look around The realm you rule, for this is haunted ground! Here stalks the Sorcerer, here the Fairy trips, Here limps the Witch with malice- working lips, The Graces here their snowy arms en- twine, Here dwell the fairest sisters of the Nine, — She who, with jocund voice and twink- ling eye, Laughs at the brood of follies as they fly; She of the dagger and the deadly bowl, Whose charming horrors thrill the trem- bling soul; She who, a truant from celestial spheres,</p>	<p>In mortal semblance now and then ap- pears, Stealing the fairest earthly shape she can — Sontag or Nilsson, Lind or Malibran ; With these the spangled houri of the dance, — What shaft so dangerous as her melting glance, As poised in air she spurns the earth below, And points aloft her heavenly-minded toe!</p> <p>What were our life, with all its rents and seams, Stripped of its purple robes, our waking dreams ? The poet's song, the bright romancer's page, The tinselled shows that cheat us on the stage Lead all our fancies captive at their will ; Three years or threescore, we are chil- dren still. The little listener on his father's knee, With wandering Sindbad ploughs the stormy sea, With Gotham's sages hears the billows roll (Illustrious trio of the venturous bowl, Too early shipwrecked, for they died too soon To see their offspring launch the great balloon); Tracks the dark brigand to his moun- tain lair, Slays the grim giant, saves the lady fair, Fights all his country's battles o'er again From Bunker's blazing height to Lundy's lane; Floats with the mighty Captains as they sailed Before whose flag the flaming red-cross paled,</p>
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And claims the oft-told story of the  
scars

Scarce yet grown white, that saved the  
stripes and stars !

Children of later growth, we love the  
PLAY,

We love its heroes, be they grave or gay,  
From squeaking, peppery, devil-defying  
Punch

To roaring Richard with his camel-  
hunch ;

Adore its heroines, those immortal  
dames,

Time's only rivals, whom he never  
tames,

Whose youth, unchanging, lives while  
thrones decay

(Age spares the Pyramids — and Deja-  
zet) ;

The saucy-aproned, razor-tongued sou-  
brette,

The blond-haired beauty with the eyes  
of jet,

The gorgeous Beings whom the viewless  
wires

Lift to the skies in strontian-crimsoned  
fires,

And all the wealth of splendor that  
awaits

The throng that enters those Elysian  
gates.

See where the hurrying crowd impa-  
tient pours,

With noise of trampling feet and flap-  
ping doors,

Streams to the numbered seat each  
pasteboard fits

And smooths its caudal plumage as it  
sits ;

Waits while the slow musicians saunter  
in,

Till the bald leader taps his violin ;  
Till the old overture we know so well,

Zampa or Magic Flute or William Tell,  
Has done its worst — then hark ! the  
tinkling bell !

The crash is o'er — the crinkling cur-  
tain furled,

And lo ! the glories of that brighter  
world !

Behold the offspring of the Thespian  
cart,

This full-grown temple of the magic  
art,

Where all the conjurers of illusion meet,  
And please us all the more, the more  
they cheat.

These are the wizards and the witches  
too

Who win their honest bread by cheat-  
ing you

With cheeks that drown in artificial  
tears

And lying skull-caps white with seventy  
years,

Sweet-tempered matrons changed to  
scolding Kates,

Maids mild as moonbeams crazed with  
murderous hates,

Kind, simple souls that stab and slash  
and slay

And stick at nothing, if it's in the  
play !

Would all the world told half as  
harmless lies !

Would all its real fools were half as wise  
As he who blinks through dull Dun-  
dreary's eyes !

Would all the unchanged bandits of the  
age

Were like the peaceful ruffians of the  
stage !

Would all the cankers wasting town and  
state,

The mob of rascals, little thieves and  
great,

Dealers in watered milk and watered  
stocks,  
Who lead us lambs to pasture on the  
rocks, —  
Shepherds — Jack Sheppards — of their  
city flocks —  
The rings of rogues that rob the luckless  
town,  
Those evil angels creeping up and down  
The Jacob's ladder of the treasury  
stairs, —  
Not stage, but real Turpins and Ma-  
caires, —  
Could doff, like us, their knavery with  
their clothes,  
And find it easy as forgetting oaths !

Welcome, thrice welcome to our vir-  
gin dome,  
The Muses' shrine, the Drama's new-  
found home !  
Here shall the Statesman rest his weary  
brain,  
The worn-out Artist find his wits again ;  
Here Trade forget his ledger and his  
cares,  
And sweet communion mingle Bulls  
and Bears ;  
Here shall the youthful Lover, nestling  
near  
The shrinking maiden, her he holds most  
dear,  
Gaze on the mimic moonlight as it falls  
On painted groves, on sliding canvas  
walls,  
And sigh, "My angel ! What a life of  
bliss  
We two could live in such a world as  
this !"  
Here shall the tumid pedants of the  
schools,  
The gilded boors, the labor-scorning  
fools,  
The grass-green rustic and the smoke-  
dried 'it,

Feel each in turn the stinging lash of  
wit,  
And as it tingles on some tender part  
Each find a balsam in his neighbor's  
smart ;  
So every folly prove a fresh delight  
As in the pictures of our play to-night.

Farewell ! The Players wait the  
Prompter's call ;  
Friends, lovers, listeners ! Welcome  
one and all !

#### RIP VAN WINKLE, M. D.

AN AFTER-DINNER PRESCRIPTION TAKEN  
BY THE MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL  
SOCIETY, AT THEIR MEETING HELD  
MAY 25, 1870.

#### CANTO FIRST.

OLD Rip Van Winkle had a grandson,  
Rip,  
Of the paternal block a genuine chip ;  
A lazy, sleepy, curious kind of chap ;  
He, like his grandsire, took a mighty  
nap,  
Whereof the story I propose to tell  
In two brief cantos, if you listen well.

The times were hard when Rip to man-  
hood grew ;  
They always will be when there's work  
to do ;  
He tried at farming — found it rather  
slow —  
And then at teaching — what he did n't  
know ;  
Then took to hanging round the tavern  
bars,  
To frequent toddies and long-nine cigars,  
Till Dame Van Winkle, out of patience,  
vexed  
With preaching homilies, having for  
their text



A mop, a broomstick — aught that might  
avail

To point a moral or adorn a tale,  
Exclaimed, "I have it! Now then,  
Mr. V.!

He's good for *something* — make him  
an M. D.!"

The die was cast; the youngster was  
content;

They packed his shirts and stockings,  
and he went.

How hard he studied it were vain to  
tell;

He drowsed through Wistar, nodded over  
Bell,

Slept sound with Cooper, snored aloud  
on Good;

Heard heaps of lectures — doubtless un-  
derstood —

A constant listener, for he did not fail  
To carve his name on every bench and  
rail.

Months grew to years; at last he counted  
three,

And Rip Van Winkle found himself M. D.  
Illustrious title! in a gilded frame  
He set the sheepskin with his Latin  
name,

RIPUM VAN WINKLUM, QUEM WE —  
SCIMUS — know

IDONEUM ESSE — to do so and so;  
He hired an office; soon its walls dis-  
played

His new diploma and his stock in trade,  
A mighty arsenal to subdue disease,  
Of various names, whereof I mention  
these:

Lancets and bougies, great and little  
squirt,

Rhubarb and Senna, Snakeroot, Thor-  
oughwort,

Ant. Tart., Vin. Colch., Pil. Cochiae,  
and Black Drop,

Tinctures of Opium, Gentian, Henbane,  
Hop,

Pulv. Ipecacuanhæ, which for lack  
Of breath to utter men call Ipecac,  
Camphor and Kino, Turpentine, Tolu,  
Cubebæ, "Copeevy," Vitriol — white  
and blue,

Fennel and Flaxseed, Slippery Elm and  
Squill,

And roots of Sassafras, and "Sassa-  
rill,"

Brandy — for colics — Pinkroot, death  
on worms —

Valerian, calmer of hysteric squirms,  
Musk, Assafoetida, the resinous gum

Named from its odor — well, it does  
smell some —

Jalap, that works not wisely, but too  
well,

Ten pounds of Bark and six of Calomel.

For outward griefs he had an ample  
store,

Some twenty jars and gallipots, or more;  
*Ceratium simplex* — housewives oft com-  
pile

The same at home, and call it "wax  
and ile";

*Unguentum Resinosum* — change its  
name,

The "drawing salve" of many an an-  
cient dame;

*Argenti Nitras*, also Spanish flies,  
Whose virtue makes the water-bladders  
rise —

(Some say that spread upon a toper's  
skin

They draw no water, only rum or gin) —  
Leeches, sweet vermin! don't they  
charm the sick?

And Sticking-plaster — how it hates to  
stick!

*Emplastrum Ferri* — ditto *Picis*, Pitch;  
Washes and Powders, Brimstone for the  
— which,

*Scabies* or *Psora*, is thy chosen name  
 Since Hahnemann's goose-quill scratched  
 thee into fame,

Proved thee the source of every name-  
 less ill,

Whose sole specific is a moonshine pill,  
 Till saucy Science, with a quiet grin,  
 Held up the *Acarus*, crawling on a  
 pin?

— Mountains have labored and have  
 brought forth mice :

The Dutchman's theory hatched a brood  
 of — twice

I've wellnigh said them — words unfit-  
 ting quite

For these fair precincts and for ears  
 polite.

The surest foot may chance at last to  
 slip,

And so at length it proved with Doctor  
 Rip.

One full-sized bottle stood upon the shelf  
 Which held the medicine that he took  
 himself ;

Whate'er the reason, it must be confessed  
 He filled that bottle oftener than the  
 rest ;

What drug it held I don't presume to  
 know —

The gilded label said "Elixir Pro."

One day the Doctor found the bottle  
 full,

And, being thirsty, took a vigorous pull,  
 Put back the "Elixir" where 't was  
 always found,

And had old Dobbin saddled and brought  
 round.

— You know those old-time rhubarb-  
 colored nags

That carried Doctors and their saddle-  
 bags ;

Sagacious beasts ! they stopped at every  
 place

Where blinds were shut — knew every  
 patient's case —

Looked up and thought — the baby's  
 in a fit —

That won't last long — he'll soon be  
 through with it ;

But shook their heads before the knock-  
 ered door

Where some old lady told the story  
 o'er

Whose endless stream of tribulation  
 flows

For gastric griefs and peristaltic woes.

What jack-o'-lantern led him from  
 his way,

And where it led him, it were hard to  
 say ;

Enough that wandering many a weary  
 mile

Through paths the mountain sheep trod  
 single file,

O'ercome by feelings such as patients  
 know

Who dose too freely with "Elixir Pro.,"  
 He tumbled — dismounted, slightly in a  
 heap,

And lay, promiscuous, lapped in balmy  
 sleep.

Night followed night, and day suc-  
 ceeded day,

But snoring still the slumbering Doctor  
 lay.

Poor Dobbin, starving, thought upon  
 his stall,

And straggled homeward, saddle-bags  
 and all.

The village people hunted all around,  
 But Rip was missing, — never could be  
 found.

"Drowned," they guessed ; — for more  
 than half a year

The pouts and eels *did* taste uncommon  
 queer ;

Some said of apple-brandy — other some  
Found a strong flavor of New England  
rum.

— Why can't a fellow hear the fine  
things said

About a fellow when a fellow's dead?  
The best of doctors — so the press de-  
clared —

A public blessing while his life was  
spared,

True to his country, bounteous to the  
poor,

In all things temperate, sober, just, and  
pure;

The best of husbands! echoed Mrs. Van,  
And set her cap to catch another man.

— So ends this Canto — if it's *quan-  
tum suff.*,

We'll just stop here and say we've had  
enough,

And leave poor Rip to sleep for thirty  
years;

I grind the organ — if you lend your ears  
To hear my second Canto, after that

We'll send around the monkey with  
the hat.

CANTO SECOND.

So thirty years had past — but not a  
word

In all that time of Rip was ever heard;  
The world wagg'd on — it never does  
go back —

The widow Van was now the widow  
Mac —

France was an Empire — Andrew J. was  
dead,

And Abraham L. was reigning in his  
stead.

Four murderous years had passed in  
savag'e strife,

Yet still the rebel held his bloody knife.

— At last one morning — who forgets  
the day

When the black cloud of war dissolved  
away?

The joyous tidings spread o'er land and  
sea,

Rebellion done for! Grant has cap-  
tured Lee!

Up every flagstaff sprang the Stars and  
Stripes —

Out rushed the Extras wild with mam-  
moth types —

Down went the laborer's hod, the school-  
boy's book —

“Hooraw!” he cried, — “the rebel  
army's took!”

Ah! what a time! the folks all mad  
with joy:

Each fond, pale mother thinking of her  
boy;

Old gray-haired fathers meeting — Have  
— you — heard?

And then a choke — and not another  
word;

Sisters all smiling — maidens, not less  
dear,

In trembling poise between a smile and  
tear;

Poor Bridget thinking how she'll stuff  
the plums

In that big cake for Johnny when he  
comes;

Cripples afoot; rheumatics on the jump,  
Old girls so loving they could hug the  
pump;

Guns going bang! from every fort and  
ship;

They banged so loud at last they wak-  
ened Rip.

I spare the picture, how a man ap-  
pears

Who's been asleep a score or two of  
years;

You all have seen it to perfection done

By Joe Van Wink — I mean Rip Jefferson.

Well, so it was ; old Rip at last came back,

Claimed his old wife — the present widow Mac —

Had his old sign regilded, and began To practise physic on the same old plan.

Some weeks went by — it was not long to wait —

And “please to call” grew frequent on the slate.

He had, in fact, an ancient, mildewed air,

A long gray beard, a plenteous lack of hair —

The musty look that always recommends Your good old Doctor to his ailing friends.

— Talk of your science ! after all is said There’s nothing like a bare and shiny head ;

Age lends the graces that are sure to please ;

Folks want their Doctors mouldy, like their cheese.

So Rip began to look at people’s tongues

And thump their briskets (called it “sound their lungs”),

Brushed up his knowledge smartly as he could,

Read in old Cullen and in Doctor Good. The town was healthy ; for a month or two

He gave the sexton little work to do.

About the time when dog-day heats begin,

The summer’s usual maladies set in ;

With autumn evenings dysentery came, And dusky typhoid lit his smouldering flame ;

The blacksmith ailed — the carpenter was down,

And half the children sickened in the town.

The sexton’s face grew shorter than before —

The sexton’s wife a brand-new bonnet wore —

Things looked quite serious — Death had got a grip

On old and young, in spite of Doctor Rip.

And now the Squire was taken with a chill —

Wife gave “hot-drops” — at night an Indian pill ;

Next morning, feverish — bedtime, getting worse —

Out of his head — began to rave and curse ;

The Doctor sent for — double quick he came :

*Ant. Tart. gran. duo*, and repeat the same

If no et cetera. Third day — nothing new ;

Percussed his thorax till ’t was black and blue —

Lung-fever threatening — something of the sort —

Out with the lancet — let him bleed — a quart —

Ten leeches next — then blisters to his side ;

Ten grains of calomel ; just then he died.

The Deacon next required the Doctor’s care —

Took cold by sitting in a draught of air —

Pains in the back, but what the matter is Not quite so clear, — wife calls it “rheumatiz.”

Rubs back with flannel — gives him something hot —  
 “Ah!” says the Deacon, “that goes *nigh* the spot.”  
 Next day a *rigor* — “Run, my little man,  
 And say the Deacon sends for Doctor Van.”  
 The Doctor came — percussion as before,  
 Thumping and banging till his ribs were sore —  
 “Right side the flattest” — then more vigorous raps —  
 “Fever — that’s certain — pleurisy, perhaps.  
 A quart of blood will ease the pain, no doubt,  
 Ten leeches next will help to suck it out,  
 Then clap a blister on the painful part —  
 But first two grains of *Antimonium Tart.*  
 Last, with a dose of cleansing calomel  
 Unload the portal system — (that sounds well !)”

But when the selfsame remedies were tried,  
 As all the village knew, the Squire had died;  
 The neighbors hinted — this will never do,  
 He’s killed the Squire — he’ll kill the Deacon too.”

— Now when a doctor’s patients are perplexed,  
 A *consultation* comes in order next —  
 You know what that is? In a certain place  
 Meet certain doctors to discuss a case  
 And other matters, such as weather, crops,  
 Potatoes, pumpkins, lager-beer, and hops.  
 For what’s the use? — there’s little to be said,

Nine times in ten your man’s as good as dead;  
 At best a talk (the secret to disclose)  
 Where three men guess and *sometimes* one man knows.

The counsel summoned came without delay —  
 Young Doctor Green and shrewd old Doctor Gray —  
 They heard the story — “Bleed!” says Doctor Green,  
 “That’s downright murder! cut his throat, you mean!  
 Leeches! the reptiles! Why, for pity’s sake,  
 Not try an adder or a rattlesnake?  
 Blisters! Why bless you, they’re against the law —  
 It’s rank assault and battery if they draw!  
 Tartrate of Antimony! shade of Luke,  
 Stomachs turn pale at thought of such rebuke!  
 The portal system! What’s the man about?  
 Unload your nonsense! Calomel’s played out!  
 You’ve been asleep — you’d better sleep away  
 Till some one calls you.”

“Stop!” says Doctor Gray —  
 “The story is you slept for thirty years;  
 With brother Green, I own that it appears  
 You must have slumbered most amazing sound;  
 But sleep once more till thirty years come round,  
 You’ll find the lancet in its honored place,  
 Leeches and blisters rescued from disgrace,

Your drugs redeemed from fashion's passing scorn,  
And counted safe to give to babes unborn."

Poor sleepy Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.,  
A puzzled, serious, saddened man was he;  
Home from the Deacon's house he plodded slow

And filled one bumper of "Elixir Pro."  
"Good by," he faltered, "Mrs. Van,  
my dear!

I'm going to sleep, but wake me once a year;

I don't like bleaching in the frost and dew,

I'll take the barn, if all the same to you.  
Just once a year — remember! no mistake!

Cry, 'Rip Van Winkle! time for you to wake!'

Watch for the week in May when laylocks blow,

For then the Doctors meet, and I must go."

Just once a year the Doctor's worthy dame

Goes to the barn and shouts her husband's name,

"Come, Rip Van Winkle!" (giving him a shake)

"Rip! Rip Van Winkle! time for you to wake!

Laylocks in blossom! 't is the month of May —

The Doctors' meeting is this blessed day,  
And come what will, you know I heard you swear

You'd never miss it, but be always there!"

And so it is, as every year comes round  
Old Rip Van Winkle here is always found.

You'll quickly know him by his mil-dewed air,

The hayseed sprinkled through his scanty hair,

The lichens growing on his rusty suit —  
I've seen a toadstool sprouting on his boot —

— Who says I lie? Does any man presume? —

Toadstool? No matter — call it a mushroom.

Where is his seat? He moves it every year;

But look, you'll find him — he is always here —

Perhaps you'll track him by a whiff you know —

A certain flavor of "Elixir Pro."

Now, then, I give you — as you seem to think

We can give toasts without a drop to drink —

Health to the mighty sleeper — long live he!

Our brother Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.!

#### CHANSON WITHOUT MUSIC.

BY THE PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF DEAD  
AND LIVE LANGUAGES.

Φ B K. — CAMBRIDGE, 1867.

You bid me sing, — can I forget

The classic ode of days gone by, —

How belle Fifine and jeune Lisette

Exclaimed, "Anacreōn, gerōn ei"?

"Regardez donc," those ladies said, —

"You're getting bald and wrinkled too:

When summer's roses all are shed,

Love's nullum ite, voyez-vous!"

In vain ce brave Anacreon's cry,

"Of Love alone my banjo sings"

(Erōta mounon). "Etiam si, —  
 Eh b'en?" replied the saucy things, —  
 "Go find a maid whose hair is gray,  
 And strike your lyre, — we sha'n't  
 complain;  
 But parce nobis, s'il vous plait, —  
 Voilà Adolphe! Voilà Eugène!"

Ah, jeune Lisette! Ah, belle Fifine!  
 Anacreon's lesson all must learn;  
 'O kairos oxūs; Spring is green,  
 But Acer Hyems waits his turn!  
 I hear you whispering from the dust,  
 "Tiens, mon cher, c'est toujours so, —  
 The brightest blade grows dim with rust,  
 The fairest meadow white with snow!"

— You do not mean it! *Not* encore?  
 Another string of playday rhymes?  
 You've heard me — nonne est? — before,  
 Multoties, — more than twenty times;  
 Non possum, — vraiment, — pas du tout,  
 I cannot! I am loath to shirk;  
 But who will listen if I do,  
 My memory makes such shocking  
 work?

Ginōsko. Scio. Yes, I'm told  
 Some ancients like my rusty lay,  
 As Grandpa Noah loved the old  
 Red-sandstone march of Jubal's day.  
 I used to carol like the birds,  
 But time my wits has quite unfixed,  
 Et quoad verba, — for my words, —  
 Ciel! Eheu! Whe-ew! — how they're  
 mixed!

Mehercle! Zeu! Diable! how  
 My thoughts were dressed when I was  
 young,  
 But tempus fugit! see them now  
 Half clad in rags of every tongue!  
 O philoi, fratres, chers amis!  
 I dare not court the youthful Muse,  
 For fear her sharp response should be,  
 "Papa Anacreon, please excuse!"

Adieu! I've trod my annual track  
 How long! — let others count the  
 miles, —  
 And peddled out my rhyming pack  
 To friends who always paid in smiles.  
 So, laissez-moi! some youthful wit  
 No doubt has wares he wants to show;  
 And I am asking, "Let me sit,"  
 Dum ille clamat, "Dos pou sto!"

FOR THE CENTENNIAL DINNER

OF THE PROPRIETORS OF BOSTON PIER,  
 OR THE LONG WHARF, APRIL 16, 1873.

DEAR friends, we are strangers; we  
 never before  
 Have suspected what love to each other  
 we bore;  
 But each of us all to his neighbor is dear,  
 Whose heart has a throb for our time-  
 honored pier.

As I look on each brother proprietor's  
 face,  
 I could open my arms in a loving em-  
 brace;  
 What wonder that feelings, undreamed  
 of so long,  
 Should burst all at once in a blossom of  
 song!

While I turn my fond glance on the mon-  
 arch of piers,  
 Whose throne has stood firm through his  
 eightscore of years,  
 My thought travels backward and reaches  
 the day  
 When they drove the first pile on the  
 edge of the bay.

See! The joiner, the shipwright, the  
 smith from his forge,  
 The redcoat, who shoulders his gun for  
 King George,

The shopman, the 'prentice, the boys  
from the lane,  
The parson, the doctor with gold-headed  
cane,

Come trooping down King Street, where  
now may be seen  
The pulleys and ropes of a mighty ma-  
chine ;  
The weight rises slowly ; it drops with  
a thud ;  
And, lo ! the great timber sinks deep in  
the mud !

They are gone, the stout craftsmen that  
hammered the piles,  
And the square-toed old boys in the  
three-cornered tiles ;  
The breeches, the buckles, have faded  
from view,  
And the parson's white wig and the rib-  
bon-tied queue.

The redcoats have vanished ; the last  
grenadier  
Stepped into the boat from the end of  
our pier ;  
They found that our hills were not easy  
to climb,  
And the order came, "Countermarch,  
double-quick time !"

They are gone, friend and foe, — an-  
chored fast at the pier,  
Whence no vessel brings back its pale  
passengers here ;  
But our wharf, like a lily, still floats on  
the flood,  
Its breast in the sunshine, its roots in  
the mud.

Who — who that has loved it so long  
and so well —  
The flower of his birthright would barter  
or sell ?

No : pride of the bay, while its ripples  
shall run,  
You shall pass, as an heirloom, from  
father to son !

Let me part with the acres my grand-  
father bought,  
With the bonds that my uncle's kind  
legacy brought,  
With my bank-shares, — old "Union,"  
whose ten per cent stock  
Stands stiff through the storms as the  
Eddystone rock ;

With my rights (or my wrongs) in the  
"Erie," — alas !  
With my claims on the mournful and  
"Mutual Mass." ;  
With my "Phil. Wil. and Balt.," with  
my "C. B. and Q." ;  
But I never, no never, will sell out of  
you.

We drink to thy past and thy future to-  
day,  
Strong right arm of Boston, stretched  
out o'er the bay.  
May the winds waft the wealth of all  
nations to thee,  
And thy dividends flow like the waves  
of the sea !

#### A POEM SERVED TO ORDER.

PHI BETA KAPPA, JUNE 26, 1873.

THE Caliph ordered up his cook,  
And, scowling with a fearful look  
That meant, — We stand no gam-  
mon, —  
"To-morrow, just at two," he said,  
"Hassan, our cook, will lose his head,  
Or serve us up a salmon."

"Great Sire," the trembling *chef* replied,  
"Lord of the Earth and all beside,



Sun, Moon, and Stars, and so on — ”  
 (Look in Eothen — there you 'll find  
 A list of titles. Never mind,  
 I have n't time to go on :)

“Great Sire,” and so forth, thus he  
 spoke,  
 “Your Highness must intend a joke ;  
 It does n't stand to reason  
 For one to order salmon brought,  
 Unless that fish is sometimes caught,  
 And also is in season.

“Our luck of late is shocking bad,  
 In fact, the latest catch we had  
 (We kept the matter shady),  
 But, hauling in our nets, — alack !  
 We found no salmon, but a sack  
 That held your honored Lady !”

— “Allah is great !” the Caliph said,  
 “My poor Zuleika, you are dead,  
 I once took interest in you.”  
 — “Perhaps, my Lord, you 'd like to  
 know  
 We cut the lines and let her go.”  
 — “Allah be praised ! Continue.”

— “It is n't hard one's hook to bait,  
 And, squatting down, to watch and wait,  
 To see the cork go under ;  
 At last suppose you 've got your bite,  
 You twitch away with all your might, —  
 You 've hooked an eel, by thunder !”

The Caliph patted Hassan's head :  
 “Slave, thou hast spoken well,” he said,  
 “And won thy master's favor.  
 Yes ; since what happened t' other morn  
 The salmon of the Golden Horn  
 Might have a doubtful flavor.

“That last remark about the eel  
 Has also justice that we feel  
 Quite to our satisfaction.  
 To-morrow we dispense with fish,

And, for the present, if you wish,  
 You 'll keep your bulbous fraction.”

“Thanks ! thanks !” the grateful *chef*  
 replied,  
 His nutrient feature showing wide  
 The gleam of arches dental :  
 “To cut my head off would n't pay,  
 I find it useful every day,  
 As well as ornamental.”

Brothers, I hope you will not fail  
 To see the moral of my tale  
 And kindly to receive it.  
 You know your anniversary pie  
 Must have its crust, though hard and  
 dry,  
 And some prefer to leave it.

How oft before these youths were born  
 I 've fished in Fancy's Golden Horn  
 For what the Muse might send me !  
 How gayly then I cast the line,  
 When all the morning sky was mine,  
 And Hope her flies would lend me !

And now I hear our despot's call,  
 And come, like Hassan, to the hall, —  
 If there 's a slave, I am one, —  
 My bait no longer flies, but worms !  
 I 've caught — Lord bless me ! how he  
 squirms !  
 An eel, and not a salmon !

### THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

READ AT THE MEETING OF THE HAR-  
 VARD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, JUNE 25,  
 1873.

THE fount the Spaniard sought in vain  
 Through all the land of flowers  
 Leaps glittering from the sandy plain  
 Our classic grove embowers ;

Here youth, unchanging, blooms and  
smiles,

Here dwells eternal spring,  
And warm from Hope's elysian isles  
The winds their perfume bring.

Here every leaf is in the bud,  
Each singing throat in tune,  
And bright o'er evening's silver flood  
Shines the young crescent moon.

What wonder Age forgets his staff  
And lays his glasses down,  
And gray-haired grandsires look and  
laugh  
As when their locks were brown !

With ears grown dull and eyes grown  
dim

They greet the joyous day  
That calls them to the fountain's brim  
To wash their years away.  
What change has clothed the ancient  
sire

In sudden youth ? For, lo !  
The Judge, the Doctor, and the Squire  
Are Jack and Bill and Joe !

And be his titles what they will,  
In spite of manhood's claim  
The graybeard is a school-boy still  
And loves his school-boy name ;  
It calms the ruler's stormy breast  
Whom hurrying care pursues,  
And brings a sense of peace and rest,  
Like slippers after shoes.

And what are all the prizes won  
To youth's enchanted view ?  
And what is all the man has done  
To what the boy may do ?  
O blessed fount, whose waters flow  
Alike for sire and son,  
That melts our winter's frost and snow  
And makes all ages one !

I pledge the sparkling fountain's tide,  
That flings its golden shower  
With age to fill and youth to guide,  
Still fresh in morning flower !  
Flow on with ever-widening stream,  
In ever-brightening morn, —  
Our story's pride, our future's dream,  
The hope of times unborn !

#### A HYMN OF PEACE.

SUNG AT THE "JUBILEE," JUNE 15,  
1869, TO THE MUSIC OF KELLER'S  
"AMERICAN HYMN."

ANGEL of Peace, thou hast wandered  
too long !

Spread thy white wings to the sun-  
shine of love !

Come while our voices are blended in  
song, —

Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten  
dove !

Fly to our ark on the wings of the  
dove, —

Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of  
song,

Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland  
of love, —

Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too  
long !

Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine  
Mingling the gifts we have gathered  
for thee,

Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,  
Breeze of the prairie and breath of  
the sea, —

Meadow and mountain and forest and  
sea !

Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and  
pine,

Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,  
Brothers once more round this altar  
of thine !

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain !	Let the loud tempest of voices re-
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the	ply,—
sky!—	Roll its long surge like the earth-
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles	shaking main !
the main	Swell the vast song till it mounts to the
Bid the full breath of the organ	sky!—
reply, --	Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain !



# ADDITIONAL POEMS.

TO 1878.

## AT A MEETING OF FRIENDS.

AUGUST 29, 1859.

I REMEMBER — why yes ! God bless me !  
and was it so long ago ?

I fear I 'm growing forgetful, as old folks  
do, you know ;

It must have been in 'forty — I would  
say 'thirty-nine —

We talked this matter over, I and a friend  
of mine.

He said " Well now, old fellow, I 'm  
thinking that you and I,  
If we act like other people, shall be older  
by and by ;

What though the bright blue ocean is  
smooth as a pond can be,

There is always a line of breakers to  
fringe the broadest sea.

" We 're taking it mighty easy, but that  
is nothing strange,

For up to the age of thirty we spend our  
years like change ;

But creeping up towards the forties, as  
fast as the old years fill,

And Time steps in for payment, we seem  
to change a bill.

" — I know it, — I said, — old fellow ;  
you speak the solemn truth ;

A man can't live to a hundred and like-  
wise keep his youth ;

But what if the ten years coming shall  
silver-streak my hair,  
You know I shall then be forty ; of  
course I shall not care.

" At forty a man grows heavy and tired  
of fun and noise ;

Leaves dress to the five-and-twenties and  
love to the silly boys ;

No foppish tricks at forty, no pinching  
of waists and toes,

But high-low shoes and flannels and good  
thick worsted hose."

But one fine August morning I found  
myself awake :

My birthday : — By Jove, I 'm forty !  
Yes, forty, and no mistake !

Why this is the very milestone, I think  
I used to hold,

That when a fellow had come to, a fellow  
would then be old !

But that is the young folks' nonsense ;  
they 're full of their foolish stuff ;

A man 's in his prime at forty, — I see  
*that* plain enough ;

At *fifty* a man *is* wrinkled, and *may be*  
bald or gray ;

*I* call men old at fifty, in spite of all  
they say.

At last comes another August with mist  
and rain and shine ;

Its mornings are slowly counted and  
 creep to twenty-nine,  
 And when on the western summits the  
 fading light appears,  
 It touches with rosy fingers the last of  
 my fifty years.

There have been both men and women  
 whose hearts were firm and bold,  
 But there never was one of fifty that  
 loved to say "I'm old";  
 So any elderly person that strives to  
 shirk his years,  
 Make him stand up at a table and try  
 him by his peers.

Now here I stand at fifty, my jury  
 gathered round;  
 Sprinkled with dust of silver, but not  
 yet silver-crowned,  
 Ready to meet your verdict, waiting to  
 hear it told;  
 Guilty of fifty summers; speak! Is the  
 verdict *old*?

No! say that his hearing fails him; say  
 that his sight grows dim;  
 Say that he's getting wrinkled and weak  
 in back and limb,  
 Losing his wits and temper, but plead-  
 ing, to make amends,  
 The youth of his fifty summers he finds  
 in his twenty friends.

#### A FAREWELL TO AGASSIZ.

How the mountains talked together,  
 Looking down upon the weather,  
 When they heard our friend had planned  
 his  
 Little trip among the Andes!  
 How they'll bare their snowy scalps  
 To the climber of the Alps  
 When the cry goes through their passes,

"Here comes the great Agassiz!"  
 "Yes, I'm tall," says Chimborazo,  
 "But I wait for him to say so, —  
 That's the only thing that lacks, —  
 he  
 Must see me, Cotopaxi!"  
 "Ay! ay!" the fire-peak thunders,  
 "And he must view my wonders!  
 I'm but a lonely crater  
 Till I have him for spectator!"  
 The mountain hearts are yearning,  
 The lava-torches burning,  
 The rivers bend to meet him,  
 The forests bow to greet him,  
 It thrills the spinal column  
 Of fossil fishes solemn,  
 And glaciers crawl the faster  
 To the feet of their old master!

Heaven keep him well and hearty,  
 Both him and all his party!  
 From the sun that broils and smites,  
 From the centipede that bites,  
 From the hail-storm and the thunder,  
 From the vampire and the condor,  
 From the gust upon the river,  
 From the sudden earthquake shiver,  
 From the trip of mule or donkey,  
 From the midnight howling monkey,  
 From the stroke of knife or dagger,  
 From the puma and the jaguar,  
 From the horrid boa-constrictor  
 That has scared us in the pictur',  
 From the Indians of the Pampas  
 Who would dine upon their grampas,  
 From every beast and vermin  
 That to think of sets us squirming,  
 From every snake that tries on  
 The traveller his p'ison,  
 From every pest of Natur',  
 Likewise the alligator,  
 And from two things left behind him, —  
 (Be sure they'll try to find him,)  
 The tax-bill and assessor, —  
 Heaven keep the great Professor!

May he find, with his apostles,  
That the land is full of fossils,  
That the waters swarm with fishes  
Shaped according to his wishes,  
That every pool is fertile  
In fancy kinds of turtle,  
New birds around him singing,  
New insects, never stinging,  
With a million novel data  
About the articulata,  
And facts that strip off all husks  
From the history of mollusks.

And when, with loud *Te Deum*,  
He returns to his Museum,  
May he find the monstrous reptile  
That so long the land has kept ill  
By Grant and Sherman throttled,  
And by Father Abraham bottled,  
(All specked and streaked and mot-  
tled

With the scars of murderous battles,  
Where he clashed the iron rattles  
That gods and men he shook at,)  
For all the world to look at !

God bless the great Professor !  
And Madam, too, God bless her !  
Bless him and all his band,  
On the sea and on the land,  
Bless them head and heart and hand,  
Till their glorious raid is o'er,  
And they touch our ransomed shore !  
Then the welcome of a nation,  
With its shout of exultation,  
Shall awake the dumb creation,  
And the shapes of buried æons  
Join the living creatures' pæans,  
Till the fossil echoes roar ;  
While the mighty megalosaurus  
Leads the palæozoic chorus, —  
God bless the great Professor,  
And the land his proud possessor, —  
Bless them now and evermore !

## A SEA DIALOGUE.

*Cabin Passenger.*                      *Man at Wheel.*

## CABIN PASSENGER.

FRIEND, you seem thoughtful. I not  
wonder much

That he who sails the ocean should besad.  
I am myself reflective. — When I think  
Of all this wallowing beast, the Sea, has  
sucked

Between his sharp, thin lips, the wedgy  
waves,

What heaps of diamonds, rubies, emer-  
alds, pearls ;

What piles of shekels, talents, ducats,  
crowns,

What bales of Tyrian mantles, Indian  
shawls,

Of laces that have blanked the weavers'  
eyes,

Of silken tissues, wrought by worm and  
man,

The half-starved workman, and the well-  
fed worm ;

What marbles, bronzes, pictures, parch-  
ments, books ;

What many-lobuled, thought-engender-  
ing brains ;

Lie with the gaping sea-shells in his  
maw, —

I, too, am silent ; for all language seems  
A mockery, and the speech of man is  
vain.

O mariner, we look upon the waves  
And they rebuke our babbling. "Peace!"  
they say, —

"Mortal, be still !" My noisy tongue  
is hushed,

And with my trembling finger on my lips  
My soul exclaims in ecstasy —

MAN AT WHEEL.

Belay !

CABIN PASSENGER.

Ah yes ! "Delay," — it calls, "nor  
haste to break

The charm of stillness with an idle  
word !”

O mariner, I love thee, for thy thought  
Strides even with my own, nay, flies be-  
fore.

Thou art a brother to the wind and  
wave ;

Have they not music for thine ear as  
mine,

When the wild tempest makes thy ship  
his lyre,

Smiting a cavernous basso from the  
shrouds

And climbing up his gamut through the  
stays,

Through buntlines, bowlines, ratlines,  
till it shrills

An alto keener than the locust sings,

And all the great Æolian orchestra

Storms out its mad sonata in the gale ?

Is not the scene a wondrous and —

MAN AT WHEEL.

Avast !

CABIN PASSENGER.

Ah yes, a vast, a vast and wondrous  
scene !

I see thy soul is open as the day

That holds the sunshine in its azure  
bowl

To all the solemn glories of the deep.

Tell me, O mariner, dost thou never feel

The grandeur of thine office, — to control

The keel that cuts the ocean like a knife

And leaves a wake behind it like a seam

In the great shining garment of the  
world ?

MAN AT WHEEL.

Belay y'r jaw, y' swab ! y' hoss-marine !

(*To the Captain.*)

Ay, ay, Sir ! Stiddy, Sir ! Sou'wes'  
b' sou' !

November 10, 1864.

## AT THE "ATLANTIC" DINNER.

DECEMBER 15, 1874.

I SUPPOSE it's myself that you 're making  
allusion to

And bringing the sense of dismay and  
confusion to.

Of course *some* must speak, — they are  
always selected to,

But pray what's the reason that I am  
expected to ?

I'm not fond of wasting my breath as  
those fellows do

That want to be blowing forever as bel-  
lows do ;

*Their* legs are uneasy, but why will you  
jog any

That long to stay quiet beneath the ma-  
hogany ?

Why, why call *me* up with your battery  
of flatteries ?

You say "He writes poetry," — that's  
what the matter is !

"It costs him no trouble — a pen full  
of ink or two

And the poem is done in the time of a  
wink or two ;

As for thoughts — never mind — take the  
ones that lie uppermost,

And the rhymes used by Milton and  
Byron and Tupper most ;

The lines come so easy ! at one end he  
jingles 'em,

At the other with capital letters he shin-  
gles 'em, —

Why, the thing writes itself, and before  
he's half done with it

He hates to stop writing he has such  
good fun with it !"

Ah, that is the way in which simple ones  
go about

And draw a fine picture of things they  
don't know about !



We all know a kitten, but come to a  
 catamount  
 The beast is a stranger when grown up  
 to that amount,  
 (A stranger we rather prefer should n't  
 visit us,  
 A *felis* whose advent is far from felici-  
 tous.)  
 The boy who can boast that his trap has  
 just got a mouse  
 Must n't draw it and write underneath  
 "hippopotamus";  
 Or say unveraciously, "this is an ele-  
 phant" —  
 Don't think, let me beg, these examples  
 irrelevant —  
 What they mean is just this — that a  
 thing to be painted well  
 Should always be something with which  
 we're acquainted well.

You call on your victim for "things he  
 has plenty of, —  
 Those copies of verses no doubt at least  
 twenty of ;  
 His desk is crammed full, for he always  
 keeps writing 'em  
 And reading to friends as his way of de-  
 lighting 'em ! " —  
 I tell you this writing of verses means  
 business, —  
 It makes the brain whirl in a vortex of  
 dizziness :  
 You think they are scrawled in the lan-  
 guor of laziness —  
 I tell you they're squeezed by a spasm  
 of craziness,  
 A fit half as bad as the staggering vertigos  
 That seize a poor fellow and down in the  
 dirt he goes !

And therefore it chimes with the word's  
 etymology  
 That the sons of Apollo are great on  
 apology,

For the writing of verse is a struggle  
 mysterious  
 And the gayest of rhymes is a matter  
 that's serious.  
 For myself, I'm relied on by friends in  
 extremities,  
 And I don't mind so much if a comfort  
 to them it is ;  
 'T is a pleasure to please, and the straw  
 that can tickle us  
 Is a source of enjoyment though slightly  
 ridiculous.

I am up for a — something — and since  
 I've begun with it,  
 I must give you a toast now before I have  
 done with it.  
 Let me pump at my wits as they pumped  
 the Cochituate  
 That moistened — it may be — the very  
 last bit you ate.  
 — Success to our publishers, authors and  
 editors ;  
 To our debtors good luck, — pleasant  
 dreams to our creditors ;  
 May the monthly grow yearly, till all  
 we are groping for  
 Has reached the fulfilment we're all of  
 us hoping for ;  
 Till the bore through the tunnel — it  
 makes me let off a sigh  
 To think it may possibly ruin my proph-  
 ecy —  
 Has been punned on so often 't will never  
 provoke again  
 One mild adolescent to make the old  
 joke again ;  
 Till abstinent, all-go-to-meeting so-  
 ciety  
 Has forgotten the sense of the word in-  
 ebriety ;  
 Till the work that poor Hannah and  
 Bridget and Phillis do  
 The humanized, civilized female gorillas  
 do ;

Till the roughs, as we call them, grown  
 loving and dutiful,  
 Shall worship the true and the pure and  
 the beautiful,  
 And, preying no longer as tiger and vul-  
 ture do,  
 All read the "Atlantic" as persons of  
 culture do !

"LUCY."

FOR HER GOLDEN WEDDING, OCTOBER  
 18, 1875.

"LUCY." — The old familiar name  
 Is now, as always, pleasant,  
 Its liquid melody the same  
 Alike in past or present ;  
 Let others call you what they will,  
 I know you 'll let me use it ;  
 To me your name is Lucy still,  
 I cannot bear to lose it.

What visions of the past return  
 With Lucy's image blended !  
 What memories from the silent urn  
 Of gentle lives long ended !  
 What dreams of childhood's fleeting  
 morn,  
 What starry aspirations,  
 That filled the misty days unborn  
 With fancy's coruscations !

Ah, Lucy, life has swiftly sped  
 From April to November ;  
 The summer blossoms all are shed  
 That you and I remember ;  
 But while the vanished years we share  
 With mingling recollections,  
 How all their shadowy features wear  
 The hue of old affections !

Love called you. He who stole your  
 heart  
 Of sunshine half bereft us ;

Our household's garland fell apart  
 The morning that you left us ;  
 The tears of tender girlhood streamed  
 Through sorrow's opening sluices ;  
 Less sweet our garden's roses seemed,  
 Less blue its flower-de-luces.

That old regret is turned to smiles,  
 That parting sigh to greeting ;  
 I send my heart-throb fifty miles, —  
 Through every line 't is beating ;  
 God grant you many and happy years,  
 Till when the last has crowned you  
 The dawn of endless day appears,  
 And Heaven is shining round you !  
 October 11, 1875.

HYMN.

FOR THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE  
 OF GOVERNOR ANDREW, HINGHAM,  
 OCTOBER 7, 1875.

BEHOLD the shape our eyes have known !  
 It lives once more in changeless stone ;  
 So looked in mortal face and form  
 Our guide through peril's deadly storm.

But hushed the beating heart we knew,  
 That heart so tender, brave, and true,  
 Firm as the rooted mountain rock,  
 Pure as the quarry's whitest block !

Not his beneath the blood-red star  
 To win the soldier's envied scar ;  
 Unarmed he battled for the right,  
 In Duty's never-ending fight.

Unconquered will, unslumbering eye,  
 Faith such as bids the martyr die,  
 The prophet's glance, the master's hand  
 To mould the work his foresight planned,

These were his gifts ; what Heaven had  
 lent  
 For justice, mercy, truth, he spent,

First to avenge the traitorous blow,  
And first to lift the vanquished foe.

Lo, thus he stood ; in danger's strait  
The pilot of the Pilgrim State !  
Too large his fame for her alone, —  
A nation claims him as her own !

### A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

READ AT THE MEETING HELD AT MUSIC  
HALL, FEBRUARY 8, 1876, IN MEMORY  
OF DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

#### I.

LEADER of armies, Israel's God,  
Thy soldier's fight is won !  
Master, whose lowly path he trod,  
Thy servant's work is done !

No voice is heard from Sinai's steep  
Our wandering feet to guide ;  
From Horeb's rock no waters leap ;  
No Jordan's waves divide ;

No prophet cleaves our western sky  
On wheels of whirling fire ;  
No shepherds hear the song on high  
Of heaven's angelic choir :

Yet here as to the patriarch's tent  
God's angel comes a guest ;  
He comes on heaven's high errand sent,  
In earth's poor raiment drest.

We see no halo round his brow  
Till love its own recalls,  
And like a leaf that quits the bough,  
The mortal vesture falls.

In autumn's chill declining day,  
Ere winter's killing frost,  
The message came ; so passed away  
The friend our earth has lost.

Still, Father, in Thy love we trust ;  
Forgive us if we mourn  
The saddening hour that laid in dust  
His robe of flesh outworn.

#### II.

How long the wreck-strewn journey  
seems  
To reach the far-off past  
That woke his youth from peaceful  
dreams  
With Freedom's trumpet-blast !

Along her classic hillsides rung  
The Paynim's battle-cry,  
And like a red-cross knight he sprung  
For her to live or die.

No trustier service claimed the wreath  
For Sparta's bravest son ;  
No truer soldier sleeps beneath  
The mound of Marathon ;

Yet not for him the warrior's grave  
In front of angry foes ;  
To lift, to shield, to help, to save,  
The holier task he chose.

He touched the eyelids of the blind,  
And lo ! the veil withdrawn,  
As o'er the midnight of the mind,  
He led the light of dawn.

He asked not whence the fountains roll  
No traveller's foot has found,  
But mapped the desert of the soul  
Untracked by sight or sound.

What prayers have reached the sapphire  
throne,  
By silent fingers spelt,  
For him who first through depths un-  
known  
His doubtful pathway felt,

Who sought the slumbering sense that  
 lay  
 Close shut with bolt and bar,  
 And showed awakening thought the ray  
 Of reason's morning star!

Where'er he moved, his shadowy form  
 The sightless orbs would seek,  
 And smiles of welcome light and warm  
 The lips that could not speak.

No labored line, no sculptor's art,  
 Such hallowed memory needs;  
 His tablet is the human heart,  
 His record loving deeds.

### III.

The rest that earth denied is thine, —  
 Ah, is it rest? we ask,  
 Or, traced by knowledge more divine,  
 Some larger, nobler task?

Had but those boundless fields of blue  
 One darkened sphere like this;  
 But what has heaven for thee to do  
 In realms of perfect bliss?

No cloud to lift, no mind to clear,  
 No rugged path to smooth,  
 No struggling soul to help and cheer,  
 No mortal grief to soothe!

Enough; is there a world of love,  
 No more we ask to know;  
 The hand will guide thy ways above  
 That shaped thy task below.

JOSEPH WARREN, M. D.

TRAINED in the holy art whose lifted  
 shield  
 Wards off the darts a never-slumbering  
 foe,

By hearth and wayside lurking, waits to  
 throw,  
 Oppression taught his helpful arm to  
 wield  
 The slayer's weapon: on the murderous  
 field  
 The fiery bolt he challenged laid him  
 low,  
 Seeking its noblest victim. Even so  
 The charter of a nation must be sealed!  
 The healer's brow the hero's honors  
 crowned,  
 From lowliest duty called to loftiest  
 deed.  
 Living, the oak-leaf wreath his temples  
 bound;  
 Dying, the conqueror's laurel was his  
 meed,  
 Last on the broken ramparts' turf to  
 bleed  
 Where Freedom's victory in defeat was  
 found.

June 11, 1875.

### GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER- HILL BATTLE.

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY.

'T is like stirring living embers when,  
 at eighty, one remembers  
 All the achings and the quakings of  
 "the times that tried men's souls";  
 When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when  
 I tell the *Rebel* story,  
 To you the words are ashes, but to me  
 they're burning coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the  
 April running battle;  
 Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see  
 their red coats still;  
 But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the  
 day looms up before me,  
 When a thousand men lay bleeding on  
 the slopes of Bunker's Hill.

"T was a peaceful summer's morning,  
when the first thing gave us warning  
Was the booming of the cannon from the  
river and the shore :

"Child," says grandma, "what's the  
matter, what is all this noise and  
clatter ?

Have those scalping Indian devils come  
to murder us once more ?"

Poor old soul ! my sides were shaking  
in the midst of all my quaking,  
To hear her talk of Indians when the  
guns began to roar :

She had seen the burning village, and  
the slaughter and the pillage,  
When the Mohawks killed her father  
with their bullets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny,  
don't you fret and worry any,  
For I'll soon come back and tell you  
whether this is work or play ;  
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't  
be gone a minute " —  
For a minute then I started. I was  
gone the livelong day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-  
glass grimacing ;  
Down my hair went as I hurried, tum-  
bling half-way to my heels ;  
God forbid your ever knowing, when  
there's blood around her flowing,  
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a  
quiet household feels !

In the street I heard a thumping ; and  
I knew it was the stumping  
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on  
that wooden leg he wore,  
With a knot of women round him, — it  
was lucky I had found him,  
So I followed with the others, and the  
Corporal marched before.

They were making for the steeple, — the  
old soldier and his people ;

The pigeons circled round us as we  
climbed the creaking stair,

Just across the narrow river — O, so  
close it made me shiver ! —

Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but  
yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it ; well we  
knew who stood behind it,

Though the earthwork hid them from  
us, and the stubborn walls were  
dumb :

Here were sister, wife, and mother, look-  
ing wild upon each other,

And their lips were white with terror as  
they said, THE HOUR HAS COME !

The morning slowly wasted, not a mor-  
sel had we tasted,

And our heads were almost splitting  
with the cannons' deafening thrill,

When a figure tall and stately round  
the rampart strode sedately ;

It was PRESCOTT, one since told me ; he  
commanded on the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when  
we saw his manly figure,

With the banyan buckled round it,  
standing up so straight and tall ;

Like a gentleman of leisure who is  
strolling out for pleasure,

Through the storm of shells and can-  
non-shot he walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for  
the red-coats' ranks were forming ;

At noon in marching order they were  
moving to the piers ;

How the bayonets gleamed and glistened,  
as we looked far down, and listened

To the trampling and the drum-beat of  
the belted grenadiers !

At length the men have started, with a  
cheer (it seemed faint-hearted),  
In their scarlet regimentals, with their  
knapsacks on their backs,  
And the reddening, rippling water, as  
after a sea-fight's slaughter,  
Round the barges gliding onward  
blushed like blood along their  
tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and  
again they formed in order ;  
And the boats came back for soldiers,  
came for soldiers, soldiers still :  
The time seemed everlasting to us wo-  
men faint and fasting, —  
At last they 're moving, marching,  
marching proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all  
along the lines advancing —  
Now the front rank fires a volley — they  
have thrown away their shot ;  
For behind their earthwork lying, all  
the balls above them flying,  
Our people need not hurry ; so they  
wait and answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he  
would swear sometimes and tip-  
ple), —  
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the  
old French war) before, —  
Calls out in words of jeering, just as if  
they all were hearing, —  
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on  
the dusty belfry floor : —

“ Oh ! fire away, ye villains, and earn  
King George's shillin's,  
But ye 'll waste a ton of powder afore  
a 'rebel' falls ;  
You may bang the dirt and welcome,  
they're as safe as Dan'l Malcolm  
Ten foot beneath the gravestone that  
you've splintered with your balls ! ”

In the hush of expectation, in the awe  
and trepidation  
Of the dread approaching moment, we  
are wellnigh breathless all ;  
Though the rotten bars are failing on  
the rickety belfry railing,  
We are crowding up against them like  
the waves against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they  
are nearer, — nearer, — nearer,  
When a flash — a curling smoke-wreath  
— then a crash — the steeple  
shakes —  
The deadly truce is ended ; the tem-  
pest's shroud is rended ;  
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a  
thunder-cloud it breaks !

O the sight our eyes discover as the  
blue-black smoke blows over !  
The red-coats stretched in windrows as  
a mower rakes his hay ;  
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a  
headlong crowd is flying  
Like a billow that has broken and is  
shivered into spray.

Then we cried, “ The troops are routed !  
they are beat — it can't be doubted ! —  
God be thanked, the fight is over ! ” —  
Ah ! the grim old soldier's smile !  
“ Tell us, tell us why you look so ! ” (we  
could hardly speak, we shook so), —  
“ Are they beaten ? *Are* they beaten ?  
*ARE* they beaten ? ” — “ Wait a  
while.”

O the trembling and the terror ! for too  
soon we saw our error :  
They are baffled, not defeated ; we have  
driven them back in vain ;  
And the columns that were scattered,  
round the colors that were tattered,  
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn  
their belted breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo the  
 roofs of Charlestown blazing !  
 They have fired the harmless village ;  
 in an hour it will be down !  
 The Lord in heaven confound them,  
 rain his fire and brimstone round  
 them, —  
 The robbing, murdering red-coats, that  
 would burn a peaceful town !

They are marching, stern and solemn ;  
 we can see each massive column  
 As they near the naked earth-mound  
 with the slanting walls so steep.  
 Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and  
 in noiseless haste departed ?  
 Are they panic-struck and helpless ?  
 Are they palsied or asleep ?

Now ! the walls they 're almost under !  
 scarce a rod the foes asunder !  
 Not a firelock flashed against them ! up  
 the earthwork they will swarm !  
 But the words have scarce been spoken,  
 when the ominous calm is broken,  
 And a bellowing crash has emptied all  
 the vengeance of the storm !

So again, with murderous slaughter,  
 pelted backwards to the water,  
 Fly Pigot's running heroes and the  
 frightened braves of Howe ;  
 And we shout, " At last they 're done  
 for, it 's their barges they have run  
 for :  
 They are beaten, beaten, beaten ; and  
 the battle 's over now ! "

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on  
 the rough old soldier's features,  
 Our lips afraid to question, but he knew  
 what we would ask :  
 " Not sure," he said ; " keep quiet, —  
 once more, I guess, they 'll try it —  
 Here 's damnation to the cut-throats ! "  
 — then he handed me his flask,

Saying, " Gal, you 're looking shaky ;  
 have a drop of old Jamaiky ;  
 I 'm afeard there 'll be more trouble afore  
 the job is done " ;  
 So I took one scorching swallow ; dread-  
 ful faint I felt and hollow,  
 Standing there from early morning when  
 the firing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had  
 watched a calm clock dial,  
 As the hands kept creeping, creeping, —  
 they were creeping round to four,  
 When the old man said, " They 're form-  
 ing with their bagonets fixed for  
 storming :  
 It 's the death-grip that 's a coming, —  
 they will try the works once more. "

With brazen trumpets blaring, the  
 flames behind them glaring,  
 The deadly wall before them, in close  
 array they come ;  
 Still onward, upward toiling, like a  
 dragon's fold uncoiling, —  
 Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning  
 the reverberating drum !

Over heaps ' all torn and gory — shall I  
 tell the fearful story,  
 How they surged above the breastwork,  
 as a sea breaks over a deck ;  
 How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our  
 worn-out men retreated,  
 With their powder-horns all emptied,  
 like the swimmers from a wreck ?

It has all been told and painted ; as for  
 me, they say I fainted,  
 And the wooden-legged old Corporal  
 stumped with me down the stair :  
 When I woke from dreams affrighted  
 the evening lamps were lighted, —  
 On the floor a youth was lying ; his  
 bleeding breast was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry,  
 "Send for WARREN! hurry! hurry!  
 Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and  
 he'll come and dress his wound!"  
 Ah, we knew not till the morrow told  
 its tale of death and sorrow,  
 How the starlight found him stiffened  
 on the dark and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was,  
 where the place from which he  
 came was,  
 Who had brought him from the battle,  
 and had left him at our door,  
 He could not speak to tell us; but  
 't was one of our brave fellows,  
 As the homespun plainly showed us  
 which the dying soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as  
 they gathered round him crying, —  
 And they said, "O, how they'll miss  
 him!" and, "What *will* his mother  
 do?"  
 Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a  
 child's that has been dozing,  
 He faintly murmured, "Mother!" —  
 and — I saw his eyes were blue.

— "Why, grandma, how you're wink-  
 ing!" — Ah, my child, it sets me  
 thinking  
 Of a story not like this one. Well, he  
 somehow lived along;  
 So we came to know each other, and I  
 nursed him like a — mother,  
 Till at last he stood before me, tall, and  
 rosy-cheeked, and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in  
 the pleasant summer weather;  
 — "Please to tell us what his name  
 was?" — Just your own, my little  
 dear, —

There's his picture Copley painted: we  
 became so well acquainted,  
 That — in short, that's why I'm grand-  
 ma, and you children all are here!

### OLD CAMBRIDGE.

JULY 3, 1875.

AND can it be you've found a place  
 Within this consecrated space  
 That makes so fine a show  
 For one of Rip Van Winkle's race?  
 And is it really so?  
 Who wants an old receipted bill?  
 Who fishes in the Frog-pond still?  
 Who digs last year's potato hill? —  
 That's what he'd like to know!

And were it any spot on earth  
 Save this dear home that gave him birth  
 Some scores of years ago,  
 He had not come to spoil your mirth  
 And chill your festive glow;  
 But round his baby-nest he strays,  
 With tearful eye the scene surveys,  
 His heart unchanged by changing  
 days, —  
 That's what he'd have you know.

Can you whose eyes not yet are dim  
 Live o'er the buried past with him,  
 And see the roses blow  
 When white-haired men were Joe and  
 Jim  
 Untouched by winter's snow?  
 Or roll the years back one by one  
 As Judah's monarch backed the sun,  
 And see the century just begun? —  
 That's what he'd like to know!

I come, but as the swallow dips,  
 Just touching with her feather-tips  
 The shining wave below,



To sit with pleasure-murmuring lips  
 And listen to the flow  
 Of Elmwood's sparkling Hippocrene,  
 To tread once more my native green,  
 To sigh unheard, to smile unseen, —  
 That's what I'd have you know.

But since the common lot I've shared  
 (We all are sitting "unprepared,"  
 Like culprits in a row,  
 Whose heads are down, whose necks are  
 bared  
 To wait the headsman's blow)  
 I'd like to shift my task to you,  
 By asking just a thing or two  
 About the good old times I knew, —  
 Here's what I want to know :

The yellow meetin' house — can you tell  
 Just where it stood before it fell  
 Prey of the vandal foe, —  
 Our dear old temple, loved so well  
 By ruthless hands laid low ?  
 Where, tell me, was the Deacon's pew ?  
 Whose hair was braided in a queue ?  
 (For there were pig-tails not a few,) —  
 That's what I'd like to know.

The bell — can you recall its clang ?  
 And how the seats would slam and bang ?  
 The voices high and low ?  
 The basso's trump before he sang ?  
 The viol and its bow ?  
 Where was it old Judge Winthrop sat ?  
 Who wore the last three-cornered hat ?  
 Was Israel Porter lean or fat ? —  
 That's what I'd like to know.

Tell where the market used to be  
 That stood beside the murdered tree ?  
 Whose dog to church would go ?  
 Old Marcus Reemie, who was he ?  
 Who were the brothers Snow ?  
 Does not your memory slightly fail  
 About that great September gale

Whereof one told a moving tale,  
 As Cambridge boys should know.

When Cambridge was a simple town,  
 Say just when Deacon William Brown  
 (Last door in yonder row),  
 For honest silver counted down,  
 His groceries would bestow ? —  
 For those were days when money meant  
 Something that jingled as you went, —  
 No hybrid like the nickel cent,  
 I'd have you all to know,

But quarter, ninepence, pistareen,  
 And fourpence happennies in between  
 All metal fit to show,  
 Instead of rags in stagnant green,  
 The scum of debts we owe ;  
 How sad to think such stuff should be  
 Our Wendell's cure-all recipe, —  
 Not Wendell H., but Wendell P., —  
 The one you all must know !

I question — but you answer not —  
 Dear me ! and have I quite forgot  
 How fivescore years ago,  
 Just on this very blessed spot,  
 The summer leaves below,  
 Before his homespun ranks arrayed  
 In green New England's elmbough shade  
 The great Virginian drew the blade  
 King George full soon should know !

O George the Third ! you found it true  
 Our George was more than *double you*,  
 For nature made him so.  
 Not much an empire's crown can do  
 If brains are scant and slow, —  
 Ah, not like that his laurel crown  
 Whose presence gilded with renown  
 Our brave old Academic town,  
 As all her children know !

So here we meet with loud acclaim  
 To tell mankind that here he came,  
 With hearts that throb and glow ;

Ours is a portion of his fame  
 Our trumpets needs must blow !  
 On yonder hill the Lion fell,  
 But here was chipped the eagle's shell, —  
 That little hatchet did it well,  
 As all the world shall know !

### WELCOME TO THE NATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

BRIGHT on the banners of lily and rose  
 Lo ! the last sun of our century sets !  
 Wreath the black cannon that scowled  
 on our foes,  
 All but her friendships the nation for-  
 gets !  
 All but her friends and their welcome  
 forgets !  
 These are around her ; but where are  
 her foes ?  
 Lo, while the sun of her century sets,  
 Peace with her garlands of lily and  
 rose !

Welcome ! a shout like the war trumpet's  
 swell  
 Wakes the wild echoes that slumber  
 around !

Welcome ! it quivers from Liberty's bell ;  
 Welcome ! the walls of her temple re-  
 sound !

Hark ! the gray walls of her temple  
 resound !

Fade the far voices o'er hillside and dell ;  
 Welcome ! still whisper the echoes  
 around ;

Welcome ! still trembles on Liberty's  
 bell !

Thrones of the continents ! isles of the  
 sea !

Yours are the garlands of peace we  
 entwine ;

Welcome, once more, to the land of the  
 free,

Shadowed alike by the palm and the  
 pine ;  
 Softly they murmur, the palm and the  
 pine,  
 " Hushed is our strife, in the land of  
 the free " ;  
 Over your children their branches en-  
 twine,  
 Thrones of the continents ! isles of  
 the sea !

### A FAMILIAR LETTER.

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

Yes, write, if you want to, there's noth-  
 ing like trying ;  
 Who knows what a treasure your cas-  
 ket may hold ?  
 I'll show you that rhyming's as easy as  
 lying  
 If you'll listen to me while the art I  
 unfold.

Here's a book full of words ; one can  
 choose as he fancies,  
 As a painter his tint, as a workman  
 his tool ;  
 Just think ! all the poems and plays and  
 romances  
 Were drawn out of this, like the fish  
 from a pool !

You can wander at will through its syl-  
 labled mazes,  
 And take all you want, — not a cop-  
 per they cost, —  
 What is there to hinder your picking  
 out phrases  
 For an epic as clever as " Paradise  
 Lost " ?

Don't mind if the index of sense is at  
 zero,

Use words that run smoothly, whatever they mean ;  
 Leander and Lilian and Lillibullero  
 Are much the same thing in the  
 rhyming machine.

There are words so delicious their sweetness  
 will smother  
 That boarding-school flavor of which  
 we're afraid, —  
 There is "lush" is a good one, and  
 "swirl" is another, —  
 Put both in one stanza, its fortune is  
 made.

With musical murmurs and rhythmical  
 closes  
 You can cheat us of smiles when you've  
 nothing to tell ;  
 You hand us a nosegay of milliner's roses,  
 And we cry with delight, "O, how  
 sweet they *do* smell !"

Perhaps you will answer all needful con-  
 ditions  
 For winning the laurels to which you  
 aspire,  
 By docking the tails of the two preposi-  
 tions  
 I' the style o' the bards you so greatly  
 admire.

As for subjects of verse, they are only  
 too plenty  
 For ringing the changes on metrical  
 chimes ;  
 A maiden, a moonbeam, a lover of twenty  
 Have filled that great basket with  
 bushels of rhymes.

Let me show you a picture — 't is far  
 from irrelevant —  
 By a famous old hand in the arts of  
 design ;

'T is only a photographed sketch of an  
 elephant, —  
 The name of the draughtsman was  
 Rembrandt of Rhine.

How easy ! no troublesome colors to lay  
 on,  
 It can't have fatigued him, — no, not  
 in the least, —  
 A dash here and there with a hap-hazard  
 crayon,  
 And there stands the wrinkled-  
 skinned, baggy-limbed beast.

Just so with your verse, — 't is as easy  
 as sketching, —  
 You can reel off a song without knit-  
 ting your brow,  
 As lightly as Rembrandt a drawing or  
 etching ;  
 It is nothing at all, if you only know  
 how.

Well ; imagine you've printed your vol-  
 ume of verses :  
 Your forehead is wreathed with the  
 garland of fame,  
 Your poems the eloquent school-boy re-  
 hearses,  
 Her album the school-girl presents for  
 your name ;

Each morning the post brings you auto-  
 graph letters ;  
 You'll answer them promptly, — an  
 hour is n't much  
 For the honor of sharing a page with  
 your betters,  
 With magistrates, members of Con-  
 gress, and such.

Of course you're delighted to serve the  
 committees  
 That come with requests from the  
 country all round ;

You would grace the occasion with poems  
and ditties

When they've got a new schoolhouse,  
or poorhouse, or pound.

With a hymn for the saints' and a song  
for the sinners,

You go and are welcome wherever you  
please ;

You're a privileged guest at all manner  
of dinners,

You've a seat on the platform among  
the grandees.

At length your mere presence becomes  
a sensation,

Your cup of enjoyment is filled to its  
brim

With the pleasure Horatian of dig-  
monstration,

As the whisper runs round of "That's  
he !" or "That's him !"

But remember, O dealer in phrases sono-  
rous,

So daintily chosen, so tunefully  
matched,

Though you soar with the wings of the  
cherubim o'er us,

The *ovum* was human from which you  
were hatched.

No will of your own with its puny com-  
pulsion

Can summon the spirit that quickens  
the lyre ;

It comes, if at all, like the Sibyl's con-  
vulsion

And touches the brain with a finger  
of fire.

So perhaps, after all, it's as well to be  
quiet,

If you've nothing you think is worth  
saying in prose,

As to furnish a meal of their cannibal  
diet

To the critics, by publishing, as you  
propose.

But it's all of no use, and I'm sorry  
I've written, —

I shall see your thin volume some day  
on my shelf ;

For the rhyming tarantula surely has  
bitten,

And music must cure you, so pipe it  
yourself.

#### UNSATISFIED.

"ONLY a housemaid !" She looked  
from the kitchen, —

Neat was the kitchen and tidy was  
she ;

There at her window a sempstress sat  
stitching ;

"Were I a sempstress, how happy  
I'd be !"

"Only a Queen !" She looked over the  
waters, —

Fair was her kingdom and mighty was  
she ;

There sat an Empress, with Queens for  
her daughters ;

"Were I an Empress, how happy I'd  
be !"

Still the old frailty they all of them trip  
in !

Eve in her daughters is ever the  
same ;

Give her all Eden, she sighs for a  
pippin ;

Give her an Empire, she pines for a  
name !

May 8, 1876.

### HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

DEDICATED BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE COLLEGIAN, 1830, TO THE EDITORS OF THE HARVARD ADVOCATE, 1876.

"T WAS on the famous trotting-ground,  
The betting men were gathered round  
From far and near; the "cracks" were  
there

Whose deeds the sporting prints declare:  
The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,  
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,  
With these a third — and who is he  
That stands beside his fast b. g.?  
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name  
So fills the nasal trump of fame.  
There too stood many a noted steed  
Of Messenger and Morgan breed;  
Green horses also, not a few;  
Unknown as yet what they could do;  
And all the hacks that know so well  
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day;  
The bordering turf is green with May;  
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown  
On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan;  
The horses paw and prance and neigh,  
Fillies and colts like kittens play,  
And dance and toss their rippled manes  
Shining and soft as silken skeins;  
Wagons and gigs are ranged about,  
And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out;  
Here stands — each youthful Jehu's  
dream —

The jointed tandem, ticklish team!  
And there in ampler breadth expand  
The splendors of the four-in-hand;  
On faultless ties and glossy tiles  
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles;  
(The style's the man, so books avow;  
The style's the woman, anyhow);  
From flounces frothed with creamy lace  
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,

Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,  
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye —  
O woman, in your hours of ease  
So shy with us, so free with these!

"Come on! I'll bet you two to one  
I'll make him do it!" "Will you?  
Done!"

What was it who was bound to do?  
I did not hear and can't tell you, —  
Pray listen till my story's through.

Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,  
By cart and wagon rudely prest,  
The parson's lean and bony bay  
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay —  
Lent to his sexton for the day;  
(A funeral — so the sexton said;  
His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,  
So looked the poor forlorn old beast;  
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,  
The gray was sprinkled in his hair;  
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not  
And yet they say he once could trot  
Among the fleetest of the town,  
Till something cracked and broke him  
down, —

The steed's, the statesman's, common  
lot!

"And are we then so soon forgot?"  
Ah me! I doubt if one of you  
Has ever heard the name "Old Blue,"  
Whose fame through all this region rung  
In those old days when I was young!

"Bring forth the horse!" Alas! he  
showed  
Not like the one Mazeppa rode;  
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shak-  
kneed,  
The wreck of what was once a steed,  
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;

Yet not without his knowing points.  
 The sexton laughing in his sleeve,  
 As if 't were all a make-believe,  
 Led forth the horse, and as he laughed  
 Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,  
 Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,  
 Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,  
 Slipped off his head-stall, set him free  
 From strap and rein, — a sight to see !

So worn, so lean in every limb,  
 It can't be they are saddling him !  
 It is ! his back the pig-skin strides  
 And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides ;  
 With look of mingled scorn and mirth  
 They buckle round the saddle-girth ;  
 With horsey wink and saucy toss  
 A youngster throws his leg across,  
 And so, his rider on his back,  
 They lead him, limping, to the track,  
 Far up behind the starting-point,  
 To lumber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past,  
 One pitying look old Hiram cast ;  
 "Go it, ye cripple, while ye can !"  
 Cried out unsentimental Dan ;  
 "A Fast-Day dinner for the crows !"  
 Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam  
 First feels the gathering head of steam,  
 With warning cough and threatening  
 wheeze  
 The stiff old charger crooks his knees ;  
 At first with cautious step sedate,  
 As if he dragged a coach of state ;  
 He's not a colt ; he knows full well  
 That time is weight and sure to tell ;  
 No horse so sturdy but he fears  
 The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand  
 The old horse nears the judges' stand,  
 Beneath his jockey's feather-weight  
 He warms a little to his gait,

And now and then a step is tried  
 That hints of something like a stride.

"Go !" — Through his ear the sum-  
 mons stung  
 As if a battle-trump had rung ;  
 The slumbering instincts long un-  
 stirred

Start at the old familiar word ;  
 It thrills like flame through every limb—  
 What mean his twenty years to him ?  
 The savage blow his rider dealt  
 Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt ;  
 The spur that pricked his staring hide  
 Unheeded tore his bleeding side ;  
 Alike to him are spur and rein, —  
 He steps a five-year-old again !

Before the quarter pole was past,  
 Old Hiram said, "He's going fast."  
 Long ere the quarter was a half,  
 The chuckling crowd had ceased to  
 laugh ;

Tighter his frightened jockey clung  
 As in a mighty stride he swung,  
 The gravel flying in his track,  
 His neck stretched out, his ears laid  
 back,

His tail extended all the while  
 Behind him like a rat-tail file !  
 Off went a shoe, — away it spun,  
 Shot like a bullet from a gun ;  
 The quaking jockey shapes a prayer  
 From scraps of oaths he used to swear ;  
 He drops his whip, he drops his rein,  
 He clutches fiercely for a mane ;  
 He 'll lose his hold — he sways and  
 reels —  
 He 'll slide beneath those trampling  
 heels !

The knees of many a horseman quake,  
 The flowers on many a bonnet shake,  
 And shouts arise from left and right,  
 "Stick on ! Stick on !" "Hould tight !  
 Hould tight !"

"Cling round his neck and don't let  
go —

"That pace can't hold—there! steady!  
whoa!"

But like the sable steed that bore  
The spectral lover of Lenore,  
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,  
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;  
And now the stand he rushes by,  
And "Stop him!—stop him!" is the  
cry.

Stand back! he's only just begun —  
He's having out three heats in one!

"Don't rush in front! he'll smash your  
brains;

But follow up and grab the reins!"  
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,  
And sprang impatient at the word;  
Budd Doble started on his bay,  
Old Hiram followed on his gray,  
And off they spring, and round they go,  
The fast ones doing "all they know."  
Look! twice they follow at his heels,  
As round the circling course he wheels,  
And whirls with him that clinging boy  
Like Hector round the walls of Troy;  
Still on, and on, the third time round!  
They're tailing off! they're losing  
ground!

Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!  
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!  
And see! in spite of whip and shout,  
Old Hiram's mare is giving out!  
Now for the finish! at the turn,  
The old horse — all the rest astern —  
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;  
By Jove! he's distanced all the lot!

That trot no mortal could explain;  
Some said, "Old Dutchman come  
again!"

Some took his time, — at least they  
tried,  
But what it was could none decide;

One said he could n't understand  
What happened to his second hand;  
One said 2. 10; *that* could n't be —  
More like two twenty two or three;  
Old Hiram settled it at last;  
"The time was two — too dee-vel-ish  
fast!"

The parson's horse had won the bet;  
It cost him something of a sweat;  
Back in the one-horse shay he went;  
The parson wondered what it meant,  
And murmured, with a mild surprise  
And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,  
"That funeral must have been a trick,  
Or corpses drive at double-quick;  
I should n't wonder, I declare,  
If brother Murray made the prayer!"

And this is all I have to say  
About the parson's poor old bay,  
The same that drew the one-horse  
shay.

Moral for which this tale is told:  
A horse *can* trot, for all he's old.

#### AN APPEAL FOR "THE OLD SOUTH."

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall  
stand;  
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall."

FULL sevenscore years our city's pride —  
The comely Southern spire —  
Has cast its shadow, and defied  
The storm, the foe, the fire;  
Sad is the sight our eyes behold;  
Woe to the three-hilled town,  
When through the land the tale is  
told —  
"The brave 'Old South' is down!"

Let darkness blot the starless dawn  
That hears our children tell,

“Here rose the walls, now wrecked and gone,

Our fathers loved so well ;  
Here, while his brethren stood aloof,  
The herald's blast was blown  
That shook St. Stephen's pillared roof  
And rocked King George's throne !

“The home-bound wanderer of the main  
Looked from his deck afar,  
To where the gilded, glittering vane  
Shone like the evening star,  
And pilgrim feet from every clime  
The floor with reverence trod,  
Where holy memories made sublime  
The shrine of Freedom's God !”

The darkened skies, alas ! have seen  
Our monarch tree laid low,  
And spread in ruins o'er the green,  
But Nature struck the blow ;  
No scheming thrift its downfall planned,  
It felt no edge of steel,  
No soulless hireling raised his hand  
The deadly stroke to deal.

In bridal garlands, pale and mute,  
Still pleads the storied tower ;  
These are the blossoms, but the fruit  
Awaits the golden shower ;  
The spire still greets the morning sun, —  
Say, shall it stand or fall ?  
Help, ere the spoiler has begun !  
Help, each, and God help all !

#### THE FIRST FAN.

READ AT A MEETING OF THE BOSTON  
BRIC-À-BRAC CLUB, FEBRUARY 21, 1877.

WHEN rose the cry “Great Pan is dead !”  
And Jove's high palace closed its portal,  
The fallen gods, before they fled,  
Sold out their frippery to a mortal.

“To whom ?” you ask. I ask of you.  
The answer hardly needs suggestion ;  
Of course it was the Wandering Jew, —  
How could you put me such a question ?

A purple robe, a little worn,  
The Thunderer deigned himself to offer ;  
The bearded wanderer laughed in scorn, —  
You know he always was a scoffer.

“Vife shillins ! 't is a monstrous price ;  
Say two and six and further talk shun.”

“Take it,” cried Jove ; “we can't be nice, —  
'T would fetch twice that at Leonard's auction.”

The ice was broken ; up they came,  
All sharp for bargains, god and goddess,  
Each ready with the price to name  
For robe or head-dress, scarf or bodice.

First Juno, out of temper, too, —  
Her queenly forehead somewhat cloudy ;  
Then Pallas in her stockings blue,  
Imposing, but a little dowdy.

The scowling queen of heaven unrolled  
Before the Jew a threadbare turban :  
“Three shillings.” “One. 'T will suit  
some old  
Terrific feminine suburban.”

But as for Pallas, — how to tell  
In seemly phrase a fact so shocking ?  
She pointed, — pray excuse me, — well,  
She pointed to her azure stocking.

And if the honest truth were told,  
Its heel confessed the need of darning ;



“Gods!” low-bred Vulcan cried, “be-  
hold!  
There! that’s what comes of too much  
larning!”

Pale Proserpine came groping round,  
Her pupils dreadfully dilated  
With too much living underground, —  
A residence quite overrated;

“This kerchief’s what you want, I  
know, —  
Don’t cheat poor Venus of her ces-  
tus, —  
You’ll find it handy when you go  
To — you know where; it’s pure as-  
bestus.”

Then Phœbus of the silver bow,  
And Hebe, dimpled as a baby,  
And Dian with the breast of snow,  
Chaser and chased — and caught, it  
may be:

One took the quiver from her back,  
One held the cap he spent the night  
in,  
And one a bit of *bric-à-brac*,  
Such as the gods themselves delight in.

Then Mars, the foe of human kind,  
Strode up and showed his suit of ar-  
mor;

So none at last was left behind  
Save Venus, the celestial charmer.

Poor Venus! What had she to sell?  
For all she looked so fresh and jaunty,  
Her wardrobe, as I blush to tell,  
Already seemed but quite too scanty.

Her gems were sold, her sandals gone, —  
She always would be rash and  
flighty, —

Her winter garments all in pawn,  
Alas for charming Aphrodite!

The lady of a thousand loves,  
The darling of the old religion,  
Had only left of all the doves  
That drew her car one fan-tailed pig-  
eon.

How oft upon her finger-tips  
He perched, afraid of Cupid’s arrow,  
Or kissed her on the rosebud lips,  
Like Roman Lesbia’s loving sparrow!

“My bird, I want your train,” she cried;  
“Come, don’t let’s have a fuss about  
it;

I’ll make it beauty’s pet and pride,  
And you’ll be better off without it.

“So vulgar! Have you noticed, pray,  
An earthly belle or dashing bride walk,  
And how her flounces track her way,  
Like slimy serpents on the sidewalk?

“A lover’s heart it quickly cools;  
In mine it kindles up enough rage  
To wring their necks. How can such  
fools  
Ask men to vote for woman suffrage?”

The goddess spoke, and gently stripped  
Her bird of every caudal feather;  
A strand of gold-bright hair she clipped,  
And bound the glossy plumes together,

And lo, the Fan! for beauty’s hand,  
The lovely queen of beauty made it;  
The price she named was hard to stand,  
But Venus smiled: the Hebrew paid it.

Jove, Juno, Venus, where are you?  
Mars, Mercury, Phœbus, Neptune,  
Saturn?

But o’er the world the Wandering Jew  
Has borne the Fan’s celestial pattern.

So everywhere we find the Fan, —  
In lonely isles of the Pacific,

In farthest China and Japan, —  
Wherever suns are sudoric.

Nay, even the oily Esquimaux  
In summer court its cooling breezes, —  
In fact, in every clime 't is so,  
No matter if it fries or freezes.

And since from Aphrodite's dove  
The pattern of the fan was given,  
No wonder that it breathes of love  
And wafts the perfumed gales of  
heaven !

Before this new Pandora's gift  
In slavery woman's tyrant kept her,  
But now he kneels her glove to lift, —  
The fan is mightier than the sceptre.

The tap it gives how arch and sly !  
The breath it wakes how fresh and  
grateful !  
Behind its shield how soft the sigh !  
The whispered tale of shame how fate-  
ful !

Its empire shadows every throne  
And every shore that man is tost on ;  
It rules the lords of every zone,  
Nay, even the bluest blood of Boston !

But every one that swings to-night,  
Of fairest shape, from farthest region,  
May trace its pedigree aright  
To Aphrodite's fan-tailed pigeon.

TO R. B. H.

AT THE DINNER TO THE PRESIDENT,  
BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1877.

How to address him? awkward, it is  
true :  
Call him "Great Father," as the Red  
Men do ?  
Borrow some title? this is not the place

That christens men Your Highness and  
Your Grace ;  
We tried such names as these awhile,  
you know,  
But left them off a century ago.

His Majesty? We've had enough of  
that :  
Besides, that needs a crown ; he wears  
a hat.  
What if, to make the nicer ears content,  
We say His Honesty, the President ?

Sir, we believed you honest, truthful,  
brave,  
When to your hands their precious trust  
we gave,  
And we have found you better than we  
knew,  
Braver, and not less honest, not less  
true !

So every heart has opened, every hand  
Tingles with welcome, and through all  
the land

All voices greet you in one broad acclaim,  
Healer of strife! Has earth a nobler  
name ?

What phrases mean you do not need to  
learn ;

We must be civil and they serve our  
turn :

"Your most obedient humble" means  
— means what ?

Something the well-bred signer just is  
not.

Yet there are tokens, sir, you must be-  
lieve ;

There is one language never can deceive :  
The lover knew it when the maiden  
smiled ;

The mother knows it when she clasps  
her child ;

Voices may falter, trembling lips turn  
pale,

Words grope and stumble; this will tell  
their tale

Shorn of all rhetoric, bare of all pretence,  
But radiant, warm, with Nature's elo-  
quence.

Look in our eyes! Your welcome waits  
you there,—

North, South, East, West, from all and  
everywhere!

“THE SHIP OF STATE.”

A SENTIMENT.

THE Ship of State! above her skies are  
blue,

But still she rocks a little, it is true,  
And there *are* passengers whose faces  
white

Show they don't feel as happy as they  
might;

Yet on the whole her crew are quite  
content,

Since its wild fury the typhoon has  
spent,

And willing, if her pilot thinks it best,  
To head a little nearer south by west.

And this they feel: the ship came too  
near wreck,

In the long quarrel for the quarter-  
deck,

Now when she glides serenely on her  
way,

— The shallows past where dread explo-  
sives lay, —

The stiff obstructive's churlish game to  
try:

Let sleeping dogs and still torpedoes  
lie!

And so I give you all the Ship of State;  
Freedom's last venture is her priceless  
freight;

God speed her, keep her, bless her, while  
she steers

Amid the breakers of unsounded years;

Lead her through danger's paths with  
even keel,  
And guide the honest hand that holds  
her wheel!

WOODSTOCK, CONN., July 4, 1877.

A FAMILY RECORD.

WOODSTOCK, CONN., JULY 4, 1877.

NOT to myself this breath of vesper  
song,

Not to these patient friends, this kindly  
throng,

Not to this hallowed morning, though  
it be

Our summer Christmas, Freedom's ju-  
bilee,

When every summit, topmast, steeple,  
tower,

That owns her empire spreads her starry  
flower,

Its blood-streaked leaves in heaven's  
benignant dew

Washed clean from every crimson stain  
they knew —

No, not to these the passing thrills be-  
long

That steal my breath to hush them-  
selves with song.

These moments all are memory's; I  
have come

To speak with lips that rather should  
be dumb;

For what are words? At every step I  
tread

The dust that wore the footprints of the  
dead

But for whose life my life had never  
known

This faded vesture which it calls its own.  
Here sleeps my father's sire, and they

who gave  
That earlier life here found their peace-  
ful grave.

In days gone by I sought the hallowed  
ground ;  
Climbed yon long slope ; the sacred spot  
I found  
Where all unsullied lies the winter snow,  
Where all ungathered Spring's pale vio-  
lets blow,  
And tracked from stone to stone the  
Saxon name  
That marks the blood I need not blush  
to claim,  
Blood such as warmed the Pilgrim sons  
of toil,  
Who held from God the charter of the  
soil.

I come an alien to your hills and  
plains,  
Yet feel your birthright tingling in my  
veins ;  
Mine are this changing prospect's sun  
and shade,  
In full-blown summer's bridal pomp  
arrayed ;  
Mine these fair hillsides and the vales  
between ;  
Mine the sweet streams that lend their  
brightening green ;  
I breathed your air — the sunlit land-  
scape smiled ;  
I touch your soil — it knows its chil-  
dren's child ;  
Throned in my heart your heritage is  
mine ;  
I claim it all by memory's right divine !  
Waking, I dream. Before my vacant  
eyes

In long procession shadowy forms arise ;  
Far through the vista of the silent years  
I see a venturous band ; the pioneers,  
Who let the sunlight through the for-  
est's gloom,  
Who bade the harvest wave, the garden  
bloom.  
Hark ! loud resounds the bare-armed  
settler's axe, —

See where the stealthy panther left his  
tracks !  
As fierce, as stealthy creeps the skulk-  
ing foe  
With stone-tipped shaft and sinew-  
corded bow ;  
Soon shall he vanish from his ancient  
reign,  
Leave his last cornfield to the coming  
train,  
Quit the green margin of the wave he  
drinks,  
For haunts that hide the wild-cat and  
the lynx.

But who the Youth his glistening axe  
that swings  
To smite the pine that shows a hundred  
rings ?  
His features ? — something in his look  
I find  
That calls the semblance of my race to  
mind.  
His name ? — my own ; and that which  
goes before  
The same that once the loved disciple  
bore.  
Young, brave, discreet, the father of a line  
Whose voiceless lives have found a voice  
in mine ;  
Thinned by unnumbered currents though  
they be,  
Thanks for the ruddy drops I claim from  
thee !

The seasons pass ; the roses come and  
go ;  
Snows fall and melt ; the waters freeze  
and flow ;  
The boys are men ; the girls, grown tall  
and fair,  
Have found their mates ; a gravestone  
here and there  
Tells where the fathers lie ; the silvered  
hair

Of some bent patriarch yet recalls the  
time  
That saw his feet the northern hillside  
climb,  
A pilgrim from the pilgrims far away,  
The godly men, the dwellers by the  
bay.  
On many a hearthstone burns the cheer-  
ful fire ;  
The schoolhouse porch, the heavenward  
pointing spire  
Proclaim in letters every eye can read,  
Knowledge and Faith, the new world's  
simple creed.  
Hush ! 't is the Sabbath's silence-  
stricken morn :

No feet must wander through the tas-  
selled corn ;  
No merry children laugh around the  
door,  
No idle playthings strew the sanded  
floor ;  
The law of Moses lays its awful ban  
On all that stirs ; here comes the tith-  
ing-man !  
At last the solemn hour of worship  
calls ;  
Slowly they gather in the sacred walls ;  
Man in his strength and age with  
knotted staff,  
And boyhood aching for its week-day  
laugh,  
The toil-worn mother with the child  
she leads,  
The maiden, lovely in her golden  
beads, —  
The popish symbols round her neck she  
wears,  
But on them counts her lovers, not her  
prayers, —  
Those youths in homespun suits and  
ribboned queues,  
Whose hearts are beating in the high-  
backed pews.  
The pastor rises ; looks along the seats

With searching eye ; each wonted face  
he meets ;  
Asks heavenly guidance ; finds the chap-  
ter's place  
That tells some tale of Israel's stubborn  
race ;  
Gives out the sacred song ; all voices  
join,  
For no *quartette* extorts their scanty  
coin ;  
Then while both hands their black-  
gloved palms display,  
Lifts his gray head, and murmurs " Let  
us pray !"  
And pray he does ! as one that never  
fears  
To plead unanswered by the God that  
hears ;  
What if he dwells on many a fact as  
though  
Some things Heaven knew not which it  
ought to know, —  
Thanks God for all His favors past, and  
yet,  
Tells Him there's something He must  
not forget ;  
Such are the prayers his people love to  
hear, —  
See how the Deacon slants his listening  
ear !  
What ! look once more ! Nay, surely  
there I trace  
The hinted outlines of a well-known  
face !  
Not those the lips for laughter to beguile,  
Yet round their corners lurks an embryo  
smile,  
The same on other lips my childhood  
knew  
That scarce the Sabbath's mastery could  
subdue.  
Him too my lineage gives me leave to  
claim, —  
The good, grave man that bears the  
Psalmist's name.

And still in ceaseless round the seasons passed ;  
 Spring piped her carol ; Autumn blew his blast ;  
 Babes waxed to manhood ; manhood shrunk to age ;  
 Life's worn-out players tottered off the stage ;  
 The few are many ; boys have grown to men  
 Since Putnam dragged the wolf from Pomfret's den ;  
 Our new-old Woodstock is a thriving town ;  
 Brave are her children ; faithful to the crown ;  
 Her soldiers' steel the savage redskin knows ;  
 Their blood has crimsoned his Canadian snows.  
 And now once more along the quiet vale  
 Rings the dread call that turns the mothers pale ;  
 Full well they know the valorous heat that runs  
 In every pulse-beat of their loyal sons ;  
 Who would not bleed in good King George's cause  
 When England's lion shows his teeth and claws ?  
 With glittering firelocks on the village green  
 In proud array a martial band is seen ;  
 You know what names those ancient rosters hold, —  
 Whose belts were buckled when the drum-beat rolled, —  
 But mark their Captain ! tell us, who is he ?  
 On his brown face that same old look I see !  
 Yes ! from the homestead's still retreat he came,  
 Whose peaceful owner bore the Psalmist's name ;

The same his own. Well, Israel's glorious king  
 Who struck the harp could also whirl the sling, —  
 Breathe in his song a penitential sigh  
 And smite the sons of Amalek hip and thigh :  
 These shared their task ; one deaconed out the psalm,  
 One slashed the scalping hell-hounds of Montcalm ;  
 The praying father's pious work is done,  
 Now sword in hand steps forth the fighting son.  
 On many a field he fought in wilds afar ;  
 See on his swarthy cheek the bullet's scar !  
 There hangs a murderous tomahawk ; beneath,  
 Without its blade, a knife's embroidered sheath ;  
 Save for the stroke his trusty weapon dealt  
 His scalp had dangled at their owner's belt ;  
 But not for him such fate ; he lived to see  
 The bloodier strife that made our nation free,  
 To serve with willing toil, with skilful hand,  
 The war-worn saviors of the bleeding land.  
 His wasting life to others' needs he gave, —  
 Sought rest in home and found it in the grave.  
 See where the stones life's brief memorials keep,  
 The tablet telling where he "fell on sleep," —  
 Watched by a winged cherub's rayless eye, —  
 A scroll above that says we all must die, —

Those saddening lines beneath, the  
 "Night-Thoughts" lent:  
 So stands the Soldier's, Surgeon's monu-  
 ment.  
 Ah! at a glance my filial eye divines  
 The scholar son in those remembered  
 lines.

The Scholar Son. His hand my foot-  
 steps led.  
 No more the dim unreal past I tread.  
 O thou whose breathing form was once  
 so dear,  
 Whose cheering voice was music to my  
 ear,  
 Art thou not with me as my feet pursue  
 The village paths so well thy boyhood  
 knew,  
 Along the tangled margin of the stream  
 Whose murmurs blended with thine in-  
 fant dream,  
 Or climb the hill, or thread the wooded  
 vale,  
 Or seek the wave where gleams yon dis-  
 tant sail,  
 Or the old homestead's narrowed bounds  
 explore,  
 Where sloped the roof that sheds the  
 rains no more,  
 Where one last relic still remains to tell  
 Here stood thy home, — the memory-  
 haunted well,  
 Whose waters quench a deeper thirst  
 than thine,  
 Changed at my lips to sacramental  
 wine, —

Art thou not with me, as I fondly trace  
 The scanty records of thine honored  
 race,  
 Call up the forms that earlier years have  
 known,  
 And spell the legend of each slanted  
 stone?  
 With thoughts of thee my loving  
 verse began,  
 Not for the critic's curious eye to scan,  
 Not for the many listeners, but the  
 few  
 Whose fathers trod the paths my fathers  
 knew;  
 Still in my heart thy loved remembrance  
 burns;  
 Still to my lips thy cherished name re-  
 turns;  
 Could I but feel thy gracious presence  
 near  
 Amid the groves that once to thee were  
 dear!  
 Could but my trembling lips with mor-  
 tal speech  
 Thy listening ear for one brief moment  
 reach!  
 How vain the dream! The pallid voy-  
 ager's track  
 No sign betrays; he sends no message  
 back.  
 No word from thee since evening's  
 shadow fell  
 On thy cold forehead with my long  
 farewell, —  
 Now from the margin of the silent sea,  
 Take my last offering ere I cross to thee!

## FIRST VERSES.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS., 1824 OR 1825.

### TRANSLATION FROM THE ÆNEID,—Book I.

THE god looked out upon the troubled deep  
Waked into tumult from its placid sleep ;  
The flame of anger kindles in his eye  
As the wild waves ascend the lowering sky ;  
He lifts his head above their awful height  
And to the distant fleet directs his sight,  
Now borne aloft upon the billow's crest,  
Struck by the bolt or by the winds oppressed,  
And well he knew that Juno's vengeful ire  
Frowned from those clouds and sparkled in that fire.  
On rapid pinions as they whistled by  
He calls swift Zephyrus and Eurus nigh :  
Is this your glory in a noble line  
To leave your confines and to ravage mine ?  
Whom I — but let these troubled waves subside —  
Another tempest and I'll quell your pride !  
Go — bear our message to your master's ear,  
That wide as ocean I am despot here ;  
Let him sit monarch in his barren caves,  
I wield the trident and control the waves !

He said, and as the gathered vapors break  
The swelling ocean seemed a peaceful lake ;  
To lift their ships the graceful nymphs essayed  
And the strong trident lent its powerful aid ;  
The dangerous banks are sunk beneath the main,  
And the light chariot skims the unruffled plain.  
As when sedition fires the public mind,  
And maddening fury leads the rabble blind,  
The blazing torch lights up the dread alarm,  
Rage points the steel and fury nerves the arm,  
Then, if some reverend sage appear in sight,  
They stand — they gaze, and check their headlong flight, —  
He turns the current of each wandering breast  
And hushes every passion into rest, —  
Thus by the power of his imperial arm  
The boiling ocean trembled into calm ;  
With flowing reins the father sped his way  
And smiled serene upon rekindled day.



# THE IRON GATE,

## AND OTHER POEMS.

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### THE IRON GATE.

READ AT THE BREAKFAST GIVEN IN  
HONOR OF DR. HOLMES'S SEVENTIETH  
BIRTHDAY BY THE PUBLISHERS OF  
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, BOSTON,  
DECEMBER 3, 1879.

WHERE is this patriarch you are kindly  
greeting?

Not unfamiliar to my ear his name,  
Nor yet unknown to many a joyous  
meeting

In days long vanished,—is he still  
the same,

Or changed by years, forgotten and for-  
getting,

Dull-eared, dim-sighted, slow of  
speech and thought,  
Still o'er the sad, degenerate present  
fretting,

Where all goes wrong, and nothing  
as it ought?

Old age, the graybeard! Well, indeed,  
I know him,—

Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and  
ills the prey;  
In sermon, story, fable, picture, poem,  
Oft have I met him from my earliest  
day:

In my old Æsop, toiling with his bun-  
dle,—  
His load of sticks,—politely asking  
Death

Who comes when called for,—would  
he lug or trundle  
His fagot for him?—he was scant of  
breath.

And sad "Ecclesiastes, or the Preach-  
er,"—

Has he not stamped the image on my  
soul,  
In that last chapter, where the worn-  
out Teacher

Sighs o'er the loosened cord, the  
broken bowl?

Yes, long, indeed, I've known him at a  
distance,

And now my lifted door-latch shows  
him here;  
I take his shrivelled hand without re-  
sistance,

And find him smiling as his step draws  
near.

What though of gilded baubles he be-  
reaves us,

Dear to the heart of youth, to man-  
hood's prime;  
Think of the calm he brings, the wealth  
he leaves us,  
The hoarded spoils, the legacies of  
time!

Altars once flaming, still with incense  
fragrant,  
Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked  
asleep,

Hope's anchor faster, wild desire less  
vagrant,  
Life's flow less noisy, but the stream  
how deep!

Still as the silver cord gets worn and  
slender,  
Its lightened task-work tug swith les-  
sening strain,  
Hands get more helpful, voices, grown  
more tender,  
Soothe with their softened tones the  
slumberous brain.

Youth longs and manhood strives, but  
age remembers,  
Sits by the raked-up ashes of the  
past,  
Spreads its thin hands above the whiten-  
ing embers  
That warm its creeping life-blood till  
the last.

Dear to its heart is every loving token  
That comes unbidden ere its pulse  
grows cold,  
Ere the last lingering ties of life are  
broken,  
Its labors ended and its story told.

Ah, while around us rosy youth re-  
joices,  
For us the sorrow-laden breezes  
sigh,  
And through the chorus of its jocund  
voices  
Throbs the sharp note of misery's  
hopeless cry.

As on the gauzy wings of fancy fly-  
ing  
From some far orb I track our watery  
sphere,  
Home of the struggling, suffering,  
doubting, dying,  
The silvered globule seems a glisten-  
ing tear.

But Nature lends her mirror of illusion  
To win from saddening scenes our  
age-dimmed eyes,  
And misty day-dreams blend in sweet  
confusion  
The wintry landscape and the sum-  
mer skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind  
us,  
And life forgets us in its noise and  
whirl,  
Visions that shunned the glaring noon-  
day find us,  
And glimmering starlight shows the  
gates of pearl.

— I come not here your morning hour  
to sadden,  
A limping pilgrim, leaning on his  
staff, —  
I, who have never deemed it sin to  
gladden  
This vale of sorrows with a whole-  
some laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has  
brightened,  
Through my dumb lips the heaven-  
sent message came;  
If hand of mine another's task has light-  
ened,  
It felt the guidance that it dares not  
claim.

But, O my gentle sisters, O my brothers,  
These thick-sown snow-flakes hint of  
toil's release;  
These feebler pulses bid me leave to  
others  
The tasks once welcome; evening  
asks for peace.

Time claims his tribute; silence now is  
golden;  
Let me not vex the too long suffering  
lyre;

Though to your love untiring still be-  
holden,  
The curfew tells me — cover up the  
fire.

And now with grateful smile and ac-  
cents cheerful,  
And warmer heart than look or word  
can tell,  
In simplest phrase — these traitorous  
eyes are tearful —  
Thanks, Brothers, Sisters — Children  
— and farewell!

VESTIGIA QUINQUE RETROR-  
SUM.

AN ACADEMIC POEM.<sup>1</sup>

1829-1879.

WHILE fond, sad memories all around  
us throng  
Silence were sweeter than the sweetest  
song;  
Yet when the leaves are green and  
heaven is blue,  
The choral tribute of the grove is due,  
And when the lengthening nights have  
chilled the skies,  
We fain would hear the song-bird ere  
he flies,  
And greet with kindly welcome, even  
as now,  
The lonely minstrel on his leafless bough.

This is our golden year, — its golden  
day;  
Its bridal memories soon must pass  
away,  
Soon shall its dying music cease to ring  
And every year must lose some silver  
string,  
'Till the last trembling chords no longer  
thrill, —  
Hands all at rest and hearts forever still.

<sup>1</sup> Read at the Commencement Dinner of the  
Alumni of Harvard University, June 25, 1879.

A few gray heads have joined the  
forming line;  
We hear our summons, — "Class of  
'twenty-nine!"  
Close on the foremost, and, Alas, how  
few!  
Are these "The Boys" our dear old  
Mother knew?  
Sixty brave swimmers. Twenty —  
something more —  
Have passed the stream and reached  
this frosty shore!

How near the banks these fifty years  
divide  
When memory crosses with a single  
stride!  
'Tis the first year of stern "Old Hick-  
ory" 's rule  
When our good Mother lets us out of  
school,  
Half glad, half sorrowing, it must be  
confessed,  
To leave her quiet lap, her bounteous  
breast,  
Armed with our dainty, ribbon-tied de-  
grees,  
Pleased and yet pensive, exiles and  
A. B.'s.

Look back, O comrades, with your  
faded eyes,  
And see the phantoms as I bid them  
rise.  
Whose smile is that? Its pattern Na-  
ture gave,  
A sunbeam dancing in a dimpled wave;  
KIRKLAND alone such grace from  
Heaven could win,  
His features radiant as the soul with-  
in;  
That smile would let him through Saint  
Peter's gate  
While sad-eyed martyrs had to stand  
and wait.  
Here flits mercurial *Farrar*; standing  
there,

See mild, benignant, cautious, learned  
*Ware,*  
 And sturdy, patient, faithful, honest  
*Hedge,*  
 Whose grinding logic gave our wits their  
 edge ;  
*Ticknor,* with honeyed voice and courtly  
 grace ;  
 And *Willard* larynxed like a double  
 bass ;  
 And *Channing* with his bland, superior  
 look,  
 Cool as a moonbeam on a frozen brook,  
 While the pale student, shivering in his  
 shoes,  
 Sees from his theme the turgid rhetoric  
 ooze ;  
 And the born soldier, fate decreed to  
 wreak  
 His martial manhood on a class in  
 Greek,  
*Popkin!* How that explosive name re-  
 calls  
 The grand old Busby of our ancient  
 halls !  
 Such faces looked from Skippon's grim  
 platoons,  
 Such figures rode with Ireton's stout  
 dragoons ;  
 He gave his strength to learning's gen-  
 tle charms,  
 But every accent sounded "Shoulder  
 arms!"

Names, — empty names! Save only  
 here and there  
 Some white-haired listener, dozing in  
 his chair,  
 Starts at the sound he often used to  
 hear,  
 And upward slants his Sunday-sermon  
 ear.

And we — our blooming manhood we  
 regain ;  
 Smiling we join the long Commence-  
 ment train,

One point first battled in discussion  
 hot, —  
*Shall we wear gowns?* and settled: *We*  
*will not.*  
 How strange the scene, — that noisy  
 boy-debate  
 Where embryo-speakers learn to rule  
 the State !  
 This broad-browed youth,<sup>1</sup> sedate and  
 sober-eyed,  
 Shall wear the ermined robe at Taney's  
 side ;  
 And he, the stripling,<sup>2</sup> smooth of face  
 and slight,  
 Whose slender form scarce intercepts  
 the light,  
 Shall rule the Bench where Parsons  
 gave the law,  
 And sphynx-like sat uncouth, majestic  
 Shaw !  
 Ah, many a star has shed its fatal ray  
 On names we loved — our brothers —  
 where are they ?  
 Nor these alone; our hearts in silence  
 claim  
 Names not less dear, unsyllabled by  
 fame.

How brief the space! and yet it sweeps  
 us back  
 Far, far along our new-born history's  
 track !  
 Five strides like this; — the Sachem  
 rules the land ;  
 The Indian wigwams cluster where we  
 stand.

The second. — Lo! a scene of deadly  
 strife —  
 A nation struggling into infant life ;  
 Not yet the fatal game at Yorktown  
 won  
 Where falling Empire fired its sunset  
 gun.

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Robbins Curtis.

<sup>2</sup> George Tyler Bigelow.

LANGDON sits restless in the ancient  
 chair, —  
 Harvard's grave Head, — these echoes  
 heard his prayer  
 When from yon mansion, dear to mem-  
 ory still,  
 The banded yeomen marched for Bun-  
 ker's Hill.  
 Count on the grave triennial's thick-  
 starred roll  
 What names were numbered on the  
 lengthening scroll —  
 Not unfamiliar in our ears they ring —  
 Winthrop, Hale, Eliot, Everett, Dexter,  
 Tyng.

Another stride. Once more at 'twenty-  
 nine, —  
 GOD SAVE KING GEORGE, the Second  
 of his line!  
 And is *Sir Isaac* living? Nay, not  
 so, —  
 He followed *Flamsteed* two short years  
 ago, —  
 And what about the little hump-backed  
 man  
 Who pleased the bygone days of good  
 Queen Anne?  
 What, *Pope*? another book he's just  
 put out —  
 "The *Dunciad*" — witty, but profane,  
 no doubt.  
 Where's *Cotton Mather*? he was always  
 here. —  
 And so he would be, but he died last  
 year.  
 Who is this preacher our Northampton  
 claims,  
 Whose rhetoric blazes with sulphureous  
 flames  
 And torches stolen from Tartarean  
 mines?  
*Edwards*, the salamander of divines.  
 A deep, strong nature, pure and unde-  
 filed;  
 Faith, firm as his who stabbed his sleep-  
 ing child;

Alas for him who blindly strays apart  
 And seeking God has lost his human  
 heart!  
 Fall where they might, no flying cinders  
 caught  
 These sober halls where WADSWORTH  
 ruled and taught.

One footstep more; the fourth reced-  
 ing stride  
 Leaves the round century on the nearer  
 side.  
 GOD SAVE KING CHARLES! God  
 knows that pleasant knave  
 His grace will find it hard enough to  
 save.

Ten years and more, and now the  
 Plague, the Fire,  
 Talk of all tongues, at last begin to  
 tire;

One fear prevails, all other frights for-  
 got, —  
 White lips are whispering, — hark!  
*The popish Plot!*

Happy New England, from such trou-  
 bles free  
 In health and peace beyond the stormy  
 sea!

No Romish daggers threat her chil-  
 dren's throats,  
 No gibbering nightmare mutters "*Titus  
 Oates*;"

Philip is slain, the Quaker graves are  
 green,  
 Not yet the witch has entered on the  
 scene;

Happy our Harvard; pleased her grad-  
 uates four;  
 URIAN OAKES the name their parch-  
 ments bore.

Two centuries past, our hurried feet  
 arrive  
 At the last footprint of the scanty five;  
 Take the fifth stride; our wandering  
 eyes explore  
 A tangled forest on a trackless shore;

Here, where we stand, the savage sorcerer howls,  
 The wild cat snarls, the stealthy gray wolf prowls,  
 The slouching bear, perchance the trampling moose  
 Starts the brown squaw and scares her red pappoose ;  
 At every step the lurking foe is near ;  
 His Demons reign ; God has no temple here !

Lift up your eyes ! behold these pictured walls ;  
 Look where the flood of western glory falls  
 Through the great sunflower disk of blazing panes  
 In ruby, saffron, azure, emerald stains ;  
 With reverent step the marble pavement tread  
 Where our proud Mother's martyr-roll is read ;  
 See the great halls that cluster, gathering round  
 This lofty shrine with holiest memories crowned ;  
 See the fair Matron in her summer bower ;  
 Fresh as a rose in bright perennial flower ;  
 Read on her standard, always in the van,  
 "TRUTH," — the one word that makes a slave a man ;  
 Think whose the hands that fed her altar-fires,  
 Then count the debt we owe our scholar-sires !

Brothers, farewell ! the fast declining ray  
 Fades to the twilight of our golden day ;  
 Some lesson yet our wearied brains may learn,  
 Some leaves, perhaps, in life's thin volume turn.

How few they seem as in our waning age  
 We count them backwards to the title-page !  
 Oh let us trust with holy men of old  
 Not all the story here begun is told ;  
 So the tired spirit, waiting to be freed,  
 On life's last leaf with tranquil eye shall read  
 By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed,  
 Not *Finis*, but *The End of Volume First !*

### MY AVIARY.

THROUGH my north window, in the wintry weather, —  
 My airy oriel on the river shore, —  
 I watch the sea-fowl as they flock together  
 Where late the boatman flashed his dripping oar.

The gull, high floating, like a sloop unladen,  
 Lets the loose water waft him as it will ;  
 The duck, round-breasted as a rustic maiden,  
 Paddles and plunges, busy, busy still.

I see the solemn gulls in council sitting  
 On some broad ice-floe, pondering long and late,  
 While overhead the home-bound ducks are flitting,  
 And leave the tardy conclave in debate,

Those weighty questions in their breasts revolving  
 Whose deeper meaning science never learns,

Till at some reverend elder's look dis-  
solving,  
The speechless senate silently ad-  
journs.

But when along the waves the shrill  
north-easter

Shrieks through the laboring coaster's  
shrouds "Beware!"

The pale bird, kindling like a Christmas  
feaster

When some wild chorus shakes the  
vinous air,

Flaps from the leaden wave in fierce re-  
joicing,

Feels heaven's dumb lightning thrill  
his torpid nerves,

Now on the blast his whistling plumage  
poising,

Now wheeling, whirling in fantastic  
curves.

Such is our gull; a gentleman of leisure,  
Less fleshed than feathered; bagged  
you'll find him such;

His virtue silence; his employment  
pleasure;

Not bad to look at, and not good for  
much.

What of our duck? He has some high-  
bred consins, —

His Grace the Canvas-back, My Lord  
the Brant, —

*Anas* and *Anser*, — both served up by  
dozens,

At Boston's *Rocher*, half-way to Na-  
hant.

As for himself, he seems alert and thriv-  
ing, —

Grubs up a living somehow — what,  
who knows!

Crabs? mussels? weeds? — Look quick!  
there's one just diving!

Flop! Splash! his white breast glist-  
ens — down he goes!

And while he's under — just about a  
minute —

I take advantage of the fact to  
say

His fishy carcass has no virtue in it

The gunning idiot's worthless hire to  
pay.

He knows you! "sportsmen" from  
suburban alleys,

Stretched under seaweed in the treach-  
erous punt;

Knows every lazy, shiftless lout that  
sallies

Forth to waste powder — as *he* says,  
to "hunt."

I watch you with a patient satisfac-  
tion,

Well pleased to discount your pre-  
destined luck;

The float that figures in your sly trans-  
action

Will carry back a goose, but not a  
duck.

Shrewd is our bird; not easy to outwit  
him!

Sharp is the outlook of those pin-head  
eyes;

Still, he is mortal and a shot may hit  
him,

One cannot always miss him if he  
tries.

Look! there's a young one, dreaming  
not of danger;

Sees a flat log come floating down  
the stream;

Stares undismayed upon the harmless  
stranger;

Ah! were all strangers harmless as  
they seem!

*Habet!* a leaden shower his breast has  
shattered;

Vainly he flutters, not again to  
rise;

His soft white plumes along the waves  
are scattered ;  
Helpless the wing that braved the  
tempest lies.

He sees his comrades high above him  
flying  
To seek their nests among the island  
reeds ;  
Strong is their flight ; all lonely he is  
lying  
Washed by the crimsoned water as  
he bleeds.

O Thou who carest for the falling spar-  
row,  
Canst Thou the sinless sufferer's pang  
forget ?  
Or is Thy dread account-book's page so  
narrow  
Its one long column scores Thy crea-  
tures' debt ?

Poor gentle guest, by nature kindly  
cherished,  
A world grows dark with thee in  
blinding death ;  
One little gasp — thy universe has per-  
ished,  
Wrecked by the idle thief who stole  
thy breath !

Is this the whole sad story of creation,  
Lived by its breathing myriads o'er  
and o'er, —  
One glimpse of day, then black annihila-  
tion, —  
A sunlit passage to a sunless shore ?

Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving  
lynxes !  
Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring  
creeds !  
Happier was dreaming Egypt with her  
sphinxes,  
The stony convent with its cross and  
beads !

How often gazing where a bird reposes,  
Rocked on the wavelets, drifting with  
the tide,  
I lose myself in strange metempsychosis  
And float a sea-fowl at a sea-fowl's  
side.

From rain, hail, snow in feathery man-  
tle muffled,  
Clear-eyed, strong-limbed, with keen-  
est sense to hear  
My mate soft murmuring, who, with  
plumes unruffled,  
Where'er I wander still is nestling  
near ;

The great blue hollow like a garment  
o'er me ;  
Space all unmeasured, unrecorded  
time ;  
While seen with inward eye moves on  
before me  
Thought's pictured train in wordless  
pantomime.

— A voice recalls me. — From my win-  
dow turning  
I find myself a plumeless biped still ;  
No beak, no claws, no sign of wings  
discerning, —  
In fact with nothing bird-like but my  
quill.

### ON THE THRESHOLD.

INTRODUCTION TO A COLLECTION OF  
POEMS BY DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

AN usher standing at the door  
I show my white rosette ;  
A smile of welcome, nothing more,  
Will pay my trifling debt ;  
Why should I bid you idly wait  
Like lovers at the swinging gate ?

Can I forget the wedding guest ?  
The veteran of the sea ?



In vain the listener smites his breast, —  
 "There was a ship," cries he!  
 Poor fasting victim, stunned and pale  
 He needs must listen to the tale.

He sees the gilded throng within,  
 The sparkling goblets gleam,  
 The music and the merry din  
 Through every window stream,  
 But there he shivers in the cold  
 Till all the crazy dream is told.

Not mine the graybeard's glittering eye  
 That held his captive still  
 To hold my silent prisoners by  
 And let me have my will;  
 Nay, I were like the three-years' child,  
 To think you could be so beguiled!

My verse is but the curtain's fold  
 That hides the painted scene,  
 The mist by morning's ray unrolled  
 That veils the meadow's green,  
 The cloud that needs must drift away  
 To show the rose of opening day.

See, from the tinkling rill you hear  
 In hollowed palm I bring  
 These scanty drops, but ah, how near  
 The founts that heavenward spring!  
 Thus, open wide the gates are thrown  
 And founts and flowers are all your  
 own!

### TO GEORGE PEABODY.

DANVERS, 1866.

BANKRUPT! our pockets inside out!  
 Empty of words to speak his praises!  
 Worcester and Webster up the spout!  
 Dead broke of laudatory phrases!  
 Yet why with flowery speeches tease,  
 With vain superlatives distress him?  
 Has language better words than these?  
 THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD  
 BLESS HIM!

A simple prayer — but words more  
 sweet

By human lips were never uttered,  
 Since Adam left the country seat  
 Where angel wings around him flut-  
 tered.

The old look on with tear-dimmed eyes,  
 The children cluster to caress him,  
 And every voice unbidden cries  
 THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD  
 BLESS HIM!

### AT THE PAPYRUS CLUB.

A LOVELY show for eyes to see  
 I looked upon this morning —  
 A bright-hued, feathered company  
 Of nature's own adorning;  
 But ah! those minstrels would not sing  
 A listening ear while I lent —  
 The lark sat still and preened his  
 wing —  
 The nightingale was silent;  
 I longed for what they gave me not —  
 Their warblings sweet and fluty,  
 But grateful still for all I got  
 I thanked them for their beauty.

A fairer vision meets my view  
 Of Claras, Margarets, Marys,  
 In silken robes of varied hue,  
 Like bluebirds and canaries —  
 The roses blush, the jewels gleam,  
 The silks and satins glisten,  
 The black eyes flash, the blue eyes  
 beam,

We look — and then we listen:  
 Behold the flock we cage to-night —  
 Was ever such a capture?  
 To see them is a pure delight —  
 To hear them — ah! what rapture!

Methinks I hear Delilah's laugh  
 At Samson bound in fetters; —  
 "We captured!" shrieks each lovelier  
 half,  
 "Men think themselves *our* betters!

We push the bolt, we turn the key  
 On warriors, poets, sages,  
 Too happy, all of them, to be  
 Locked in our golden cages ! ”

Beware ! the boy with bandaged eyes  
 Has flung away his blinder ;  
 He 's lost his mother — so he cries —  
 And here he knows he 'll find her :  
 The rogue ! 't is but a new device —  
 Look out for flying arrows  
 When'er the birds of Paradise  
 Are perched amid the sparrows !

### FOR WHITTIER'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

DECEMBER 17, 1877.

I BELIEVE that the copies of verses I've  
 spun,  
 Like Scheherazade's tales, are a thou-  
 sand and one, —  
 You remember the story, — those morn-  
 ings in bed, —  
 'T was the turn of a copper, — a tale or  
 a head.

A doom like Scheherazade's falls upon  
 me  
 In a mandate as stern as the Sultan's  
 decree :  
 I'm a florist in verse, and what *would*  
 people say  
 If I came to a banquet without my bou-  
 quet ?

It is trying, no doubt, when the com-  
 pany knows  
 Just the look and the smell of each lily  
 and rose,  
 The green of each leaf in the sprigs that  
 I bring,  
 And the shape of the bunch and the  
 knot of the string.

Yes, — “ the style is the man,” and the  
 nib of one's pen  
 Makes the same mark at twenty, and  
 three-score and ten ;  
 It is so in all matters, if truth may be  
 told ;  
 Let one look at the cast he can tell you  
 the mould.

How we all know each other ! no use in  
 disguise ;  
 Through the holes in the mask comes  
 the flash of the eyes ;  
 We can tell by his — somewhat — each  
 one of our tribe,  
 As we know the old hat which we can-  
 not describe.

Though in Hebrew, in Sanscrit, in  
 Choctaw you write,  
 Sweet singer who gave us the Voices of  
 Night,  
 Though in buskin or slipper your song  
 may be shod,  
 Or the velvety versethat Evangeline trod,

We shall say “ You can't cheat us, —  
 we know it is you,”  
 There is one voice like that, but there  
 cannot be two,  
*Maestro*, whose chant like the dulcimer  
 rings :  
 And the woods will be hushed while the  
 nightingale sings.

And he, so serene, so majestic, so true,  
 Whose temple hypæthral the planets  
 shine through,  
 Let us catch but five words from that  
 mystical pen,  
 We should know our one sage from all  
 children of men.

And he whose bright image no distance  
 can dim,  
 Through a hundred disguises we can't  
 mistake him,

Whose play is all earnest, whose wit is  
the edge

(With a beetle behind) of a sham-split-  
ting wedge.

Do you know whom we send you, Hidal-  
gos of Spain?

Do you know your old friends when you  
see them again?

Hosea was Sancho! you Dons of Ma-  
drid,

But Sancho that wielded the lance of  
the Cid!

And the wood-thrush of Essex, — you  
know whom I mean,

Whose song echoes round us while he  
sits unseen,

Whose heart-throbs of verse through  
our memories thrill

Like a breath from the wood, like a  
breeze from the hill,

So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure,  
We hear but one strain and our verdict  
is sure, —

Thee cannot elude us, — no further we  
search, —

'T is Holy George Herbert cut loose  
from his church!

We think it the voice of a seraph that  
sings, —

Alas! we remember that angels have  
wings, —

What story is this of the day of his  
birth?

Let him live to a hundred! we want  
him on earth!

One life has been paid him (in gold) by  
the sun;

One account has been squared and an-  
other begun;

But he never will die if he lingers below  
Till we've paid him in love half the  
balance we owe!

TWO SONNETS: HARVARD.<sup>1</sup>

"CHRISTO ET ECCLESIAE." 1700.

TO GOD'S ANOINTED AND HIS CHOSEN  
FLOCK:

So ran the phrase the black-robed  
conclave chose

To guard the sacred cloisters that  
arose

Like David's altar on Moriah's rock.  
Unshaken still those ancient arches  
mock

The ram's horn summons of the windy  
focs

Who stand like Joshua's army while  
it blows

And wait to see them toppling with the  
shock.

Christ and the Church. *Their church,*  
whose narrow door

Shut out the many, who if over bold  
Like hunted wolves were driven from  
the fold,

Bruised with the flails those godly zeal-  
ots bore,

Mindful that Israel's altar stood of old  
Where echoed once Araunah's thresh-  
ing-floor.

1643. "VERITAS." 1873.

TRUTH: So the frontlet's older legend  
ran,

On the brief record's opening page  
displayed;

Not yet those clear-eyed scholars were  
afraid

Lest the fair fruit that wrought the woe  
of man

By far Euphrates, — where our sire  
began

His search for truth, and seeking, was  
betrayed, —

Might work new treason in their  
forest shade,

<sup>1</sup> At the meeting of the New York Harvard  
Club, February 21, 1873.

Doubling the curse that brought life's  
shortened span.

Nurse of the future, daughter of the  
past,

That stern phylactery best becomes  
thee now :

Lift to the morning star thy marble  
brow !

Cast thy brave truth on every warring  
blast !

Stretch thy white hand to that forbid-  
den bough,

And let thine earliest symbol be thy  
last !

### THE LAST SURVIVOR.<sup>1</sup>

YES! the vacant chairs tell sadly we  
are going, going fast,

And the thought comes strangely o'er  
me who will live to be the last ?

When the twentieth century's sunbeams  
climb the far-off eastern hill

With his ninety winters burdened will  
he greet the morning still ?

Will he stand with Harvard's nurslings  
when they hear their mother's  
call

And the old and young are gathered in  
the many alcoved hall ?

Will he answer to the summons when  
they range themselves in line

And the young mustachioed marshal  
calls out " Class of 29 " ?

Methinks I see the column as its length-  
ened ranks appear

In the sunshine of the morrow of the  
nineteen hundredth year ;

Through the yard 't is creeping, wind-  
ing, by the walls of dusky red —

What shape is that which totters at the  
long procession's head ?

<sup>1</sup> Annual meeting of the Class of 1829, Jan-  
uary 10, 1878.

Who knows this ancient graduate of  
fourscore years and ten, —

What place he held, what name he bore  
among the sons of men ?

So speeds the curious question ; its an-  
swer travels slow ;

" 'T is the last of sixty classmates of  
seventy years ago."

His figure shows but dimly, his face I  
scarce can see, —

There 's something that reminds me, —  
it looks like — is it he ?

*He? Who?* No voice may whisper  
what wrinkled brow shall claim

The wreath of stars that circles our last  
survivor's name.

Will he be some veteran minstrel, left  
to pipe in feeble rhyme

All the stories and the glories of our  
gay and golden time ?

Or some quiet, voiceless brother in whose  
lonely loving breast

Fond memory broods in silence, like a  
dove upon her nest ?

Will it be some old *Emeritus*, who taught  
so long ago

The boys that heard him lecture have  
heads as white as snow ?

Or a pious, painful preacher, holding  
forth from year to year

Till his colleague got a colleague whom  
the young folks flocked to hear ?

Will it be a rich old merchant in a  
square-tied white cravat,

Or select-man of a village in a pre-his-  
toric hat ?

Will his dwelling be a mansion in a  
marble-fronted row,

Or a homestead by a hillside where the  
huckleberries grow ?

I can see our one survivor, sitting lonely  
by himself, —

All his college text-books round him,  
 ranged in order on their shelf ;  
 There are classic "interliners" filled  
 with learning's choicest pith,  
 Each *cum notis variorum, quas recensuit*  
*doctus* Smith ;

Physics, metaphysics, logic, mathemat-  
 ics — all the lot —

Every wisdom-crammed octavo he has  
 mastered and forgot,  
 With the ghosts of dead Professors  
 standing guard beside them all ;  
 And the room is full of shadows which  
 their lettered backs recall.

How the past spreads out in vision with  
 its far receding train,  
 Like a long embroidered arras in the  
 chambers of the brain,  
 From opening manhood's morning when  
 first we learned to grieve  
 To the fond regretful moments of our  
 sorrow saddened eve !

What early shadows darkened our idle  
 summer's joy  
 When death snatched roughly from us  
 that lovely bright-eyed boy !<sup>1</sup>  
 The years move swiftly onwards ; the  
 deadly shafts fall fast, —  
 Till all have dropped around him — lo,  
 there he stands, — the last !

Their faces flit before him, some rosy-  
 hued and fair,  
 Some strong in iron manhood, some  
 worn with toil and care,  
 Their smiles no more shall greet him on  
 cheeks with pleasure flushed !  
 The friendly hands are folded, the pleas-  
 ant voices hushed !

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> William Sturgis.

My picture sets me dreaming ; alas !  
 and can it be

Those two familiar faces we never more  
 may see ?

In every entering footfall I think them  
 drawing near,

With every door that opens I say, " At  
 last they're here ! "

The willow bends unbroken when an-  
 gry tempests blow,

The stately oak is levelled and all its  
 strength laid low ;

So fell that tower of manhood, un-  
 daunted, patient, strong,

White with the gathering snow-flakes,  
 who faced the storm so long.<sup>2</sup>

And he,<sup>3</sup> — what subtle phrases their  
 varying light must blend

To paint as each remembers our many-  
 featured friend !

His wit a flash auroral that laughed in  
 every look,

His talk a sunbeam broken on the rip-  
 ples of a brook,

Or, fed from thousand sources, a foun-  
 tain's glittering jet,

Or careless handfuls scattered of dia-  
 mond sparks unset,

Ah, sketch him, paint him, mould him  
 in every shape you will,

He was *himself* — the only — the one  
 unpictured still !

Farewell ! our skies are darkened and  
 yet the stars will shine,

We 'll close our ranks together and still  
 fall into line

Till one is left, one only, to mourn for  
 all the rest ;

And Heaven bequeath their memories  
 to him who loves us best !

<sup>2</sup> Francis B. Crowninshield.

<sup>3</sup> George T. Davis.

### THE ARCHBISHOP AND GIL BLAS.<sup>1</sup>

A MODERNIZED VERSION.

I DON'T think I feel much older; I'm  
aware I'm rather gray,  
But so are many young folks; I meet  
'em every day.  
I confess I'm more particular in what  
I eat and drink,  
But one's taste improves with culture;  
that is all it means, I think.

*Can you read as once you used to?*  
Well, the printing is so bad,

No young folks' eyes can read it like the  
books that once we had.

*Are you quite as quick of hearing?* Please  
to say that once again.

*Don't I use plain words, your Reverence?*  
Yes, I often use a cane,

But it's not because I need it, — no,  
I always liked a stick;

And as one might lean upon it, 't is as  
well it should be thick.

Oh, I'm smart, I'm spry, I'm lively, —  
I can walk, yes, that I can,

On the days I feel like walking, just as  
well as you, young man!

*Don't you get a little sleepy after dinner  
every day?*

Well, I doze a little, sometimes, but that  
always was my way.

*Don't you cry a little easier than some  
twenty years ago?*

Well, my heart is very tender, but I  
think 't was always so.

*Don't you find it sometimes happens that  
you can't recall a name?*

Yes, — I know such lots of people, —  
but my memory's not to blame.

<sup>1</sup> Annual Meeting of the Class of 1829, Jan-  
uary 6, 1879.

What! You think my memory's fail-  
ing! Why, it's just as bright  
and clear, —

I remember my great-grandma! She's  
been dead these sixty year!

*Is your voice a little trembly?* Well, it  
may be, now and then,

But I write as well as ever with a good  
old-fashioned pen;

It's the Gillotts make the trouble, —  
not at all my finger-ends, —

That is why my hand looks shaky when  
I sign for dividends.

*Don't you stoop a little, walking?* It's  
a way I've always had,

I have always been round-shouldered  
ever since I was a lad.

*Don't you hate to tie your shoe-strings?*  
Yes, I own it — that is true.

*Don't you tell old stories over?* I am not  
aware I do.

*Don't you stay at home of evenings?*  
*Don't you love a cushioned seat*

*In a corner, by the fireside, with your slip-  
pers on your feet?*

*Don't you wear warm fleecy flannels?*  
*Don't you muffle up your throat?*

*Don't you like to have one help you when  
you're putting on your coat?*

*Don't you like old books you've dogs-  
eared, you can't remember when?*

*Don't you call it late at nine o'clock and  
go to bed at ten?*

*How many cronies can you count of all  
you used to know*

*Who called you by your Christian name  
some fifty years ago?*

*How look the prizes to you that used to  
fire your brain?*

*You've reared your mound — how high is  
it above the level plain?*

*You've drained the brimming golden cup  
that made your fancy reel,  
You've slept the giddy potion off, — now  
tell us how you feel!*

*You've watched the harvest-ripening till  
every stem was cropped,  
You've seen the rose of beauty fade till  
every petal dropped,*

*You've told your thought, you've done  
your task, you've tracked your dial  
round,*

— I backing down! Thank Heaven,  
not yet! I'm hale and brisk and  
sound,

And good for many a tussle, as you  
shall live to see;

My shoes are not quite ready yet, —  
don't think you're rid of me!

Old Parr was in his lusty prime when  
he was older far,

And where will you be if I live to beat  
old Thomas Parr?

*Ah well, — I know, — at every age life has  
a certain charm, —*

*You're going? Come, permit me, please,  
I beg you'll take my arm.*

I take your arm! Why take your arm?  
I'd thank you to be told

I'm old enough to walk alone, but not  
so very old!

### THE SHADOWS.<sup>1</sup>

"How many have gone?" was the ques-  
tion of old

Ere Time our bright ring of its jewels  
bereft;

Alas! for too often the death-bell has  
toll'd,

And the question we ask is, "How  
many are left?"

Bright sparkled the wine; there were  
*fifty* that quaffed;

For a decade had slipped and had  
taken but three.

How they frolicked and sung, how they  
shouted and laugh'd,

Like a school full of boys from their  
benches set free!

There were speeches and toasts, there  
were stories and rhymes,

The hall shook its sides with their  
merriment's noise;

As they talked and lived over the col-  
lege-day times, —

No wonder they kept their old name  
of "The Boys"!

The seasons moved on in their rhyth-  
mical flow

With mornings like maidens that  
pouted or smiled,

With the bud and the leaf and the fruit  
and the snow,

And the year-books of Time in his  
alcoves were piled.

There were *forty* that gathered where  
*fifty* had met;

Some locks had got silvered, some  
lives had grown sere,

But the laugh of the laughers was lusty  
as yet,

And the song of the singers rose ring-  
ing and clear.

Still flitted the years; there were *thirty*  
that came;

"The Boys" they were still and they  
answered their call;

There were foreheads of care, but the  
smiles were the same

And the chorus rang loud through  
the garlanded hall.

The hour-hand moved on, and they  
gathered again;

<sup>1</sup> Annual Meeting of the Class of 1829, Janu-  
ary 8, 1880.

There were *twenty* that joined in the  
hymn that was sung,  
But ah! for our song-bird we listened in  
vain, —  
The crystalline tones like a seraph's  
that rung!

How narrow the circle that holds us to-  
night!  
How many the loved ones that greet  
us no more,  
As we meet like the stragglers that  
come from the fight,  
Like the mariners flung from a wreck  
on the shore!

We look through the twilight for those  
we have lost;  
The stream rolls between us, and yet  
they seem near;  
Already outnumbered by those who  
have crossed,  
Our band is transplanted, its home is  
not here!

They smile on us still — is it only a  
dream? —  
While fondly or proudly their names  
we recall —  
They beckon — they come — they are  
crossing the stream —  
Lo! the Shadows! the Shadows!  
room — room for them all!

### THE COMING ERA.

THEY tell us that the Muse is soon to  
fly hence,  
Leaving the bowers of song that were  
once dear,  
Her robes bequeathing to her sister,  
Science,  
The groves of Pindus for the axe to  
clear.

Optics will claim the wandering eye of  
fancy,  
Physics will grasp imagination's  
wings,  
Plain fact exorcise fiction's necromancy,  
The workshop hammer where the  
minstrel sings.

No more with laughter at Thalia's frolics  
Our eyes shall twinkle till the tears  
run down,  
But in her place the lecturer on hy-  
draulics  
Spout forth his watery science to the  
town.

No more our foolish passions and affec-  
tions  
The tragic Muse with mimic grief  
shall try,  
But, nobler far, a course of vivisec-  
tions  
Teach what it costs a tortured brute  
to die.

The unearthed monad, long in buried  
rocks hid,  
Shall tell the secret whence our being  
came;  
The chemist show us death is life's  
black oxide,  
Left when the breath no longer fans  
its flame.

Instead of cracked-brained poets in  
their attics  
Filling thin volumes with their flow-  
ery talk,  
There shall be books of wholesome  
mathematics;  
The tutor with his blackboard and his  
chalk.

No longer bards with madrigal and son-  
net  
Shall woo to moonlight walks the rib-  
boned sex,



But side by side the beaver and the bonnet

Stroll, calmly pondering on some problem's  $x$ .

The sober bliss of serious calculation

Shall mock the trivial joys that fancy drew,

And, oh, the rapture of a solved equation, —

One self-same answer on the lips of two!

So speak in solemn tones our youthful sages,

Patient, severe, laborious, slow, exact,

As o'er creation's protoplasmic pages  
They browse and munch the thistle crops of fact.

And yet we've sometimes found it rather pleasant

To dream again the scenes that Shakespeare drew, —

To walk the hill-side with the Scottish peasant

Among the daisies wet with morning's dew;

To leave awhile the daylight of the real,

Led by the guidance of the master's hand,

For the strange radiance of the far ideal, —

"The light that never was on sea or land."

Well, Time alone can lift the future's curtain, —

Science may teach our children all she knows,

But Love will kindle fresh young hearts, 't is certain,

And June will not forget her blushing rose.

And so, in spite of all that Time is bringing, —

Treasures of truth and miracles of art,  
Beauty and Love will keep the poet singing,

And song still live, the science of the heart.

IN RESPONSE.<sup>1</sup>

SUCH kindness! the scowl of a cynic would soften,

His pulse beat its way to some eloquent words,

Alas! my poor accents have echoed too often,

Like that Pinafore music you've some of you heard.

Do you know me, dear strangers — the hundredth-time comer

At banquets and feasts since the days of my Spring?

Ah! would I could borrow one rose of my Summer,

But this is a leaf of my Autumn I bring.

I look at your faces, — I'm sure there are some from

The three-breasted mother I count as my own;

You think you remember the place you have come from,

But how it has changed in the years that have flown!

Unaltered, 't is true, is the hall we call "Funnel,"

Still fights the "Old South" in the battle for life,

But we've opened our door to the West through the tunnel,

And we've cut off Fort Hill with our Amazon knife.

<sup>1</sup> Breakfast at the Century Club, New York, May, 1879.

You should see the new Westminster  
 Boston has builded, —  
 Its mansions, its spires, its museums  
 of arts, —  
 You should see the great dome we have  
 gorgeously gilded, —  
 'Tis the light of our eyes, 'tis the  
 joy of our hearts.

When first in his path a young asteroid  
 found it,  
 As he sailed through the skies with  
 the stars in his wake,  
 He thought 't was the sun, and kept  
 circling around it  
 Till Edison signalled, " You 've made  
 a mistake."

We are proud of our city, — her fast-  
 growing figure,  
 The warp and the woof of her brain  
 and her hands, —  
 But we 're proudest of all that her heart  
 has grown bigger,  
 And warms with fresh blood as her  
 girdle expands.

One lesson the rubric of conflict has  
 taught her :  
 Though parted awhile by war's earth-  
 rending shock,  
 The lines that divide us are written in  
 water,  
 The love that unites us cut deep in  
 the rock.

As well might the Judas of treason en-  
 deavor  
 To write his black name on the disk  
 of the sun  
 As try the bright star-wreath that binds  
 us to sever  
 And blot the fair legend of " Many  
 in One."

We love you, tall sister, the stately,  
 the splendid, —

The banner of empire floats high on  
 your towers,  
 Yet ever in welcome your arms are ex-  
 tended, —

We share in your splendors, your  
 glory is ours.

Ycs, Queen of the Continent! All of  
 us own thee, —

The gold-freighted argosies flock at  
 thy call,

The naiads, the sea-nymphs have met to  
 enthrone thee,

But the Broadway of one is the High-  
 way of all!

— I thank you. Three words that can  
 hardly be mended,

Though phrases on phrases their elo-  
 quence pile,

If you hear the heart's throb with their  
 eloquence blended,

And read all they mean in a sunshiny  
 smile.

#### FOR THE MOORE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

MAY 28, 1879.

##### I.

ENCHANTER of Erin, whose magic has  
 bound us,

Thy wand for one moment we fondly  
 would claim,

Entranced while it summons the phan-  
 toms around us

That blush into life at the sound of  
 thy name.

The tell-tales of memory wake from  
 their slumbers, —

I hear the old song with its tender re-  
 frain, —

What passion lies hid in those honey-  
 voiced numbers!

What perfume of youth in each ex-  
 quisite strain!

The home of my childhood comes back  
as a vision, —

Hark! Hark! A soft chord from its  
song-haunted room, —

'T is a morning of May, when the air is  
Elysian, —

The syringa in bud and the lilac in  
bloom, —

We are clustered around the "Clemen-  
ti" piano, —

There were six of us then, — there  
are two of us now, —

She is singing, — the girl with the sil-  
ver soprano, —

How "The Lord of the Valley" was  
false to his vow :

"Let Erin remember" the echoes are  
calling :

Through "The Vale of Avoca" the  
waters are rolled :

"The Exile" laments while the night-  
dews are falling :

"The Morning of Life" dawns again  
as of old.

But ah! those warm love-songs of fresh  
adolescence!

Around us such raptures celestial they  
flung

That it seemed as if Paradise breathed  
its quintessence

Through the seraph-toned lips of the  
maiden that sung!

Long hushed are the chords that my  
boyhood enchanted

As when the smooth wave by the an-  
gel was stirred,

Yet still with their music is memory  
haunted

And oft in my dreams are their melo-  
dies heard.

I feel like the priest to his altar return-  
ing, —

The crowd that was kneeling no  
longer is there,

The flame has died down, but the brands  
are still burning,

And sandal and cinnamon sweeten the  
air.

## II.

The veil for her bridal young Summer  
is weaving

In her azure-domed hall with its tap-  
estried floor,

And Spring the last tear-drop of May-  
dew is leaving

On the daisy of Burns and the sham-  
rock of Moore.

How like, how unlike, as we view them  
together,

The song of the minstrels whose rec-  
ord we scan, —

One fresh as the breeze blowing over  
the heather, —

One sweet as the breath from an oda-  
lisque's fan!

Ah, passion can glow mid a palace's  
splendor;

The cage does not alter the song of  
the bird;

And the curtain of silk has known whis-  
pers as tender

As ever the blossoming hawthorn has  
heard.

No fear lest the step of the soft-slipped  
Graces

Should fright the young Loves from  
their warm little nest,

For the heart of a queen, under jewels  
and laces,

Beats time with the pulse in the peas-  
ant girl's breast!

Thrice welcome each gift of kind Nature's bestowing !

Her fountain heeds little the goblet we hold ;

Alike, when its musical waters are flowing,

The shell from the seaside, the chalice of gold.

The twins of the lyre to her voices had listened ;

Both laid their best gifts upon Liberty's shrine ;

For Coila's loved minstrel the holly-wreath glistened ;

For Erin's the rose and the myrtle entwined.

And while the fresh blossoms of summer are braided

For the sea-girdled, stream-silvered, lake-jewelled isle,

While her mantle of verdure is woven unfaded,

While Shannon and Liffey shall dimple and smile.

The land where the staff of Saint Patrick was planted,

Where the shamrock grows green from the cliffs to the shore,

The land of fair maidens and heroes undaunted,

Shall wreath her bright harp with the garlands of Moore !

#### TO JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

APRIL 4, 1880.

I BRING the simplest pledge of love,  
Friend of my earlier days ;

Mine is the hand without the glove,  
The heart-beat, not the phrase.

How few still breathe this mortal air  
We called by schoolboy names !

You still, whatever robe you wear,  
To me are always James.

That name the kind apostle bore  
Who shames the sullen creeds,  
Not trusting less, but loving more,  
And showing faith by deeds.

What blending thoughts our memories share !

What visions yours and mine  
Of May-days in whose morning air  
The dews were golden wine,

Of vistas bright with opening day,  
Whose all-awakening sun  
Showed in life's landscape, far away,  
The summits to be won !

The heights are gained. — Ah, say not so

For him who smiles at time,  
Leaves his tired comrades down below,  
And only lives to climb !

His labors, — will they ever cease, —  
With hand and tongue and pen ?  
Shall wearied Nature ask release  
At threescore years and ten ?

Our strength the clustered seasons tax, —

For him new life they mean ;  
Like rods around the lictor's axe  
They keep him bright and keen.

The wise, the brave, the strong, we know, —

We mark them here or there,  
But he, — we roll our eyes, and lo !  
We find him everywhere !

With truth's bold cohorts, or alone,  
He strides through error's field ;  
His lance is ever manhood's own,  
His breast is woman's shield.

Count not his years while earth has  
need

Of souls that Heaven inflames  
With sacred zeal to save, to lead, —  
Long live our dear Saint James!

### WELCOME TO THE CHICAGO COMMERCIAL CLUB.

JANUARY 14, 1880.

CHICAGO sounds rough to the maker of  
verse ;

One comfort we have — Cincinnati  
sounds worse ;

If we only were licensed to say Chi-  
cagó!

But Worcester and Webster won't let  
us, you know.

No matter, we songsters must sing as  
we can ;

We can make some nice couplets with  
Lake Michigan,

And what more resembles a nightingale's  
voice,

Than the oily trisyllable, sweet Illinois ?

Your waters are fresh, while our har-  
bor is salt,

But we know you can't help it — it is n't  
your fault ;

Our city is old and your city is new,  
But the railroad men tell us we're  
greener than you.

You have seen our gilt dome, and no  
doubt you've been told

That the orbs of the universe round  
it are rolled ;

But I'll own it to you, and I ought to  
know best,

That this is n't quite true of all stars of  
the West.

You'll go to Mount Auburn — we'll  
show you the track, —

And can stay there, — unless you pre-  
fer to come back ;

And Bunker's tall shaft you can climb  
if you will,

But you'll puff like a paragraph prais-  
ing a pill.

You must see — but you *have* seen —  
our old Fanueil Hall,

Our churches, our school-rooms, our  
sample-rooms, all ;

And, perhaps, though the idiots must  
have their jokes,

You have found our good people much  
like other folks.

There are cities by rivers, by lakes and  
by seas,

Each as full of itself as a cheese-mite of  
cheese ;

And a city will brag as a game-cock  
will crow :

Don't your cockerels at home — just a  
little, you know ?

But we'll crow for you now — here's a  
health to the boys,

Men, maidens, and matrons of fair Illi-  
nois,

And the rainbow of friendship that  
arches its span

From the green of the sea to the blue  
Michigan I

### AMERICAN ACADEMY CENTEN- NIAL CELEBRATION.

MAY 26, 1880.

Slip, son, and grandson ; so the century  
glides :

Three lives, three strides, three foot-  
prints in the sand ;

Silent as midnight's falling meteor  
slides

Into the stillness of the far off land ;  
How dim the space its little arc has  
spanned !

See on this opening page the names re-  
nowned

Tomb'd in these records on our dusty  
shelves,

Scarce on the scroll of living memory  
found,

Save where the wan-eyed antiquarian  
delves ;

Shadows they seen ; ah, what are we  
ourselves ?

Pale ghosts of Bowdoin, Winthrop,  
Willard, West,

Sages of busy brain and wrinkled  
brow,

Searchers of Nature's secrets uncon-  
fessed,

Asking of all things Whence and  
Why and How —

What problems meet your larger vis-  
ion now ?

Has Gannett tracked the wild Aurora's  
path ?

Has Bowdoin found his all-surround-  
ing sphere ?

What question puzzles ciph'ring Philo-  
math ?

Could Williams make the hidden  
causes clear

Of the Dark Day that filled the land  
with fear ?

Dear ancient schoolboys ! Nature taught  
to them

The simple lessons of the star and  
flower,

Show'd them strange sights ; how on a  
single stem, —

Admire the marvels of Creative Pow-  
er ! —

Twin apples grew, one sweet, the  
other sour,

How from the hill-top where our eyes  
behold

In even ranks the plumed and ban-  
nered maize

Range its long columns, in the days of  
old

The live volcano shot its angry  
blaze, —

Dead since the showers of Noah's  
watery days ;

How, when the lightning split the  
mighty rock,

The spreading fury of the shaft was  
spent !

How the young scion joined the alien  
stock,

And when and where the homeless  
swallows went

To pass the winter of their discontent.

Scant were the gleanings in those years  
of dearth ;

No Cuvier yet had clothed the fossil  
bones

That slumbered, waiting for their sec-  
ond birth ;

No Lyell read the legend of the  
stones ;

Science still pointed to her empty  
thrones.

Dreaming of orbs to eyes of earth un-  
known,

Herschel looked heavenwards in the  
starlight pale ;

Lost in those awful depths he trod alone,  
Laplace stood mute before the lifted  
veil ;

While home-bred Humboldt trimmed  
his toy ship's sail.

No mortal feet these loftier heights had  
gained

Whence the wide realms of Nature  
we descry ;

In vain their eyes our longing fathers  
strained

To scan with wondering gaze the  
summits high  
That far beneath their children's foot-  
paths lie.

Smile at their first small ventures as we  
may,

The school-boy's copy shapes the  
scholar's hand,  
Their grateful memory fills our hearts  
to-day;

Brave, hopeful, wise, this bower of  
peace they planned,  
While war's dread ploughshare scarred  
the suffering land.

Child of our children's children yet un-  
born,

When on this yellow page you turn  
your eyes,

Where the brief record of this May-day  
morn

In phrase antique and faded letters lies,  
How vague, how pale our fitting  
ghosts will rise!

Yet in our veins the blood ran warm  
and red,

For us the fields were green, the skies  
were blue,

Though from our dust the spirit long  
has fled,

We lived, we loved, we toiled, we  
dreamed like you,

Smiled at our sires and thought how  
much we knew.

Oh might our spirits for one hour re-  
turn,

When the next century rounds its  
hundredth ring,

All the strange secrets it shall teach to  
learn,

To hear the larger truths its years  
shall bring,

Its wiser sages talk, its sweeter min-  
strels sing!

## THE SCHOOL-BOY.

READ AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRA-  
TION OF THE FOUNDATION OF PHILLIPS  
ACADEMY, ANDOVER.

1778-1878.

THESE hallowed precincts, long to mem-  
ory dear,

Smile with fresh welcome as our feet  
draw near;

With softer gales the opening leaves  
are fanned,

With fairer hues the kindling flowers  
expand,

The rose-bush reddens with the blush of  
June,

The groves are vocal with their min-  
strels' tune,

The mighty elm, beneath whose arching  
shade

The wandering children of the forest  
strayed,

Greets the bright morning in its bridal  
dress,

And spreads its arms the glad some  
dawn to bless.

Is it an idle dream that nature shares  
Our joys, our griefs, our pastimes, and  
our cares?

Is there no summons when, at morning's  
call,

The sable vestments of the darkness  
fall?

Does not meek evening's low-voiced *Ave*  
blend

With the soft vesper as its notes ascend?  
Is there no whisper in the perfumed air

When the sweet bosom of the rose is  
bare?

Does not the sunshine call us to rejoice?  
Is there no meaning in the storm-cloud's  
voice?

No silent message when from midnight  
skies

Heaven looks upon us with its myriad  
eyes?

Or shift the mirror; say our dreams  
diffuse  
O'er life's pale landscape their celestial  
hues,  
Lend heaven the rainbow it has never  
known,  
And robe the earth in glories not its  
own,  
Sing their own music in the summer  
breeze,  
With fresher foliage clothe the stately  
trees,  
Stain the June blossoms with a livelier  
dye  
And spread a bluer azure on the sky, —  
Blest be the power that works its law-  
less will  
And finds the weediest patch an Eden  
still;  
No walls so fair as those our fancies  
build, —  
No views so bright as those our visions  
gild!

So ran my lines, as pen and paper  
met,  
The truant goose-quill travelling like  
Planchette;  
Too ready servant, whose deceitful ways  
Full many a slipshod line, alas! be-  
trays;  
Hence of the rhyming thousand not a  
few  
Have builded worse — a great deal —  
than they knew.

What need of idle fancy to adorn  
Our mother's birthplace on her birth-  
day morn?  
Hers are the blossoms of eternal spring,  
From these green boughs her new-  
fledged birds take wing,  
These echoes hear their earliest carols  
sung,  
In this old nest the brood is ever young.  
If some tired wanderer, resting from his  
flight,

Amid the gay young choristers alight,  
These gather round him, mark his faded  
plumes  
That faintly still the far-off grove per-  
fumes,  
And listen, wondering if some feeble  
note  
Yet lingers, quavering in his weary  
throat:—  
I, whose fresh voice you red-faced tem-  
ple knew,  
What tune is left me, fit to sing to  
you?  
Ask not the grandeurs of a labored  
song,  
But let my easy couplets slide along;  
Much could I tell you that you know  
too well;  
Much I remember, but I will not tell;  
Age brings experience; graybeards oft  
are wise,  
But oh! how sharp a youngster's ears  
and eyes!

My cheek was bare of adolescent  
down  
When first I sought the academic town;  
Slow rolls the coach along the dusty  
road,  
Big with its filial and parental load;  
The frequent hills, the lonely woods  
are past,  
The school-boy's chosen home is reached  
at last.  
I see it now, the same unchanging spot,  
The swinging gate, the little garden  
plot,  
The narrow yard, the rock that made  
its floor,  
The flat, pale house, the knocker-gar-  
nished door,  
The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous,  
chill,  
The strange, new faces, kind, but grave  
and still;  
Two, creased with age, — or what I then  
called age, —



Life's volume open at its fiftieth page ;  
 One, a shy maiden's, pallid, placid,  
 sweet  
 As the first snow-drop, which the sun-  
 beams greet ;  
 One the last nursling's ; slight she was,  
 and fair,  
 Her smooth white forehead warmed  
 with auburn hair ;  
 Last came the virgin Hymen long had  
 spared,  
 Whose daily cares the grateful house-  
 hold shared,  
 Strong, patient, humble ; her substan-  
 tial frame  
 Stretched the chaste draperies I forbear  
 to name.  
 Brave, but with effort, had the school-  
 boy come  
 To the cold comfort of a stranger's  
 home ;  
 How like a dagger to my sinking heart  
 Came the dry summons, " It is time to  
 part ;  
 " Good - by ! " " Goo — ood - by ! " one  
 fond maternal kiss. . . .  
 Homesick as death ! Was ever pang  
 like this ? . . .  
 Too young as yet with willing feet to  
 stray  
 From the tame fireside, glad to get  
 away, —  
 Too old to let my watery grief appear, —  
 And what so bitter as a swallowed  
 tear !  
 One figure still my vagrant thoughts  
 pursue ;  
 First boy to greet me, Ariel, where are  
 you ?  
 Imp of all mischief, heaven alone knows  
 how  
 You learned it all, — are you an angel  
 now,  
 Or tottering gently down the slope of  
 years,  
 Your face grown sober in the vale of  
 tears ?

Forgive my freedom if you are breath-  
 ing still ;  
 If in a happier world, I know you will.  
 You were a school-boy — what beneath  
 the sun  
 So like a monkey ? I was also one.  
 Strange, sure enough, to see what cu-  
 rious shoots  
 The nursery raises from the study's  
 roots !  
 In those old days the very, very good  
 Took up more room — a little — than  
 they should ;  
 Something too much one's eyes encoun-  
 tered then  
 Of serious youth and funeral - visaged  
 men ;  
 The solemn elders saw life's mournful  
 half, —  
 Heaven sent this boy, whose mission  
 was to laugh,  
 Drollest of buffos, Nature's odd protest,  
 A catbird squealing in a blackbird's  
 nest.  
 Kind, faithful Nature ! While the  
 sour-eyed Scot, —  
 Her cheerful smiles forbidden or for-  
 got, —  
 Talks only of his preacher and his kirk, —  
 Hears five-hour sermons for his Sunday  
 work, —  
 Praying and fasting till his meagre face  
 Gains its due length, the genuine sign  
 of grace, —  
 An Ayrshire mother in the land of  
 Knox  
 Her embryo poet in his cradle rocks ; —  
 Nature, long shivering in her dim eclipse,  
 Steals a sunbeam to those baby lips ;  
 So to its home her banished smile re-  
 turns,  
 And Scotland sweetens with the song  
 of Burns !  
 The morning came ; I reached the  
 classic hall ;  
 A clock-face eyed me, staring from the  
 wall ;

Beneath its hands a printed line I read :  
 YOUTH IS LIFE'S SEED-TIME : so the  
 clock-face said :

Some took its counsel, as the sequel  
 showed, —

Sowed, — their wild oats, — and reaped  
 as they had sowed.

How all comes back ! the upward  
 slanting floor, —

The masters' thrones that flank the cen-  
 tral door, —

The long, outstretching alleys that di-  
 vide

The rows of desks that stand on either  
 side, —

The staring boys, a face to every desk,  
 Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common,  
 picturesque.

Grave is the Master's look ; his fore-  
 head wears

Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worry-  
 ing cares ;

Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,  
 His most of all whose kingdom is a  
 school.

Supreme he sits ; before the awful frown  
 That bends his brows the boldest eye  
 goes down ;

Not more submissive Israel heard and  
 saw

At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.

Less stern he seems, who sits in equal  
 state

On the twin throne and shares the em-  
 pire's weight ;

Around his lips the subtle life that plays  
 Steals quaintly forth in many a jesting  
 phrase ;

A lightsome nature, not so hard to  
 chafe,

Pleasant when pleased ; rough-handled,  
 not so safe ;

Some tingling memories vaguely I re-  
 call,

But to forgive him. God forgive us  
 all !

One yet remains, whose well-remem-  
 bered name

Pleads in my grateful heart its tender  
 claim ;

His was the charm magnetic, the bright  
 look

That sheds its sunshine on the dreariest  
 book ;

A loving soul to every task he brought  
 That sweetly mingled with the lore he  
 taught ;

Sprung from a saintly race that never  
 could

From youth to age be anything but  
 good,

His few brief years in holiest labors  
 spent,

Earth lost too soon the treasure heaven  
 had lent.

Kindest of teachers, studious to divine  
 Some hint of promise in my earliest  
 line,

These faint and faltering words thou  
 canst not hear

Throb from a heart that holds thy mem-  
 ory dear.

As to the traveller's eye the varied  
 plain

Shows through the window of the flying  
 train,

A mingled landscape, rather felt than  
 seen,

A gravelly bank, a sudden flash of green,  
 A tangled wood, a glittering stream that  
 flows

Through the cleft summit where the  
 cliff once rose,

All strangely blended in a hurried  
 gleam,

Rock, wood, waste, meadow, village,  
 hill-side, stream, —

So, as we look behind us, life appears,  
 Seen through the vista of our bygone  
 years.

Yet in the dead past's shadow-filled  
 domain,

<p>Some vanished shapes the hues of life retain ; Unbidden, oft, before our dreaming eyes From the vague mists in memory's path they rise. So comes his blooming image to my view, The friend of joyous days when life was new, Hope yet untamed, the blood of youth unchilled, No blank arrear of promise unfulfilled, Life's flower yet hidden in its sheltering fold, Its pictured canvas yet to be unrolled. His the frank smile I vainly look to greet, His the warm grasp my clasping hand should meet ; How would our lips renew their school- boy talk, Our feet retrace the old familiar walk ! For thee no more earth's cheerful morn- ing shines Through the green fringes of the tented pines ; Ah me ! is heaven so far thou canst not hear, Or is thy viewless spirit hovering near, A fair young presence, bright with morning's glow, The fresh-cheeked boy of fifty years ago ? Yes, fifty years, with all their circling suns, Behind them all my glance reverted runs ; Where now that time remote, its griefs, its joys, Where are its gray - haired men, its bright-haired boys ? Where is the patriarch time could hardly tire, — The good old, wrinkled, immemorial " squire " ?</p>	<p>(An honest treasurer, like a black- plumed swan, Not every day our eyes may look upon.) Where the tough champion who, with Calvin's sword, In wordy conflicts battled for the Lord ? Where the grave scholar, lonely, calm, austere, Whose voice like music charmed the listening ear, Whose light rekindled, like the morn- ing star Still shines upon us through the gates ajar ? Where the still, solemn, weary, sad-eyed man, Whose care-worn face my wandering eyes would scan, — His features wasted in the lingering strife With the pale foe that drains the stu- dent's life ? Where my old friend, the scholar, teach- er, saint, Whose creed, some hinted, showed a speck of taint ; He broached his own opinion, which is not Lightly to be forgiven or forgot ; Some riddle's point, — I scarce remem- ber now, — Homo<i>i</i>, perhaps, where they said homo —ou. (If the unlettered greatly wish to know Where lies the difference betwixt <i>oi</i> and <i>o</i>, Those of the curious who have time may search Among the stale conundrums of their church.) Beneath his roof his peaceful life I shared, And for his modes of faith I little cared, — I, taught to judge men's dogmas by their deeds, Long ere the days of india - rubber creeds.</p>
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Why should we look one common  
 faith to find,  
 Where one in every score is color-blind?  
 If here on earth they know not red  
 from green,  
 Will they see better into things unseen!  
 Once more to time's old graveyard I  
 return  
 And scrape the moss from memory's  
 pictured urn.  
 Who, in these days when all things go  
 by steam  
 Recalls the stage-coach with its four-  
 horse team?  
 Its sturdy driver, — who remembers  
 him?  
 Or the old landlord, saturnine and grim,  
 Who left our hill-top for a new abode  
 And reared his sign-post farther down  
 the road?  
 Still in the waters of the dark Shaw-  
 shine  
 Do the young bathers splash and think  
 they're clean?  
 Do pilgrims find their way to Indian  
 Ridge,  
 Or journey onward to the far-off bridge,  
 And bring to younger ears the story  
 back  
 Of the broad stream, the mighty Merri-  
 mac?  
 Are there still truant feet that stray  
 beyond  
 These circling bounds to Pomp's or  
 Haggett's Pond,  
 Or where the legendary name recalls  
 The forest's earlier tenant, — "Decr-  
 jump Falls"?  
 Yes, every nook these youthful feet  
 explore,  
 Just as our sires and grandsires did of  
 yore;  
 So all life's opening paths, where na-  
 ture led  
 Their father's feet, the children's chil-  
 dren tread.

Roll the round century's five score years  
 away,  
 Call from our storied past that earliest  
 day  
 When great Eliphalet (I can see him  
 now, —  
 Big name, big frame, big voice, and  
 beetling brow),  
 Then *young* Eliphalet, — ruled the rows  
 of boys  
 In homespun gray or old-world cordu-  
 roys, —  
 And save for fashion's whims, the  
 benches show  
 The self-same youths, the very boys we  
 know.  
 Time works strange marvels: since I  
 trod the green  
 And swung the gates, what wonders I  
 have seen!  
 But come what will, — the sky itself  
 may fall —  
 As things of course the boy accepts them  
 all.  
 The prophet's chariot, drawn by steeds  
 of flame,  
 For daily use our travelling millions  
 elaim;  
 The face we love a sunbeam makes our  
 own;  
 No more the surgeon hears the suffer-  
 er's groan;  
 What unwrit histories wrapped in dark-  
 ness lay  
 Till shovelling Schliemann bared them  
 to the day!  
 Your Richelieu says, and says it well,  
 my lord,  
 The pen is (sometimes) mightier than  
 the sword;  
 Great is the goosequill, say we all;  
 Amen!  
*Sometimes* the spade is mightier than  
 the pen;  
 It shows where Babel's terraced walls  
 were raised,

The slabs that cracked when Nimrod's  
 palace blazed,  
 Unearths Mycenæ, rediscovers Troy, —  
 Calmly he listens, that immortal boy.  
 A new Prometheus tips our wands with  
 fire,  
 A mightier Orpheus strains the whis-  
 pering wire,  
 Whose lightning thrills the lazy winds  
 ontrun  
 And hold the hours as Joshua stayed  
 the sun, —  
 So swift, in truth, we hardly find a  
 place  
 For those dim fictions known as time  
 and space.  
 Still a new miracle each year sup-  
 plies, —  
 See at his work the chemist of the  
 skies,  
 Who questions Sirius in his tortured  
 rays  
 And steals the secret of the solar  
 blaze ;  
 Hush ! while the window-rattling bugles  
 play  
 The nation's airs a hundred miles away !  
 That wicked phonograph ! hark ! how  
 it swears !  
 Turn it again and make it say its pray-  
 ers !  
 And was it true, then, what the story  
 said  
 Of Oxford's friar and his brazen head ?  
 While wondering Science stands, herself  
 perplexed  
 At each day's miracle, and asks " What  
 next ? "  
 The immortal boy, the coming heir of  
 all,  
 Springs from his desk to " urge the fly-  
 ing ball,"  
 Cleaves with his bending oar the glassy  
 waves,  
 With sinewy arm the dashing current  
 braves,

The same bright creature in these haunts  
 of ours  
 That Eton shadowed with her " antique  
 towers."

Boy ! Where is he ? the long-limbed  
 youth inquires,  
 Whom his rough chin with manly pride  
 inspires ;  
 Ah, when the ruddy cheek no longer  
 glows,  
 When the bright hair is white as winter  
 snows,  
 When the dim eye has lost its lambent  
 flame,  
 Sweet to his ear will be his school-boy  
 name !  
 Nor think the difference mighty as it  
 seems  
 Between life's morning and its evening  
 dreams ;  
 Fourscore, like twenty, has its tasks  
 and toys ;  
 In earth's wide school-house all are girls  
 and boys.

Brothers, forgive my wayward fancy.  
 Who  
 Can guess beforehand what his pen will  
 do ?  
 Too light my strain for listeners such as  
 these,  
 Whom graver thoughts and soberer  
 speech shall please.  
 Is he not here whose breath of holy  
 song  
 Has raised the downcast eyes of Faith  
 so long ?  
 Are they not here, the strangers in your  
 gates,  
 For whom the wearied ear impatient  
 waits, —  
 The large-brained scholars whom their  
 toils release, —  
 The bannered heralds of the Prince of  
 Peace ?

Such was the gentle friend whose  
youth unblamed  
In years long past our student-benches  
claimed ;  
Whose name, illumined on the sacred  
page,  
Lives in the labors of his riper age ;  
Such he whose record time's destroying  
march  
Leaves uneffaced on Zion's springing  
arch :  
Not to the scanty phrase of measured  
song,  
Cramped in its fetters, names like these  
belong ;  
One ray they lend to gild my slender  
line —  
Their praise I leave to sweeter lips than  
mine.

Homes of our sires, where Learning's  
temple rose,  
While yet they struggled with their  
banded foes,  
As in the West thy century's sun de-  
scends,  
One parting gleam its dying radiance  
lends.  
Darker and deeper though the shadows  
fall  
From the gray towers on Doubting  
Castle's wall,  
Though Pope and Pagan re-array their  
hosts,  
And her new armor youthful Science  
boasts,  
Truth, for whose altar rose this holy  
shrine,  
Shall fly for refuge to these bowers of  
thine ;  
No past shall chain her with its rusted  
vow,  
No Jew's phylactery bind her Christian  
brow,  
But Faith shall smile to find her sister  
free,

And nobler manhood draw its life from  
thee.

Long as the arching skies above thee  
spread,  
As on thy groves the dews of heaven  
are shed,  
With currents widening still from year  
to year,  
And deepening channels, calm, un-  
troubled, clear,  
Flow the twin streamlets from thy sa-  
cred hill —  
Pieria's fount and Siloam's shaded  
rill !

#### THE SILENT MELODY.

"BRING me my broken harp," he said ;  
" We both are wrecks, — bnt as ye  
will, —  
Though all its ringing tones have  
fled,  
Their echoes linger round it still ;  
It had some golden strings, I know,  
But that was long, — how long ! —  
ago.

" I cannot see its tarnished gold,  
I cannot hear its vanished tone,  
Scarce can my trembling fingers hold  
The pillared frame so long their  
own ;  
We both are wrecks, — a while ago  
It had some silver strings, I know,

" But on them Time too long has played  
The solemn strain that knows no  
change,  
And where of old my fingers strayed  
The chords they find are new and  
strange, —  
Yes ! iron strings, — I know, — I  
know, —  
We both are wrecks of long ago.

"We both are wrecks, — a shattered pair, —

Strange to ourselves in time's disguise . . .

What say ye to the lovesick air

That brought the tears from Marian's eyes?

Ay! trust me, — under breasts of snow

Hearts could be melted long ago!

"Or will ye hear the storm-song's crash

That from his dreams the soldier woke,

And bade him face the lightning flash

When battle's cloud in thunder broke? . . .

Wrecks, — nought but wrecks! — the time was when

We two were worth a thousand men!"

And so the broken harp they bring

With pitying smiles that none could blame;

Alas! there's not a single string

Of all that filled the tarnished frame!

But see! like children overjoyed,

His fingers rambling through the void!

"I clasp thee! Ay . . . mine ancient lyre . . .

Nay, guide my wandering fingers. . . . There!

They love to dally with the wire  
As Isaac played with Esau's hair. . . .

Hush! ye shall hear the famous tune

That Marian called the Breath of June!"

And so they softly gather round:

Rapt in his tuneful trance he seems:

His fingers move: but not a sound!

A silence like the song of dreams. . . .

"There! ye have heard the air," he cries,

"That brought the tears from Marian's eyes!"

Ah, smile not at his fond conceit,

Nor deem his fancy wrought in vain;

To him the unreal sounds are sweet,—

No discord mars the silent strain

Scored on life's latest, starlit page—

The voiceless melody of age.

Sweet are the lips of all that sing,

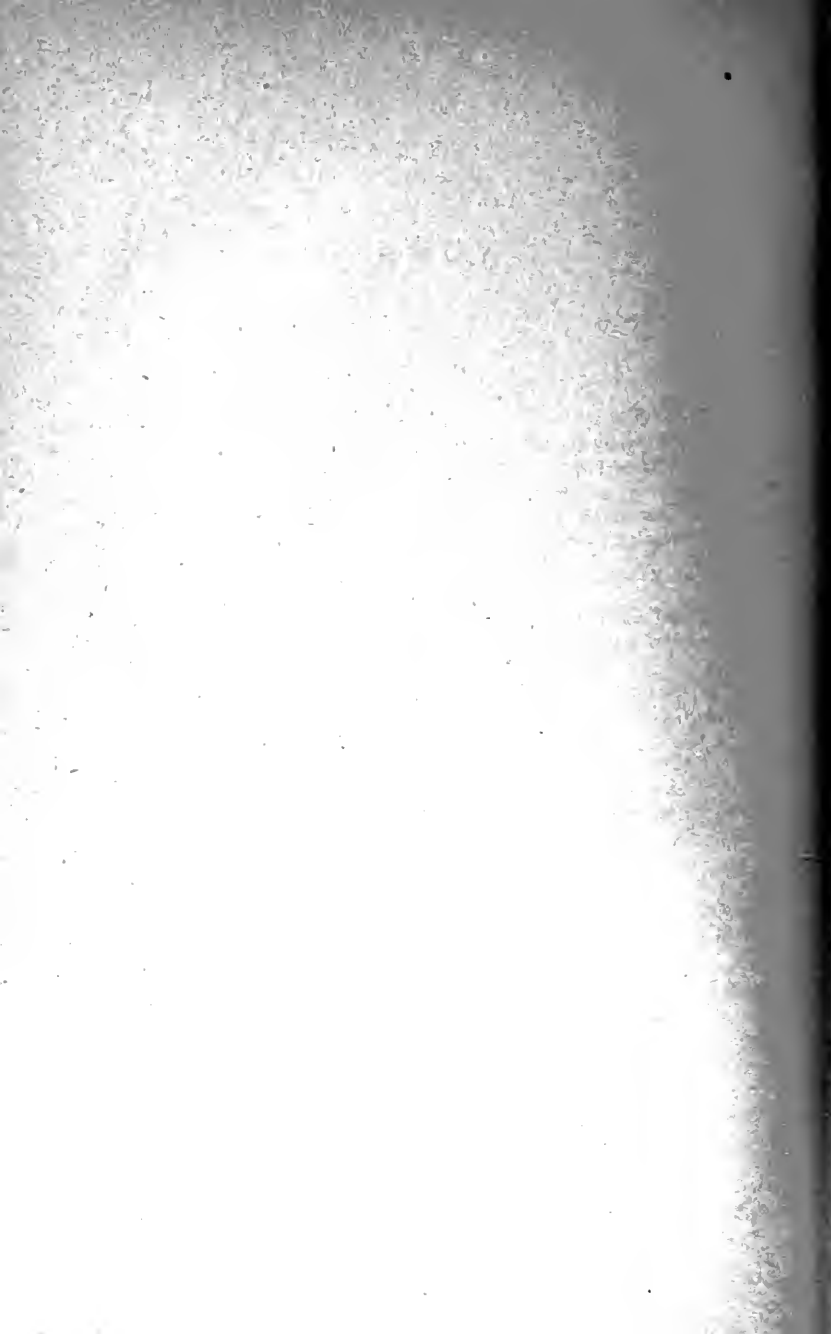
When Nature's music breathes unsought,

But never yet could voice or string

So truly shape our tenderest thought

As when by life's decaying fire

Our fingers sweep the stringless lyre!





## NOTES.

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Page 1.

"OLD IRONSIDES."

This was the popular name by which the frigate "Constitution" was known. The poem was first printed in the Boston Daily Advertiser, at the time when it was proposed to break up the old ship as unfit for service.

Page 3.

"THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD."

"The Goblet and the Sun" (Vas-Sol), sculptured on a freestone slab supported by five pillars, are the only designation of the family tomb of the Vassalls.

Page 25.

"*Thou calm, chaste scholar.*"

Charles Chauncy Emerson; died May 9, 1836.

Page 26.

"*And thou, dear friend.*"

James Jackson, Jr., M. D.; died March 28, 1834.

Page 53.

"*Hark! The sweet bells renew their welcome sound.*"

The churches referred to in the lines which follow are, —

1. "King's Chapel," the foundation of which was laid by Governor Shirley in 1749.

2. Brattle Street Church, consecrated in 1773. The completion of this edifice, the design of which included a spire, was prevented by the troubles of the

Revolution, and its plain, square tower presents nothing more attractive than a massive simplicity. In the front of this tower is still seen, half imbedded in the brick-work, a cannon-ball, which was thrown from the American fortifications at Cambridge, during the bombardment of the city, then occupied by the British troops.

3. The "Old South," first occupied for public worship in 1730.

4. Park Street Church, built in 1809, the tall white steeple of which is the most conspicuous of all the Boston spires.

5. Christ Church, opened for public worship in 1723, and containing a set of eight bells, until of late years the only chime in Boston.

Page 89.

AGNES.

The story of Sir Harry Frankland and Agnes Surraige is told in the ballad with a very strict adhesion to the facts. These were obtained from information afforded me by the Rev. Mr. Webster of Hopkinton, in company with whom I visited the Frankland Mansion in that town, then standing; from a very interesting Memoir, by the Rev. Elias Nason of Medford, not yet published; and from the manuscript diary of Sir Harry, or more properly Sir Charles Henry Frankland, now in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

At the time of the visit referred to, old

Julia was living, and on our return we called at the house where she resided.<sup>1</sup> Her account is little more than paraphrased in the poem. If the incidents are treated with a certain liberality at the close of the fifth part, the essential fact that Agnes rescued Sir Harry from the ruins after the earthquake, and their subsequent marriage as related, may be accepted as literal truth. So with regard to most of the trifling details which are given; they are taken from the record.

It is to be hoped that the Rev. Mr. Nason's Memoir will be published, that this extraordinary romance of our sober New England life may become familiar to that class of readers who prefer a rigorous statement to an embellished narrative. It will be found to contain many historical facts and allusions which add much to its romantic interest.

It is greatly to be regretted that the Frankland Mansion no longer exists. It was accidentally burned on the 23d of January, 1858, a year or two after the first sketch of this ballad was written. A visit to it was like stepping out of the century into the years before the Revolution. A new house, similar in plan and arrange-

<sup>1</sup> She was living June 10, 1861, when this ballad was published.

ments to the old one, has been built upon its site, and the terraces, the clump of box, and the lilacs, doubtless remain to bear witness to the truth of this story.

Since the above note was written the Rev. Mr. Nason's interesting Memoir of Sir Harry Frankland has been published.

Page 300.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE.

*"They're as safe as Dan'l Malcolm."*

The following epitaph is still to be read on a tall gravestone standing as yet undisturbed among the transplanted monuments of the dead in Copp's Hill Burial-ground, one of the three city cemeteries which have been desecrated and ruined within my own remembrance:—

"Here lies buried in a  
Stone Grave 10 feet deep,  
Capt DANIEL MALCOLM Merch<sup>t</sup>  
Who departed this Life  
October 23d, 1769,  
Aged 44 years,  
a true son of Liberty,  
a Friend to the Publick,  
an Enemy to oppression,  
and one of the foremost  
in opposing the Revenue Acts  
on America."

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made in his image, those must  
nobly dare  
The thorny crown of sovereignty  
to share." (p 82)





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